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Maria Theresa Earle

1908, aged 72

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MEMOIRS AND MEMORIES

BY

MRS. C. W. EARLE

AUTHOR OF 'POT-POURRI FROM A SURREY GARDEN,' ETC.

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WITH PORTRAITS

SECOND IMPRESSION

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LONDON

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1911

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I offer my best thanks to my friend Miss Ethel Case who with untiring patience and zeal helped me through the tiresome labours of compiling this book.

INTRODUCTION

TO MY GRANDCHILDREN

MARGARET AND EVELYN EARLE

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

I have written this book with the hope that when you are older and your Granny will no longer be here, but numbered with those who have gone before, it may interest you to read about times and people and relations and forefathers you have never known. Certainly but for this hope I should never have had the courage or the energy to face the reading and sorting of the mass of old letters, and selecting those that seemed to contain interest, not only for you, but also for the general reader. I will now tell you how these papers were so long preserved and how they came into my possession. When my father was sent to the south of France in 1843, so ill that he never came back, all his letters and papers were locked up in cupboards in his library at the new house which he had lately bought in Rutland Gate. My mother never had the courage to sort or destroy these papers. The room was afterwards our schoolroom. I had been told that the papers in the mysterious closed cupboards had belonged

to my father, and I longed to know more of their contents. Once, I remember, while I was still a child, the cupboards were opened and revealed, amongst the masses of papers, mummied cats and other Egyptian fragments, brought home by my father from his travels in Egypt and his visit to the Pyramids long before his marriage. These had to be thrown away, and the cupboards dusted out, but the letters were put back and the doors were again closed and locked. After the death of our kind uncle, Lord Clarendon, in 1870, my mother had to leave our old home at Grove Mill, lent to her for so many years, as it was left as a dower-house to my aunt, Lady Clarendon. My uncle had suggested in his will that my mother should have a smaller house on the Grove estate. But as, at this time, we were all married, she thought this would be lonely, and too much out of the world. She preferred going to live in the Isle of Wight, where she had many happy associations and liked the climate, so she took a house at Ryde. The London house was sold, and the contents of the cupboards in Rutland Gate were put into boxes and sent down to her new home. I often tried to make her turn out the boxes with me, and once or twice we actually began to sort some packets of the letters. This led her to recount to me certain missing links in the family history. But the work tired and depressed her, and nothing more came of it. Twenty years after she went to Ryde my mother died, and the three unopened boxes came to me here. Life has been full and time passes with fearful rapidity in old age, and it was not till last winter (1910) that I resolved to go through these papers, tried to select the most characteristic letters and those most likely to give you some idea of your great-grandparents of the Villiers and Liddell families, from whom both your father and mother have sprung. My aim has been to correct and explain the letters as I might do if you, my grandchildren, were grown up and looking over my shoulder, asking me questions while I spread out the old packets, yellow with age, and revealed their contents, so long hid from view, tied up with that enduring official pink-tape. How far you

will think I have succeeded in doing what I proposed, it is difficult for me to know.

Before beginning my work of reading the old papers, I own I expected to find letters of interest on great public matters. Of these there were exceedingly few. The Villiers family were very clever people, but they wrote too many letters, met each other too often, were too much engrossed in each other's health and domestic affairs, to touch in their correspondence on subjects which they considered belonged to official life. That is to say, allusions are often made to official questions, but these are superficial, and without a code with which to interpret their meaning, they are mostly unintelligible.

What I did find was a series of human documents, revelations of character and of old-fashioned sentiment, and pathetic details of partings and death. I was startled to realise the great changes that have occurred even in my lifetime with regard to all the manners and customs which are the very warp and woof of our lives, such as the opinions and practice of religion, popular science as it affects accepted beliefs, the knowledge of hygiene and medicine, family expenses, not to mention travel and social manners. It is well to read and recognise through such different manners and customs the same human nature which belongs to every family and to every individual in every generation. The small things of life, even concerning people in no way out of the common, have a living interest to many. An example of this is seen in that wonderful human document 'A Week at Waterloo,' by Lady de Lancey, which so stirred the emotions and the admiration of the two great novelists, Walter Scott and Charles Dickens. Although the scenes it describes are more remote from us now, it still remains the highest example I know of how the account of an actual experience, written by a young widowed bride and told with absolute simplicity and truth, can move our hearts more deeply and more powerfully than the highest literary flights of the writer of fiction.

My mother had the same habit of hoarding her letters

INTRODUCTION

as the Villiers family, and the letters I found after her death led me on, through her life, to my own. With these written records I have linked up some of my own memories, woven in some of my own experiences, and so brought this little chain of family history nearly up to date.

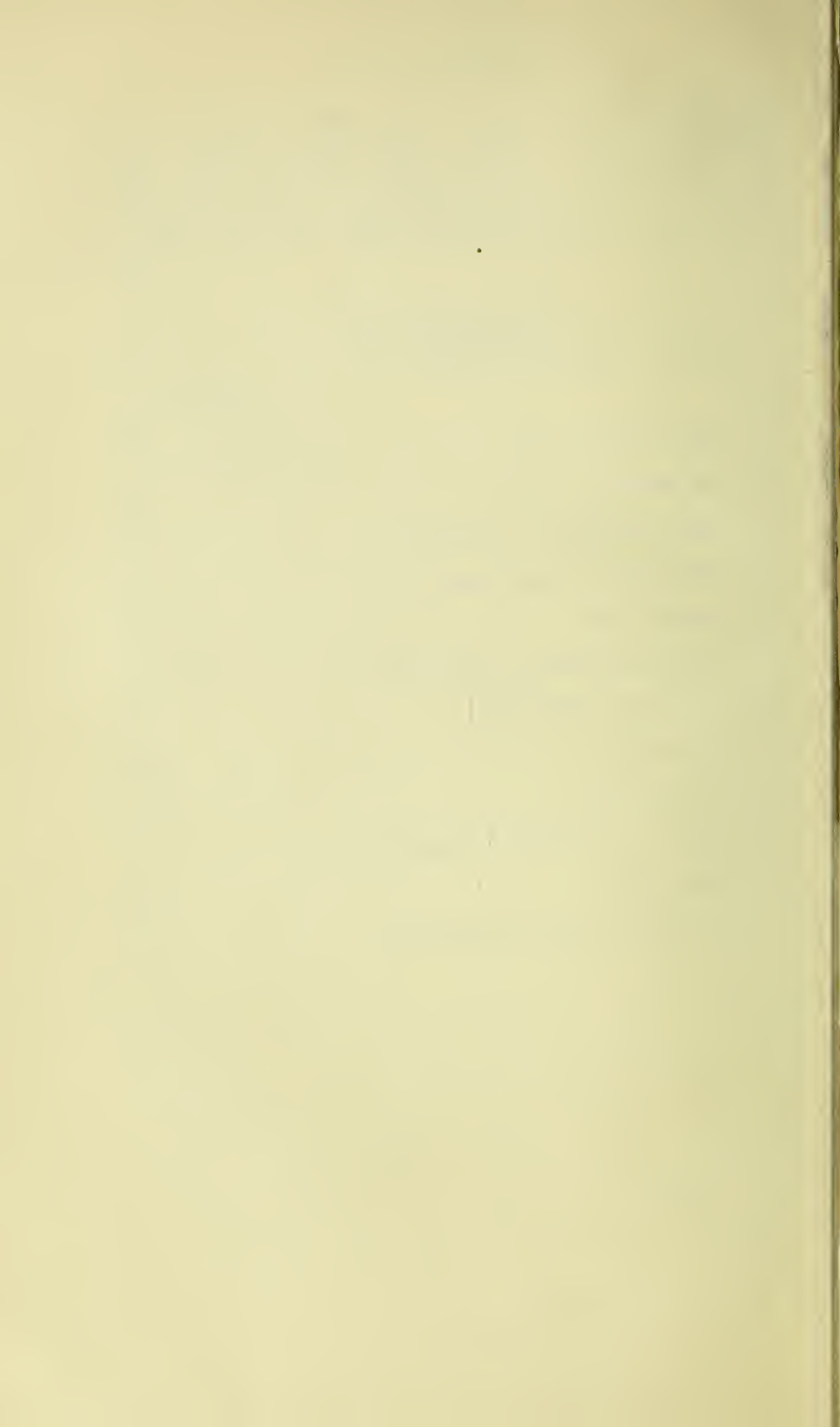
Your loving Granny,

MARIA THERESA EARLE.

WOODLANDS,
COBHAM,
SURREY.
March, 1911.

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PORTRAITS

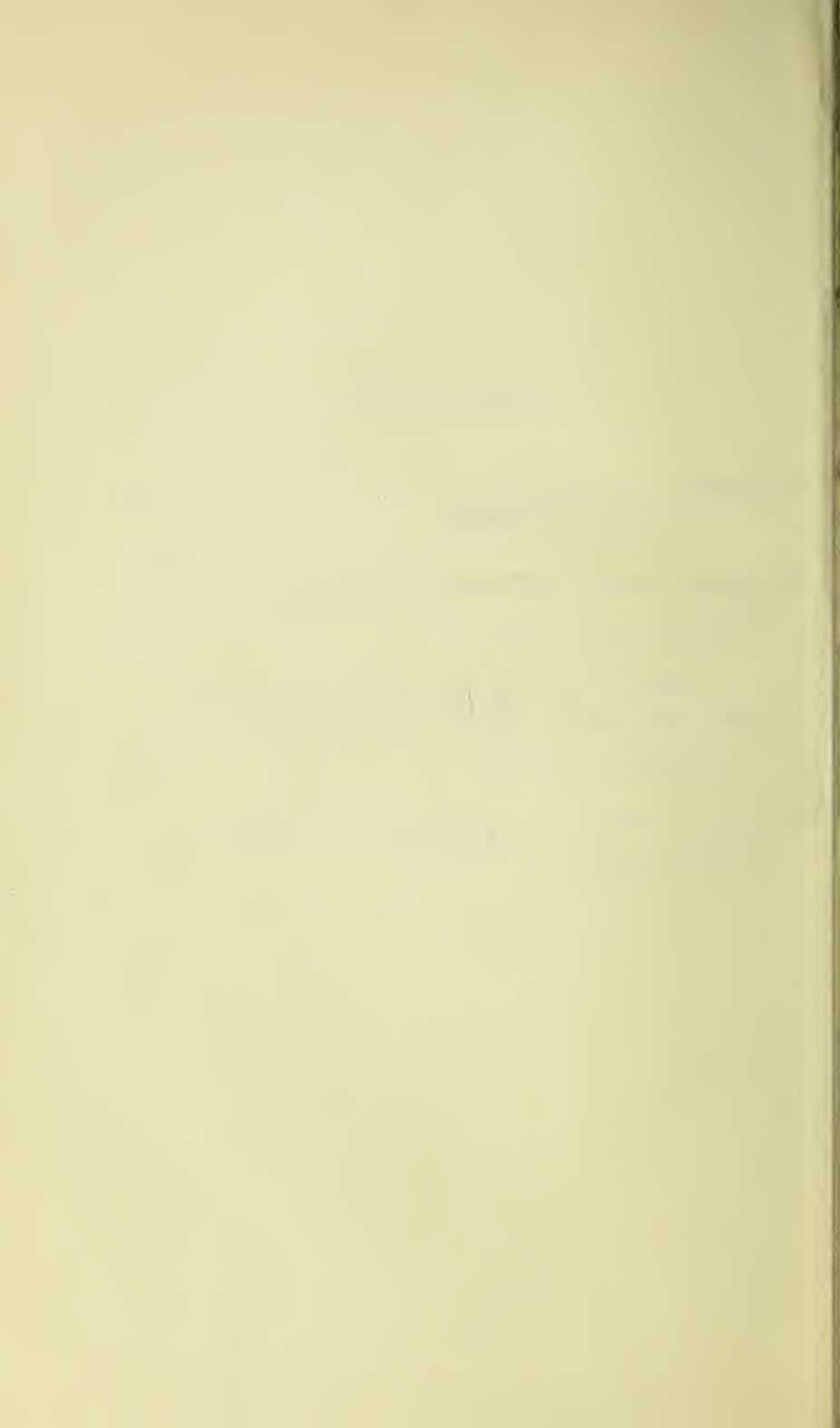
THE AUTHOR, 1908, AGED 72 *Frontispiece*
From a Photograph by Hugh West, Cobham.

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MY MOTHER, THE HON. MRS. EDWARD VILLIERS, AT THE AGE
 OF 41 184
From a drawing by G. F. Watts, R.A.

MY TWIN SISTERS, EDITH AND ELIZABETH, AT THE AGE OF
 NINE. NOW THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF LYTTON AND
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From a painting by G. F. Watts, R.A., 1882.



MEMOIRS AND MEMORIES

CHAPTER I

MY FATHER'S YOUTH

On ne doit jamais écrire que ce qu'on aime.

L'oubli et le silence sont la punition qu'on inflige à ce qu'on a trouvé laid ou commun dans la promenade à travers la vie.—RENAN.

My father, Edward Ernest Villiers, was born in March 1806. His father, the Hon. George Villiers, was third son of the Hon. Thomas Villiers, who was the son of an Earl of Jersey, and was created Baron Hyde of Hindon in 1756, and Earl of Clarendon in 1776. He married Lady Charlotte Capell, heiress of the Hydcs and last descendant of Edward, Earl of Clarendon, Lord Chancellor in the time of the Stuarts. This was probably the reason that he took the title of Clarendon, and Hyde as the second title. Carlyle mentions our great-grandfather once or twice in his *Life of Frederick the Great*.

Frederick appreciated the character of Villiers and what he did to help him towards preserving peace in his kingdom, and in 1782 gave him the Prussian Eagle.

COPY OF THE DIPLOMA SIGNED BY FREDERICK II, GRANTING THE RIGHT OF BEARING THE PRUSSIAN EAGLE TO THOMAS, EARL OF CLARENDON, AND HIS DESCENDANTS

Frédéric, par la grâce de Dieu, Roi de Prusse etc. etc. faisons savoir à qui il appartient ; que comme nous nous souvenons avec plaisir des services agréables et utiles que le Comte de Clarendon ci-devant nommé T. Villiers nous a rendues comme ministre

plénipotentiaire de sa Majesté Britannique auprès de nous par ses soins infatigables en vertu de la médiation du Roi son maître dans la négociation des deux traités de paix conclus à Dresde en 1745 entre nous, sa majesté l'Impératrice Reine d'Hongrie et de Bohême, et sa Majesté le Roi de Pologne Electeur de Saxe, nous avons bien voulu par ces présentes donner au dit Comte de Clarendon un marque public de notre souvenir, reconnaissance extrême et bienveillance Royale. Permettons à lui et à toute sa postérité pour toujours d'ajouter à ses armoiries de famille l'Aigle Noir de Prusse pour perpétuer à jamais dans sa famille et postérité la mémoire de la satisfaction que nous avons eu de son ministère dans une affaire aussi intéressante pour nous et pour notre état. En vertu de quoi nous avons fait expédier ce diplôme signé de notre main et y avons fait apposer notre sceau royal. Donné à Berlin le 13 Août l'an 1782 et de notre règne le 43^{me}.

(Signé) Frédéric.



THE PRUSSIAN COAT OF ARMS.

We were brought up, however, to be much prouder of our descent from Oliver Cromwell through our grandmother, Mrs. George Villiers, than from either Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, or the Chancellor Clarendon. I think some apology is necessary for the genealogical tables on the following pages. Tiresome as they are, the references to the Villiers family which occur through the early chapters

of this book would be unintelligible without them. This pedigree was given me by my aunt Katherine, Lady Clarendon, the last Christmas I spent at the Grove in 1872.

Oliver Cromwell married Elizabeth Bouchier.

Frances Cromwell, fourth and youngest daughter, married, 1st, Robert Richard, grandson and heir of Robert, Earl of Warwick, by whom she had no children; 2ndly, Sir John Russell, Bart., of Chippenham, by whom she had a numerous family.

Elizabeth Russell married Sir Thomas Frankland, second Bart., of Thirkleby, Yorkshire.

Mary Frankland married Thomas Worsley of Hovingham.

Frances Worsley married Thomas Robinson, first Lord Grantham, who died 1770.

Theresa Robinson married John Parker, first Lord Boringdon, who died 1784.

Maria Theresa Parker married George Villiers, third son of first Earl of Clarendon, who died 1827.

Edward Ernest Villiers (died 1843) married Elizabeth Charlotte Liddell, daughter of first Lord Ravensworth (died 1890).

Maria Theresa Villiers married Charles William Earle.

Our great-grandfather, Sir Thomas Villiers, first Earl of Clarendon, married in 1752 Lady Charlotte Capell, and died in 1786, having issue three sons. Thomas, second Earl of Clarendon, died 1824. John, third Earl, died 1838. George, our grandfather, did not succeed: he was born in 1759 and died in 1827; his eldest son, George William Frederick, became fourth Earl in 1838, on the death of his uncle John.

Our grandmother, Maria Theresa Parker, daughter of the first Lord Boringdon, was born at Saltram in Devonshire, September 1775, and died in 1855; she married our

grandfather, George Villiers, in April 1798, and had the following family :—

George William Frederick, Earl of Clarendon, was educated at Cambridge and sent in 1820 as attaché to St. Petersburg. He negotiated a Treaty with France in 1831, went to Madrid as Minister in 1833, showed great diplomatic ability during the war of succession of Ferdinand XII, was made a Privy Councillor in 1840, appointed to the Board of Trade 1846, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland 1847, Foreign Office under Lord Palmerston 1853, signed the Treaty of Paris in 1868, and was Minister for Foreign Affairs when he died at 1 Grosvenor Crescent in 1870. He married in 1839 Lady Katharine Grimston, daughter of the first Earl of Verulam, and widow of John Barham, Esq.

Thomas Hyde, who was born 1801, was considered to be (almost) the most promising of this clever family: he was a Member of Parliament quite young, and held some office under Government, and died at the early age of thirty-one.

Charles Pelham was born in 1802 and was educated at Haileybury, for the Indian Civil Service. He was eventually considered too delicate for India; he took to home politics and was for fifty years Member for Wolverhampton. He was long known, with his bent figure and his keen eyes, as the father of the House of Commons. He died in 1895.

The only girl, Maria Theresa, was born in 1803; she married first in 1830 Thomas Lister of Armitage Park, Staffordshire, who died in 1842, and in 1844 she married Sir George Cornewall Lewis; he died in 1863, and she survived him only two years.

Then came my father, Edward Ernest, born 1806 and died 1843.

Henry Montague was born in 1813, and married Amelia, daughter of William Hulton, of Hulton Park, Lancashire. He took holy orders and was Rector of Kenilworth, and afterwards of a large church in Bloomsbury. He was made Bishop of Carlisle, and afterwards Bishop of Durham, where he died in 1861.

Augustus Algernon, born 1817, entered the navy and

served under Captain, afterwards Sir Edmund, Lyons of Crimean fame ; he died of rapid consumption in 1843.

My father, from all accounts, had a very delicate childhood and youth, and caused great anxiety to his parents both on account of his bodily health and his sensitive disposition and temper, which in those days was considered to be more independent of health than would be the case now. After his death his mother wrote out the following description of his youthful sufferings, thinking, I believe, that they might be some guide and help to his wife in the bringing up of his children. I introduce it here, partly as it may be some little comfort to parents with delicate and difficult children, as after all he lived till he was thirty-seven and died of consumption caught from his brother Algy. This brother he nursed without any precaution as regards infection, as was the custom in those days, for no one then knew of the extreme infectiousness of tuberculosis. The mother's narrative also accounts for so much in his boyhood. His wretched health was no doubt the cause of a great deal of his unhappiness, and his irritable temper was a great trial to his family.

From earliest infancy Edward's parents were conscious of a difference between him and their other children. Shortly after his birth, Mr. Ford, predecessor to Mr. Copeland, had suspicions of a defective intellect, but within a few months was satisfied that such was not the case. Up to two years he evinced no other disorder than an unfailing derangement of stomach on the approach of a thunderstorm ; his appearance as a child was always unhealthy, fat, pale, and heavy. He was so backward in speaking that till near five years old he could not make himself understood out of the nursery. He was so exceedingly drowsy that it was impossible to prevent his frequently falling asleep even whilst standing, was liable to great perspirations, and had at those times an unquenchable thirst, much less animal spirits than the other children of the family, was occasionally rather deaf and till he was eight or nine years old by no means apparently intelligent. This state often gave rise to apprehension of water in the head, but such was not the opinion of Mr. O'Reilly at Windsor, who was then the medical attendant of the family, and who reassured

his parents by asserting that he had no organic disease and would outgrow the peculiarities which alarmed them. This state continued with variations till the age of eleven, when he went to the Charterhouse. His mind then began to develop rapidly. He studied very hard, was by two years younger than any boy in his class, grew thinner, and was no longer affected with the same degree of drowsiness, but much thirst, unhealthy colour, want of animal spirits and an indisposition to active sports continued. About a year after he had been at the Charterhouse a more tangible malady showed itself in the irregular action of the liver. He was treated accordingly with some success, but no cure was ever effected. As he grew up his countenance underwent considerable alteration; he lost the dull heavy look and manner, the thickness of speaking, and occasional deafness. He grew to the height of six feet one, became very muscular, and his power of taking exercise was far above the average. At the age of twenty-one, after many weeks of mental anxiety, which had told much upon his nerves, he caught a bad cold when he was in a very low state of body, and had a very severe attack of ague. From that time every symptom from which he had previously suffered became confirmed; the pain and coldness in the right side, which was so markedly confined to that side as to be perceptible to the touch on the arm, hand, &c., great depression of spirits, dejection of looks, and low pulse, with every variety of nervous sensations both in mind and body. The year following he went abroad, still suffering from his right side, and the first thing from which he appeared to derive benefit was from making more than common exertions in walking over the Alps in Switzerland. His looks and spirits improved greatly, the action of the liver became less torpid, and this, together with the bracing air of the mountains, were of essential service at the time. He passed the winter in Italy, but continued to suffer his usual variations of more or less painful sensations. Early in the following spring he proceeded to Malta, where he drank more wine than was usual with him (his habit being to take little or none). The climate appeared to agree with him, and he was decidedly better: from thence he went to Egypt and then to Constantinople, where he remained above a year. He had occasional attacks of illness during his stay in the East, but they were considered to proceed from the fever of the country. He also suffered much from boils, but those are very common in the East. He returned home in 1831, riding 'en courier' on horseback with despatches night and day from Constantinople to Vienna.

He was much improved in looks, and continued in a rather better average state of health for the next three or four years, but never without suffering in his right side, having frequent depression of spirits and every variety of nervous susceptibility both in body and mind. He was naturally of a studious and contemplative mind, but at no time was he able to apply without suffering from an increase of coldness in the side; headache or irritation of the spine always followed application to books or business. With the exception of his ride from Constantinople to Vienna he never could from his boyhood ride on horseback without a feeling of being jarred in the spine and head, and this being succeeded by headache. Strong walking exercise always agreed best with him, and no longer than three years ago he could run by the side of a carriage a very considerable distance, could run uphill, and use even violent exercise with the greatest advantage. Whatever promoted increased circulation and perspiration on the skin appeared to relieve his system, to raise his spirits, and improve the hue of his complexion. His power of carrying weights upstairs, walking or running uphill, were greater than that of most men in health and on no occasion did his breathing ever seem oppressed.

Through life it may with truth be said that he never for a day appeared to be in good health, nor from eleven years old did he ever feel to be so. His mind was of far more than ordinary capacity, and in spite of every bodily disadvantage was highly cultivated, but there was a deficiency of memory too remarkable to be passed unnoticed. There was a positive oblivion of his whole childhood; he repeatedly said that whole years of his life were so absolutely effaced from his mind that he could scarcely believe that he had existed, and that he could recall nothing to his mind but dim consciousness of suffering. It would be impossible to enumerate all the medical gentlemen that have at different times attended him ever since he left the Charterhouse, but amongst the number were Doctors Warren, Babington, Ainslie, Barling, Scott (who recommended muriatic baths), Farr, Turner, Vance, Copeland, Hammick, Heath, Quin, and Wolfe (homœopathists), Scott of Bromley, Pidcock, Jephson, Pidcock, besides Doctors Latham and Bright, a physician at Paris, Dr. Jenkins at Rome, doctors at Oxford and at Malta and Constantinople, besides naval surgeons in the Mediterranean Sea, &c. These gentlemen have of course often varied in their treatment of the case, but in no one instance was there any difference of opinion that there was great functional derangement

of the liver, that there was an habitual torpor and inactivity in the bowels, a tendency to hypochondriasis, too great excitability of the whole nervous system, but no organic disease; nothing that need shorten life; and no suspicion was ever expressed directly or indirectly that the lungs were affected till the summer of 1843. Leeches, blisters, and other counter-irritants were frequently used through life to correct fulness, torpor and congestion of the liver. Mercury in every form, and all the various other remedies usually resorted to in disorders of the liver, deranged stomach, and irritable nerves were adopted, and generally with success in alleviating the symptoms. The only new symptom that occurred during the two or three last years of his life, in addition to those under which he had laboured for many years, was an occasional sudden loss of sight, which he called a blind vertigo, and which so completely affected his vision as to render him quite incapable of reading or writing so long as it lasted. This increased upon him latterly, both in frequency and duration, to a most inconvenient degree, and most often though not invariably when mentally occupied.

What then was the disorder that affected him through life? Was he born with defective powers, or defective organisation, or were the lungs the seat of disease from infancy?

It may have been partly out of pity for this extreme delicacy of health that his uncle John, third Earl of Clarendon, undertook his education at the Charterhouse.

My father at this time spent most of his holidays at the Grove—the family place of the Clarendons in Hertfordshire. It is described in a history of Hertfordshire as having belonged in 1408 to the Haydons, and passing through several families, was bought in 1753 from Lord Doneraile by Thomas Villiers, afterwards first Earl of Clarendon, second creation.

In after life my father spoke with great gratitude and affection of his old uncle John, but at the time the separation from his family and brothers and sister seems to have made him unhappy and jealous, and to feel that none of his own people cared for him. This was not unnatural, and I think many children would feel the same under similar circumstances. His mother, who was certainly a very remarkable woman, of the severe order of affectionate

parents, wrote him many letters, which were rather touchingly preserved by this sensitive and delicate boy of fifteen or sixteen. I copy one of them, as it is interesting to see how a mother in those days scolded a schoolboy. I do not think that anyone in my time would have written such letters for what were after all very trivial offences.

From Mrs. George Villiers to her son Edward

November 8, 1820.

My ever dearest Edward,—As you will probably see my letter to the Governor, there is no use in detailing to you the progress of our journey, as I have told him every circumstance. My object in writing to you now is to give you a little good advice. I think sometimes it has a little effect upon you, and if only by little and little I can ultimately arrive at correcting what I think defective and apparently (to say the least) unamiable in you, I shall feel amply rewarded in the end for my trouble, though I often feel now how provoking it is that there should be a necessity for repeating my advice so often. You know how very much I have had it at heart that you should give up the nonsense of assuming a character of affecting an indifference and a want of heart which I am thoroughly persuaded is not real. After all I had said to you and written to you on this subject when you first went to The Grove in the summer, I was naturally much hurt and disappointed at finding when I returned in September that every appearance of it was much more increased than diminished. You know I told you what I thought of it, and after you had returned to the Charterhouse about a fortnight I again thought that you were much improved, that you allowed yourself to express and to demonstrate the affection which I am sure you feel for us all and I was delighted at it. These appearances have I think continued ever since, and you will therefore exclaim to yourself—I see you doing it—‘Well, then, why this fresh lecture?’ I will tell you, my dear Edward, a thing I have been afraid to ask you myself, because I feel sure you would be obliged to answer in the negative, and that then I should be very angry and it would produce a quarrel. I therefore commissioned your sister to ask you some time ago whether you had ever made any acknowledgment to George for his kindness in sending you those slippers. She told me you had begun a letter and would send it, and begged me not to make a rumpus about it, as she knew

you would finish it. Before I left town I begged her again to ask, and as she could not tell a direct lie she was obliged to say you had not. I determined therefore to write to you, and without any of the irritation which would naturally have arisen in conversation, to lay before you in a quiet way exactly what your unamiable appearance has been on this subject. George sends the Governor a cap and slippers, a pair of boots to both your elder brothers, a chain to your sister and a pair of slippers to you. What followed? that they were all delighted, that by the very next post volumes of letters went forth from every one, Governor and all, expressive of their delight, their thanks, &c., and it was the constant topic of the whole family for two or three days.

What did you do? When you came home I gave you George's letters to read. You never said one word to me or the Governor, or I believe to any of us, about them, for the only tidings I could get after your return to the Charterhouse was from Algy, who it appeared had given you the Governor's instead of your own. You never wrote a line to George or desired any of us to tell him that you were pleased with them and that you would write, nor from that time to this have you said or caused to be said one syllable to George in acknowledgment, though it was the 30th of September when you got them and this is the 8th of November. Now in my heart I am convinced that you were pleased and that you did feel gratified at this little remembrance from George, and I suppose this because I cannot and will not believe so ill of you as to think you so very different from us all; but yet what is the appearance you have given yourself. It is that of more than indifference, of positive contempt for his present, for I give you my honour that I feel as I am sure most other people do the same, that if a stable-boy sent me a present of some horsehair (than which nothing could be less useful or agreeable to me), if I felt he had done it to please me I would at least lose no time in making him the return of showing him I felt the attention. What must George think of it? He must say, 'I am glad my father, my mother, my sister, my two elder brothers are all so pleased with the little attention I have had it in my power to show them, but I suppose Edward thinks I meant to insult him and laugh at him, as he takes no notice of me or my remembrance.' I hope and really believe that you have a great regard and affection for George, but yet to judge from the appearance you give yourself one supposes you hated him. You know it was only by dint of my boring you and bullying you

into it that you wrote him one little letter from The Grove, the only one since he went above four months ago, and then you say, 'Oh! what should I write, for he won't care for my letter?' Now why do you say this? Why do you unjustly ascribe to him indifference which you assume yourself? Even if it were real on his part (a fact I utterly deny), would it not be much more amiable, more wise, more everything that is right, to say to yourself, 'I will make him care for me by showing him that I love him,' than to say sulkily to yourself, 'He don't care for me, I won't care for him'? The first and dearest wish of my heart is that you should all be united and affectionate towards each other, but if I have one wish that predominates more than another, it is that you should all love and look up to George, not only because his amiable character and excellent abilities must always make him to everyone an excellent friend and adviser, but because to you all he may and I hope *will* be a second father. It is one of the greatest comforts of my life to think that you father and I have lived to see him grow up, and that, whatever may happen to any of you, none of you can in his lifetime be destitute of a kind Protector. Having this feeling so strongly, my dear Edward, must it not be vexatious and mortifying to see *you* assume a character that may alienate his affection from you? I know you will wriggle and fidget about in your chair when you read this, and say to yourself that I am very unkind and unfair, but just for a moment see it as it is meant—for your sole good, for your sole interest in every point of view, for it can only affect me inasmuch as it affects you. If you appear indifferent to those who are kind to you and appear insensible to attentions, they will naturally cease to be shown you, but, except relatively to you, it won't affect me. If you show George no kindness or attention, he will probably show you none, but except for your sake how can that affect me? George will not be a bit more or a bit less attentive to me, whatever you may do, and if you assume this absurd character the world will not blame *me*, for as my four eldest children are different the reflected blame will not even attach to me. It is, therefore, believe me, my dear Edward, from a sense of duty towards you as your mother and a feeling of affection as your friend that I am determined never to omit an opportunity of placing before you in its true light whatever I think reprehensible in your conduct, and if you knew how I have laboured through this letter in spite of one of the worst headaches I ever had, because I feared I might not have another such opportunity of writing to you at large on this

subject, you would indeed be convinced *how* much I have your improvement at heart; and so saying, my dear boy, I wish you good-night, and assure you in the sincerity of my heart that I am and ever shall be your tenderly affectionate mother and friend,

Theresa Villiers.

Here are, on the other hand, some extracts from the notes written by this kind uncle John to his much loved nephew at the Charterhouse. There is an old-world flavour about them and a tender vein which makes one quite understand the affectionate and grateful regard my father always felt for him.

What a charming phase it is in human nature that an old bachelor should be able to take such pains to train and educate and put ideas into the head and heart of a youth at school! His gentle tenderness was probably the saving of the boy. How true it is that 'when death, the great reconciler, comes, it is never the tenderness that we regret but our severity.' He was able to feel, which is rather rare with the old, 'that we should so love and labour in our time that what came to us as seed may go to the next generation as blossom, and what came to us as blossom may go to them as fruit.'

The Grove, 1819.

I suppose you can contrive to be in time from the Charterhouse for the two o'clock Watford coach. It will make Saturday as well as Sunday more pleasant to you if you can stay till Monday morning. Six o'clock when it comes will certainly be an early hour, but my virgins of the broom are always up early on a Monday morning, not like Venus rising out of the sea, but as decided mortals sinking into the suds at the wash-tub.

I send to town to-morrow by a cart (so that I am sure it will be safely delivered) a very good haunch of venison of a doe killed yesterday, to Mr. Russell.

I hope, my dear Edward, your wings will not be pinioned on Saturday next. Get on with your verses; you will enjoy your day so much the more.

I should be quite sorry if I appeared inattentive to the

discipline of the school. I think you would do right to explain to Mr. Russell that the coach ought to pass this gate in the morning at six o'clock, but that it is sometimes later, which must make you so and without any blame attaching to you yourself. Pray mention this for my sake as well as your own to Mr. Russell and to Mr. Watkinson.

It was the least of my disappointments that you did not eat either of the two dinners which I had prepared for you according to what I thought best suited to your taste. If all had gone yesterday according to your intention it would have been a hurried business and rather a long ride. Packed up in that pale coloured coat I thought you looked very thin.

The younger Wilton called here the other day, the one that William Capell calls 'Shins'—a pleasing well-behaved lad, the old school would say of him. I suppose numbers continue to be flowing into your popular school. 'Sir, send your son to the Charterhouse. He must be a scholar under Mr. Russell, the first of schools at this time in the kingdom'—this is the way in which we Harrow and Eton men are humbled every day.

To-morrow I go to the christening at Hatfield. How easily you might be going with me, and perhaps meet some of the young Wellesleys, with whom Lady Salisbury thought you might like to play a game of cricket.

I suppose there is no instance upon record of a man making very merry with himself alone upon his birthday, and though I had the opportunity I did not make the attempt yesterday. Mr. Wiggins called upon me and brought his son. 'Give me leave to introduce my son to you, who is of the same school as your nephew'—rather a sharp lad. His father said he was often in mischief, but he added not a word of gratitude to you for salutary stripes which you had bestowed upon him. Poor little fellow! I dare say when he looked at me he said to himself, 'I wish he would ask his nephew not to be quite so liberal of his corrections.' Enough of my cough is left at times for a person to say, 'That old wearing cough of Lord Clarendon's, how it interrupts one's hearing and speaking.'

I am always wishing to give you my best opinion when you ask my advice. A taste for the elegance of classical learning is not to be obtained perhaps with less study or less nice

discrimination than the grammatical part of it ; both are quite necessary if, without being a pedant, one means to carry classical acquirement to the embellishment of one's mind. In a pedant you see the manure which he has spread upon his land more than the crop ; but in such a scholar as I should like to have *you* I would be struck only with the fertilisation produced.

Whatever one may think of the modern world, it is a crumb of comfort to realise that people are not now hung for horse-stealing, and that executions are no longer allowed to be occasions for public amusement.

To-morrow I go to Hatfield for the night. I once thought that I would go to Aylesbury to-morrow and attend the trial of those two men, Croker and Randall, for murder ; but trouble carried it against the going, though Lord Bridgewater offered to carry me. The three notorious horse-stealers of whom Banks is one (you have heard his boldness and ingenuity frequently mentioned) have the judge's assurance of being hanged, though he has not passed sentence upon them. Most of the middle rank of people, who can spare time and who cannot, will be going from this neighbourhood to-morrow to see Croker and Randall tried.

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The power of steam surpasses one. Mr. Buckland, in a letter which I received from him this morning, says he lately went in a steam-vessel ninety miles in little if anything more than six and a half hours.

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Hermits are often not as much weaned from the world as they fancy themselves or affect to be. Now *I* acknowledge that many things of a worldly nature interest me though they do not particularly concern myself. I shall be glad if this country will retain Canning's great Parliamentary talents : less eloquence and wit will do for India.

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Though the mimosa (sensitive plant) does not shrink more from the touch than you do from praise or thanks, still must I force some upon you for the attentive communication of your letter received yesterday, and for all the contents of your former letter, which were kind, interesting and entertaining. Throngs of things seem to be pushing forward to be said to you. I know

not what to do with a crowd of any sort. First, let me hope with you that the Governor may soon be better. It has been a sad period of suffering with him; and what more distressing than to be a spectator of those sufferings which one cannot relieve—all the comforts and indulgences of life cannot strew a sick bed with roses.

Thanks for your letter received this morning. You seem as if your wings were raised for flight. When you have actually put them into motion you will remember that I cannot attempt to shoot flying, and so I must wait till I hear from you again. I am truly glad of your excellent account from Spa; I wish you could have filled the measure of my satisfaction by speaking good tidings of the Governor. I have often been worse, my cough *never*; but I take things and hope. I am not sure, however, if I have not got, this week, flesh upon my bones to about the additional thickness of a sheet of silver paper. People see me moving about and doing things as usual, and then without very inquisitional inspection they report well of me, but I am often thoroughly weary when no one knows whether I am or not. Mr. Montague says Mr. Beckford's¹ house is as well or better worth the seeing than anything he ever saw in Europe. I hope nothing will cheat the Governor, tell him so, of seeing it. With all my curiosity to see it, and it really rises high, I am not up just now to all the fatigue necessarily incident to such an amusement, and if I was I must bend my steps to Hertford this week and be well tired too in the cause of our General Dispensary Institution. There would not have been a single play-fellow for you if you had gone with me to breakfast at Hatfield House on Friday. The Bothams have just hoped in a note that they might see you to dinner on Tuesday. They cannot have me, for on that day I must attend a Turnpike meeting at Berkhamstead, and I am afterwards going to dine and sleep at Ashridge—sweetly you slept there once without the appliance of a bed. Kindest love to your very dear Governor.

Wretched day, can't get out; Noah could say no more. I go coughing on and working on just like one of Wallis's post-horses. No one thinks whether they are sound or not provided that they are going. Adieu! dear Edward, no one will love you better than I do till Mrs. Edward mixes up some love of higher quality.

Just before he left the Charterhouse my father received this letter from his eldest brother, who was only twenty-two

¹ Afterwards the owner of the beautiful house Mount Serrat, Cintra.

himself, and then an attaché at St. Petersburg. I do think it a most kind unusual letter from an elder brother to a younger, and one suited to any family.

From George Villiers

St. Petersburg, March 23, 1822.

I really am ashamed to take up my pen to write to you, my dear Edward, I ought to have done it so long ago. Your birthday though has aroused me to a sense of my shame, and I must now try and repair *mes torts* towards you; and first, by wishing you many, many happy returns of this day, and assuring you of my very sincere hope that you may enjoy all the happiness in this transitory life that can befall to any individual; and really, my dear Edward, when one considers how much your happiness depends on yourself there is every reason to hope you will enjoy your full portion. I am convinced we have each of us had an evil year or two in our lives, when we have each in our turn been idle, obstinate and provoking. You have had yours as well as the rest, but it is now gone by, and I am sure you will rejoice to hear how very fully my friend B— bears witness to it. While you were at Bath I received no letter from her but what contained praises of you and of your manly and amiable conduct. What signifies if Charles treats you like a boy?—the showing that you mind it only encourages the repetition; you should be above all that sort of thing, my dear fellow. I can quite conceive to anybody that has seen anything of the world or that knows what's what, the returning to the Charterhouse must have been most irksome, but I can't tell you how I think you show your sense not only by returning there but by profiting by it. You must know just as well as I can tell you what devilish bad prospects we have *dans ce bas monde*, both from the number and poverty of us, the difficulty of getting on in any profession nowadays, and the very slender means, to say nothing about inclination, our relatives have of assisting us; therefore, my dear Edward, if you don't wish to starve, make up your mind to whatever profession you think you are most likely to succeed in, and begin upon it *cœur et âme*. Don't wait till experience makes you repent the not having done it. I think you have always been far above your years, and I am sure that you will see the absolute necessity of not losing your time, as well as the ground you have already gained, between your leaving school, and going to college or entering upon some profession which

it is become quite a fashion really to do ; from fourteen to seventeen ought to be the most useful and are generally the most wasted years in a young man's life, which may perhaps be natural at a period when he is too old for school, too young for college, and when his own good sense does not yet point out this sad mistake to him, but they are years not to be recalled. It is certainly putting myself in rather a new light coming uncle John over you, but I assure you I would not have done it if I didn't know you would feel obliged to me for it hereafter, and that you are not so boyish as to quiz advice because it comes from one but little older than yourself; moreover, if you have any to give me in return I shall most gladly receive it. The Governor has a plan I hear for your going abroad to some French town. I think this an exceedingly bad plan; it will be great expense and (no tick to him) it will not be qualifying you for either Church, Law, State or College; your regular studies for any of these will be interrupted, and what will you have to compensate for this?—a little French which the probable number of English residents in almost every town in France will very much impede. I really can't see that it will answer to you in any way. Do write to me, my dear Edward, and tell me your prospects or rather your projects; if any advice of mine can ever be useful or agreeable to you I need not say how gladly you shall have it. I am delighted at your influence at The Grove, and that anyone of the family has made any sort of footing there. For goodness' sake don't lose sight of that, as his generosity is certainly not scattered among us. I hope it will at all events be centred in you. Don't let him marry Eliza, that's all, and don't spare him, for it's only spent upon such beggars as Leach and Stevenson. What's Lord Essex about now, and what says—report—about his daughter C. Capel? I continue to like my sojourn here well enough, though I confess I shall not be sorry to see England again. I read a good deal and I hope I am really making progress. Hyde seems to have become an immense orator and Charles an immense mathematician. I wish it were all immensely profitable as well as creditable. Now good-bye, my dear Edward, believe me your most truly affectionate brother.

There are two large packets of letters from my father to his mother from Oxford; they were a wonderful letter-writing family, and the sons seem to have realised that, whether they were ill or well, nothing gave their mother greater pleasure than hearing from them. Many mothers

are like that, but few sons respond so well. When she was quite an old woman, as I remember her, uncle George, up to his eyes in Foreign Office work, sitting up half the night, never failed to post her a note which arrived on her breakfast tray every morning. I can honestly say that though many of her letters are very severe, they seem never to have alienated the dutiful affection of any of her sons. The following bears evidence to what I state, and was written by my father from Merton College about 1823 :—

From Edward Villiers to his Mother

My dearest Mother,—Though I have just sent you a letter and recollect this cannot go till Sunday, I cannot help yielding to the first impression on receiving such a letter as that which I have just found in my room from you, and tell you that I never read anything which gave me at once so much pleasure and so much pain. It were needless to tell you why it gave me so much pain, that must be obvious. That you should think yourself (and I fear you are to a certain degree the best judge) in the state of health which you describe, grieves me I assure you most sincerely. It is a grief which anybody would feel who loves you as truly, as devotedly, as I do, when such an intimation was received, but I need not, I cannot, attempt to describe it. I trust you do not doubt my love, and if you believe that, and I assure you, you may safely, the rest will follow; but I derive my pleasure or rather consolation from the state of your mind as you describe it—that is indeed most comfortable. It is as impossible for one who loves you not to derive real comfort from that as for him not to be grieved at the other. Whatever may happen (and God knows with what pleasure and earnestness I cling to the bright side, to the possibility if not probability of a recovery), it will always be of the greatest benefit to you to have felt as you do now. It is perhaps one of the most desirable things to a human being for him to be brought within view almost of the termination of existence, and then to be turned away from it. In short, my dearest mother, I find it impossible to express all the various thoughts that crowd upon me after reading your letter. I can only say that, trusting as I do that the probability is great of your recovery, I do most sincerely rejoice. It gives me most sincere consolation that your feelings and mind on the subject are in the state you describe them. Your happiness will now be of the most perfect nature, derived

from the purest source, a comfort which none ever felt without declaring it far preferable to any other: it is a peace of mind (than which can there be anything half so desirable?) which the world cannot give. I do assure you, my dearest mother, what you have said on the subject of your feelings and the state of your mind is a source of real delight to me. When I think of you, as I almost hourly do, when I grieve at the state of your health, I shall now at the same time think of what you have told me of the state of your mind, and shall be comforted; and I do assure you that both in the times present and to come it will be the greatest satisfaction to me to reflect that in your own words, which comprehend far more than would at first appear, you have been able to contemplate death with great composure. Your kindness in writing to me has not been lost upon me, and believe me I derive my pleasure in no small degree from it. Neither did all your kindness to me when last at home by any means escape me; it has all been treasured up, and never I assure you does the smallest action of the most trifling nature if kindly meant ever fail to excite in me some feeling of gratitude. I will now conclude, having badly and imperfectly expressed my feelings, but you will I know give me credit for what may have been badly said or altogether omitted. I have at least said enough to prove to you that your kindness has not been lost upon me and that was my principal object; my advice or approbation I am aware would be deservedly of little weight. God bless you, my dearest dear mother, believe me ever your most truly affectionate son.

The letters about this time point to the fact that their relations were most affectionate and they were devoted to each other. She was a brave woman and evidently of great use to them all. I add a short quotation from one of her letters:—

I do perhaps take too gloomy a view of things sometimes, but yet I find it the safest way, for I could name but very few things in this world on which I have ever allowed myself to be sanguine in which I have not been bitterly disappointed. I am not however blinded to the many compensations I have, and, dear love, *you* are one of the greatest, and it would be better to dwell more on them and less on the black side of the question. Still my feeling is this; I expect no good, but I will omit no exertion that may be useful or that could make it as if I were sanguine, and I will try to be resigned when the disappointment comes.

Many of the Villiers family letters are only dated by the day of the week, a bad custom, but one which comes very easily with those who write to each other frequently, and one which should certainly not be practised by those who keep letters as well as write them. About this period, 1824, my father writes from Merton College in grateful acknowledgment of some proposal of his mother's which I think had reference to his going into the Church. He adds:—

My first impression at the time, and upon second thoughts, is to decline it. I have long made up my mind that the Church is a profession which I most particularly dislike and am averse to. Now, however, that an offer has been made to me I have as you advised weighed it well in my mind before I return an answer, and I wish that my opinions were in the least changed and that my answer could be favourable, but it is to the contrary. I am very sorry to have been called upon to decide so soon, as it is of course very possible I may alter. I can however speak only as I feel at present, and when it is recollected that the very soonest I could accept a living is six years from this time, it can hardly be said that I have altogether declined the profession, it being very possible that I should change at any period during the intervening time. Increase of knowledge and experience of course will have considerable effect upon my opinion, either strengthening it or, what I by no means think impossible, doing away with it altogether; but I do now feel that conscientiously as a moral man I cannot determine to go into the Church. I feel convinced I should not, I could not, do the duty required. The oaths required upon ordination I could not conscientiously take; on the one hand, I should know I was swearing to what I did not assent, on the other, that I was engaging upon what in all probability I never should do. Now if there is anything binding on earth, and I acknowledge that there is, if there is any penalty attached to the wilful infraction of it, and I acknowledge that there is, how could I consent to take such oaths as I have just alluded to, feeling on the subject of them as I do at present? You have said much to me on the subject, but I am sure you will allow that it is of an inferior nature and ought to be of secondary consideration.

This is surely very reasonably argued by a young man of nineteen or twenty. In 1826 or 1827 my aunt Theresa, the adored sister of all these brothers, had a severe illness,

in consequence of a love affair. In those days a girl was so looked after that if a man paid her any marked attention every one at once thought he was going to marry her. My mother went through the same sort of trial, and some of her sisters too. In my time we never took any attention seriously till the man proposed ; then it generally took us by surprise. Poor aunt Theresa had a most frightful attack of nerves, with symptoms which are well known now to be those of marked hysteria. The letters of this period are full of nothing but heartrending accounts and details of her illness. The authorities of the day pronounced it to be paralysis ; the muscles of motion being apparently paralysed and not those of sensation. The doctors and her family dreaded immensely the news that soon came, that the faithless man was going to be married to some one else. The poor brothers were furious with him and dreaded that the account of his marriage, which took place abroad, would kill their sister, and a little angry with her at her want of pride and her refusal to listen to any abuse of the man she loved. One brother under these circumstances would be bad enough, but she had three or four, poor thing, all of the same mind. Added to this, the advice of the eminent members of the faculty who were called in at this time and their treatment of the case fills anyone of my persuasion with horror. She was leeches perpetually. Her mother's letter was more cheerful if she went three days without leeches. Here is one bulletin her mother writes : ' The leeches were increased by eight last week but this week there have been only sixteen, which is a diminution ; the doctor thinks there can be nothing done to or for the side till the head is well, which is the cause of the trouble, and after that is restored one may apply oneself to the effect.' The mother was frightened by the doctors, and took the illness much more seriously than the eldest brother.

To anyone who has lived as long as I have it is most remarkable, looking back on two or three generations I have known, to note the extreme difference with which these love affairs are managed now. Is it that human nature

has really changed? Has the old story ceased to be true?

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
'Tis woman's whole existence.

Certainly girls know now very much better how to take care of themselves than they did. Often I think now, the man is deceived, and has a hard time in finding out whether the girl cares for him or not.

The following letter of my grandmother's, written two or three years afterwards to my father, gives a pretty good idea of how her family considered that this serious disappointment of my aunt Theresa's had blighted her prospects in life. She was fortunately mistaken, as in 1830 my aunt was happily married, and had three children to whom she was devoted.

A word about the future of your sister. I agree with you that she has a mind and talents and disposition that will, I think, barring unforeseen accidents, give her a very fair prospect of happiness in a single life, because she will bear many little rubs which she will probably experience better than many other people would do, but it will be a very quiescent negative happiness to what she is capable of experiencing and what we had all a fair right to expect for her. In the first place, she must as a single woman (I speak as I feel that all chance of her ever marrying is annihilated) always be necessitous, and therefore always more or less dependent on her relations, which is always a bitterly painful thing. She has never yet known what it is to do without positive luxuries, far less has she any idea of real poverty, and, whatever she may have said when she wanted to marry a pauper, I know nobody who will feel the want of luxuries more than she will. Then depend upon it a woman of strong feelings (I mean feelings of affection not philanthropy, from which however, by-the-by, whatever she may say I do not believe her quite exempt) enjoys a *very* inferior degree of happiness in a single state to what she would experience as a wife and a mother. My married life has been pretty well strewed with misfortunes of various kinds, but my love for my children has supported me through all, and what could now compensate to me for the comfort I look to in my declining years, whether few or many, in the affectionate

attention of my children? I know no human being (I say so *now* that I am not blinded by over partiality) more and few so well calculated as your sister to receive, to impart and widely diffuse happiness, and therefore, as I consider that her means would have been so materially increased by marriage, I must ever consider the destruction of her prospects in that way a great misfortune as far as this world goes and no further, as doing or not doing all the good one can to the utmost of one's means is all of course that we are taught to believe ourselves accountable for in the next; and if I were upon oath I should tell you what, unless I have always deceived myself, I know to be true, that when I have wished for wealth for her it has been with the idea of her means of diffusing happiness being more extended: rank I always considered immaterial, so far from my being anxious for her to be by marriage in a situation where she could most shine in society and where her talents would be most admired. I give you my honour that one of my great objections to her marrying F — some four years ago was primarily because I thought her position (such as I have fancied it would be) in that family too great a trial for even her to be exposed to with impunity. I feel she was capable of making the *délices* of the society there, and that adulation such as her beauty and unusual cleverness would probably extract from people of superior abilities would perhaps be too great a trial. I not only thought this but said it to her and to one or two others, and she then, though without any improper appreciation of herself, fully entered into my ideas and said she should be afraid for herself.

My grandfather during the latter part of his life seems to have been a great sufferer in mind and body. This may have considerably affected his position in the home, and my grandmother evidently took the upper hand in managing the affairs of the family, no easy task with four grown-up sons and little money.

My grandfather, George Villiers, died in 1827 at the age of sixty-eight. I find no long allusions to the last weeks of his life. A scrap of a letter written by my father states

that he expired after an illness of five weeks, which he bore with the greatest patience and resignation; his complaint was dropsy and angina pectoris, and it is some little consolation to think that his sufferings were not acute. You will easily believe what

this has been to my poor mother. She has, however, evinced the same energy of mind which has frequently distinguished her before, and her exertions and attentions during the whole of his illness were beyond praise.

In June 1829 my father went abroad with Robert Grosvenor, afterwards Lord Ebury, cruising about the Mediterranean in what were politically very stormy and perilous waters on board a man-of-war commanded by Captain, afterwards Admiral, Sir Edmund Lyons. My father passed some considerable time in Constantinople as unpaid attaché to the Legation, and he wrote many letters to his family, but they were principally answers to letters about their various home affairs. A few letters describing the state of Constantinople in 1829 are not without some interest, explaining in detail as they do the close of a state of unrest and chaos which had existed for over thirty years. The following extract leads up to the letters, and gives some idea of the political situation during this time :—

In 1792, by the peace of Jassy, Turkey parted with the Crimea and all her South Russian possessions. These reverses undermined the authority of the Government and led to numerous rebellions and civil war, in the course of which the Sultans Selim III, 1807, and Mustapha IV, 1808, were murdered. Mahmud II, 1808–39, energetically endeavoured to restore order by annihilating the Janizaries, 1826, and reforming the army on a European model, but his cruelties against the insurgent Greeks raised all Europe against him. The Turkish fleet was destroyed at Navarino, 1827, and the victorious Russians advanced as far as Adrianople, where, September 14, 1829, peace was concluded whereby the special privileges of Servia and the Danubian principalities and the complete independence of Greece were recognised by the Porte. The endeavours of the Sultan to strengthen his empire by a more vigorous centralisation only ended in the loss of Egypt, and on the accession of his son Abdul Medjid, 1839–61, the empire was only saved from Mehemet Ali of Egypt by armed intervention of the Western Powers, for which Abdul Medjid paid by the famous edict of Gülhane, November 3, 1839, which granted equal rights to all the subjects of the Porte and introduced many salutary reforms.

Letters from Edward Villiers to his Brother

Pera, Constantinople, June 24, 1829.

My dear Hyde,—Our sail up the Dardanelles was most interesting. By the last treaty you know no ship of war is to be allowed to go up, and therefore there was great fear that our frigate would not be allowed. However, they were in such a hurry to get the Ambassador that they would not throw any obstacle in the way of his coming; so, having dismounted the guns, the frigate accompanied by a brig and a cutter to take back despatches from here, and in company with the French Ambassador, who had the same number of ships, proceeded up the passage, but at the first fortress on the European side they had by great negligence not given the order to let the ships pass, and consequently, having had orders previously to fire on all ships of war, they first fired without ball and then sent a boat on board to say that if we went on they must fire according to their orders. Gordon¹ told them they would do this at their own risk, and determined to go on; they then fired a couple of shots right at the brig and then at us, which passed very near without touching either, and then we saw a boat push off from the fortress on the Asiatic side, and making as much haste as possible they stopped firing any more. The whole thing arose from a negligence, not having passed the order from one place to another, as at the next fortress they saluted the Ambassador. The whole passage is lined with fortresses, which must make it almost impossible for ships to force a passage against a strong current setting down the whole way. After passing through this we got into the Sea of Marmora, and at the narrow end of it we came at once upon Constantinople, upon the whole a magnificent sight, though the wretchedness of the houses rather disappoints one. The magnificence, however, of the domes and minarets and the vast quantity of trees that are interspersed among the houses give it a most beautiful appearance from the water. Pera, where the Franks live, is quite a distinct town, none of them being allowed to have a house in Constantinople. Gordon has not had his audience yet, but expects to in about a week, and they say it will be most magnificent, for the English are at an immense premium here now. The campaign has certainly begun, and as far as there has been success on either side it has been on the side of the Turks. There is strong reason to suspect that the plague exists in the Russian army and that they have had disease among the cattle and have

¹ The British Minister at Constantinople.

lost 40,000. The Turks the other day took a Russian frigate in the Black Sea, about which they are immensely proud. A party of us went the other day a most interesting expedition up the Bosphorus to the mouth of the Black Sea, where the Turkish fleet are lying, for the purpose of seeing it.

Constantinople, August, 2, 1829.

It is impossible for any one to have arrived here at a more interesting time than I have done, first and principally because the events of the war have so unexpectedly turned out in favour of Russia; they are positively within two or three days' march of this place with absolutely nothing to oppose their progress. They have crossed the Balkans, the chain of mountains which formed the strongest defence of the country against invasion from the north, and in so doing have defeated one portion of the Turkish army and have got in the rear of the other part, so there is absolutely nothing between them and the capital; and as in the rapidity of their movement they have far exceeded the expectations of every one, there is really fair ground for supposing that they may any day be seen at the walls. All the Government can do is to order levy *en masse* of every Mohammedan in the empire, and this they say was actually ordered from the mosques last night, but we have not yet heard that for certain. Anything equal, however, to their stubbornness as regards our proposals or their apathy as regards their own situation cannot be conceived. When the populace, however, is once roused, which sooner or later it must be, our situation here will be by no means free from danger; they will act from passion and not from reason, and making no distinction between Russians and other Christians, towards all of whom they entertain a bitter animosity, will naturally fall upon those that are within their power, to recompense themselves for the losses they have sustained from the others. Besides, as regards the English there is some reason to apprehend particular feeling against them. Our Ambassador has been sent here certainly to withstand the Russians, but that on condition that they accede to the proposals respecting Greece. This condition the populace knew or cared little about, but received us with open arms as their deliverers from the Russians, and when they see us remaining quiet and the Russians advancing, they will judge of us by themselves, and supposing treachery will act accordingly. The plague also exists in the Russian army, and the importation of that will be another of the pleasant consequences of their arrival; from this, however, and from all other dangers there is sufficient security

for us on board the Blonde, which still remains here, but I fear there is great reason to apprehend a rising of the Turks against the Frank population, attended of course by murder and the destruction of their property. Many of the merchants have in consequence put their valuables on board the merchant ships in the harbour; as, however, the Christians have time to prepare themselves nothing very dreadful is likely to occur, particularly as no violence will be authorised by the Government. The upper classes of Turks having become civilised to a most extraordinary degree since the destruction of the Janizaries, that is another reason which makes this period so interesting to be here, seeing the people undergoing the change to Europeanism and throwing off their Asiatic habits and customs. They have wisely, too, been compelled to abandon their Eastern dress, and there is positively now not a single man except the priests and literary men who wears a turban; all the army and navy and everyone in the employ of the Sultan wears a red skull cap with a plain blue tassel; the rest of the soldier's dress consists of a light cloth jacket of blue or green, a pair of Cossack trousers very loose to the knee and quite tight downwards, no stockings and half slippers, half shoes. This is the dress of all soldiers, the officers being distinguished by two diamond stars on the breast. All the soldiers however who are now here are raw recruits, the flower of the army having been sent to the seat of the war. They say that a levy *en masse* of 400,000 men might be brought into the field; the numbers are greatly exaggerated, but if true it would only serve to increase the carnage, as such an ungovernable rabble could oppose in no effective way the approach of a regular army, and I have just heard that there is certainly to be a general muster of the Faithful outside Constantinople to-morrow. This we shall not be able to see, as it would not be safe under the circumstances, and besides the sacred standard of the Prophet is to be unfurled, which it is death for any Christian to look upon. It is thought by some that the Sultan will put himself at the head of his army and fight it out to the last, even under the walls of Constantinople. He is an intrepid fellow and for radicalism even Bentham must yield the palm to him: he is the sole and entire author of all the changes that have taken place in the ancient institutions of the country, and it is much feared that he will fall a victim to the fanaticism and reviving prejudices of the people, who will attribute the failure of the war, not to its just cause, viz., their not having sooner adopted European discipline and tactics, but to their having adopted them at all.

I know no more of their affairs, but the plot goes on thickening; but I'm sorry to say the plague goes on approaching and I think it is inevitable, but all belonging to the Embassy are in perfect safety.

Constantinople, September 1, 1829.

Was ever anyone more lucky than I have been to have arrived here at this period, the most interesting one that has occurred for centuries, there having taken place no less than the occupation of the surrounding country by a Christian army and the capitulation of Constantinople, and it is not impossible that we may still see the Russians in actual possession of the capital, as they are at Adrianople within 100 miles of it. The probability of this last event will be known to-day or to-morrow upon the return of the Turkish Plenipotentiaries, who have gone to General Diebitche with the capitulation and surrender of Constantinople, accompanied by a Prussian officer, the Prussians having been nominated by Russia as the neutral mediating Power, who is the bearer of letters from the French and English Ambassadors requiring General Diebitche not to advance, upon the strength of the repeated assurances of Russia that, when the Turks were ready to agree to the demands which she then specified and which she bound herself under no circumstances to exceed, that moment the army should stop. The Ambassadors have already received one answer to a letter which they sent to the Russian army while on its march to Adrianople, and from the assurances which it contained that Russia was aware of her promises and would in no degree depart from her declarations, it is generally supposed that they will not advance on Constantinople. Should they not, it will be at most only a sacrifice to ambition, as they will get as much in reality by remaining where they are, the Turks having surrendered all into their hands, and a contrary line of conduct might entail most serious consequences, involving no less than the peace of Europe, for such as I guess was the tenor of the Ambassador's letter to Diebitche, assuring him that the advance on Constantinople under the circumstances of the submission of the Turks would be considered by him as neither more nor less than a declaration of war against England, and our fleet which has been for some time stationed off the mouth of the Dardanelles would no doubt be ordered up here on the instant.

In fact, nothing was ever like the panic which had seized the whole Turkish people, and their spirit and pride, exorbitant as the latter was, are now completely broken, and they implore

from their knees of the French and English to save their empire from entire destruction. It is so much the interest of the other powers of Europe that such should be done that no doubt great efforts will be made to preserve them some portion of their former power, though out of this continent they must go and that in no distant period; this would have been the case long ago if it could have been determined to whom the country should be given. To give it to the Greeks, its natural inhabitants, would be far worse condition than under its present governors. Their natural character seems to be composed of a greater variety of bad qualities carried to a greater perfection than of any people that ever existed. The Turkish empire is now, however, to be seen in the period of its downfall; it is rotten and crumbling to pieces, and, as is usual under such circumstances, has less to fear from foreign aggression than from internal commotion. A most extensive conspiracy has now been discovered in which hundreds are implicated, having for its object restitution of the former order of things, including the re-formation of the body of Janizaries, the destruction of whom forms a distinguishing feature in the present Sultan's reign; and as consequently he would in no way have consented to this re-establishment, the conspiracy if successful would have deprived him of his throne and probably of his life. It has, however, been discovered in time, and before the plan was sufficiently matured to admit of its being acted on in concert, and justice has been and continues to be done with more than Turkish rapidity and under all the circumstances of Turkish executions. We had heard that a great many of them had taken place at Constantinople, but did not much believe that such was the case, or at all events that they were attended with such publicity. About four or five days ago a party of us went over to Constantinople (Pera is, you know, separated from it by the harbour). After a short time we came to a small crowd of people who were reading a paper fixed to the wall of a house, and on the other side of them we saw the trunk of a man who had just been beheaded, with his head put under his arm in the most fantastical manner. The people were reading his sentence and the grounds of it. A little further on we saw the same thing again, and in all the principal streets there were one or two of these wretched objects; such has been the case for several days and will still continue, it is feared, for many more. A large list of proscribed has been made out, and in this are of course included many upon bare suspicion, and many from the malice of their enemies. This list is given to the police officers who parade the street,

many in disguise for the purpose of not exciting suspicion, and when they meet one of those unfortunate wretches they tie his hands behind him and make him kneel down, and then cut off his head with one blow, and this is the only announcement that is made to him that he has incurred the displeasure of the Government. If the individual has a house, the executioner goes to that, drags him from it into the street and decapitates him before his own door, in the presence perhaps of his family, and then proceeds to the demolition of the house. The consequence is that a reign of terror exists in Constantinople, few people are to be seen in the streets, and these pass each other in silence, not an individual being sure that the next moment may not be his last, and everybody being naturally suspicious of his neighbour, lest an unguarded expression should be repeated to his prejudice: from 600 to 1000 by all computation have been sacrificed, and many more, it is feared, will follow. This is all very horrid, but it is thought by most of those who know anything about the matter that such severity is absolutely necessary to prevent a state of anarchy and rebellion, and it is as such that it is infinitely the lesser evil that one can alone bear to contemplate it without horror.

September 3.

The news from the Russian army is, I believe, decidedly favourable for peace between Russia and the European Powers, for as for poor Turkey she has quite laid down her arms, and is disbanding the wretched remnant of her army as fast as possible. I have been living for the last fortnight in a little village on the Bosphorus called Therapia, the healthiest place of all these parts. I took a small house with two other men, Henry Vernon, an Archepiscopalist, and the other a Mr. Alcock, of whom I know nothing but that he is in Parliament and has been serving the interests of his constituents for the last year by travelling in Russia and Servia. It is never too hot here, being just opposite the opening of the Black Sea, from which the most delicious breeze blows in the whole day. Now I am going to tell you what I am sure will give you pleasure, which is that for the last month I have been most decidedly better. I ascribe this principally to the influence of the climate, and most of all to the warmth, under which I have really felt I lived so little like that half-starved, nipped, miserable wretch I was at Rome and Naples, and should have very great scruples now in swearing to my own identity. I can't tell you what spirits it has given me, and I hope also that on that account I

shall be held excused for having stayed so long, for what could I do so well as remain at the place where I have first commenced really to feel improvement? This will retard my return to England naturally, but as I hope and trust that I have made progress, I shall have a justifiable reason for remaining out, even through the winter, in order to put me in a state that will give me a fair hope of being able to go through some employment: the unceasing object I assure you of my solicitude.

September 10, 1829.

It has been a most interesting period and one I shall ever rejoice to have been present at, but not being in any situation I do not hear anything but reports. All went on swimmingly at first about the peace; the Russians stopped at Adrianople when the Turkish Plenipotentiary went to them. All the Diebitche said was most civil and specious, and everything appeared as if Russia was for once going to depart from her wonted rapaciousness and to make a noble sacrifice to her good faith, for such it would be to Russian views when the keeping of professions and assurances interfered with the smallest interests. It has, however, turned out differently, and I believe there to be a great hitch in the treaty of peace made by the exorbitance of the demands of Russia when called to specify precise terms. What think you of seven millions sterling, the occupation of Wallachia and Moldavia for twenty years and several fortresses and some territory in Asia. Whether this is their ultimatum or not is not quite certain, but the Russian Minister is sent to Constantinople to find out, I should suppose. It is said the Russians have given till the 10th for their answer, or else they march and take possession of Constantinople. Their army is refreshed by this pause and strengthened by numerous reinforcements; they have perhaps 200,000 men this side of the Balkan; there is nothing to hinder their taking possession of everything in the country so far as the Turks are concerned. The Turkish army has in fact ceased to exist. All that the Russians have to apprehend is the indignation of other European Powers at the enormous aggrandisement when she declared she fought for home. General Müffling is gone off, having, I believe, effected nothing.

All parties believe that Russia was sincere. He received immense presents from the Sultan and was off like lightning before the unreasonableness of Russia was made manifest. In fact, the peace of Europe must be considered in jeopardy.

In the spring he continued his journey to Egypt, returning the next year to England by Paris, where he stayed at the Embassy with the Granvilles and was much made of. He heard afterwards that the Paris ladies thought him cold ; in his note-book he remarks on this, 'Cold they thought me, did they? Half my journey up Etna was over snow.' My father had a great fear and dread as a young man of woman's society, and on one occasion when his sister wanted to be taken to a ball and the more society-loving elder brothers were not available, he only consented to take her if he might wear spectacles and sit with the musicians.

CHAPTER II

MY MOTHER'S YOUTH

The biographer should be tactful but not cowardly; he should cultivate delicacy, but not its ridiculous parody, false delicacy. The first consideration should be truth. The snobbishness, the weakness, or the blindness of relations should not be indulged to such a degree as to make the portrait untrue.—EDMUND GOSSE.

ELIZABETH CHARLOTTE LIDDELL was the ninth child and fifth daughter of the first Baron Ravensworth of the second creation. He and Lord Skelmersdale were the only two peers who were created at the coronation of George IV. A great-uncle had had the same title, which died with him, as he had no son. My grandfather, then Sir Thomas Liddell, Bart., was born in 1775, and married in 1796 Maria Susanna, daughter and co-heiress of John Simpson, Esq., of Bradley, county Durham, by Lady Anne Lyon, who was a daughter of the eighth Earl of Strathmore. My grandmother had two sisters—Frances, married to Sir John Dean Paul, Bart., and Anne, who was of weak intellect and lived and died apart from her family.

My mother's great-uncle, Mr. Simpson, had a son, who died young, and he lived with two sisters, of whom we used to hear a great deal in our childhood, Mrs. Ord and Miss Simpson. These great aunts were especial favourites with my mother and her brothers and sisters, who delighted in going to see them at Percy's Cross, their charming villa at Fulham. My grandfather was immensely tall, and my grandmother, who was three or four years his senior, was quite a tiny little woman; she threatened to have twenty children—

sixteen were born alive and lived to grow up; thirteen were married and ten had families, most of them large ones. The eldest was my uncle Henry, second Baron and first Earl of Ravensworth; the two next in the family were daughters, after which son and daughter succeeded in regular alternation, ending with two sons and a daughter, afterwards Lady Bloomfield, who was born when my grandmother was fifty-one years of age, and whose eldest nephew was a few years older than herself. Curiously enough, the daughter and son who disturbed the uniformity of this remarkable family were the only delicate ones, and both died unmarried, one from a deformity caused by a country doctor ordering her to use one crutch after an accident to her leg—this naturally brought on curvature of the spine. The other died in consequence of operations for polypus in the nose. When my grandfather died in 1855 his descendants with their wives and husbands had numbered 114, of which 107 were alive—14 sons and daughters, and 67 grandchildren, including 6 by marriage, and 15 great-grandchildren.

I will now write a list of the whole family :—

1. Henry Thomas, second Lord Ravensworth, born March 1797, died March 1878; married November 1820 Isabella Horatia, daughter of Lord George Seymour, died 1856; he succeeded his father in 1855 and was created Earl of Ravensworth 1874, in recognition of his services to the Conservative party.

2. Maria, Marchioness of Normanby, born 1798, died 1882; married Lord Normanby in 1818; they had only one son.

3. Frances Jane, born 1799, died unmarried 1823.

4. Thomas, born 1800, died 1856; married 1843 the Hon. Caroline Barrington, sister to Lord Barrington, and had no children.

5. Anne Elizabeth, born 1801, died 1878, having married 1826 Sir Hedworth Williamson, who died in 1861. They had four sons.

6. John, born 1803, died 18— unmarried; he was of weak intellect.

7. Jane Elizabeth, born September 1804, died 1883, having married 1823 William Keppel, sixth Viscount Barrington, who died 1867. They had four sons and six daughters.

8. George, born 1806, died 1886; married 1842 Louisa, daughter of General the Hon. Robert Meade. They had no children.

9. Elizabeth Charlotte, born 1807, died 1890; married 1835 the Hon. Edward Ernest Villiers, who died in 1843. They had one son and three daughters.

10. Robert, born 1808, died 1876; married 1836 Emily, daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Dr. Wellesley, brother of the Duke of Wellington, who died 1876. They had three sons and one daughter.

11. Susan, born 1810, died 1886; married Charles, Earl of Hardwicke. They had five sons and three daughters.

12. Augustus Frederick, born 1812; married 1842 Cecil, daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Dr. Wellesley. They had four sons and two daughters.

13. Charlotte Amelia, born 1814; married 1833 Captain John Trotter, who died 1870. They had six sons and five daughters.

14. Charles, born 1815, died unmarried 1832.

15. Adolphus Frederick Octavius, born 1818; married Frederica Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Fox, of Bramham. She died 1867. They had two sons and four daughters.

16. Georgina, born 1822; married 1845 John, Lord Bloomfield; she died 1905. They had no children.

My mother often told us how she was born at a place called Bradley, on the banks of the Tyne, which was then a lovely clear stream without the disfigurements of coal pits and manufactories which border the river now. The place came into Sir Thomas Liddell's possession through his wife, and was afterwards sold. My mother always thought that her place in the middle of this large family accounted for her neglected and casual education, indifferent governesses, and severe treatment in many ways. This may have been partly the cause of the bad health which tried her so much

through life, though like many of her family she lived to a good old age, dying of senile decay at the age of nearly eighty-three.

The bringing up of children was certainly very different from what it has been in my time. I can hear some young people saying, 'No wonder with such a family as that,' but I do not agree with this, as I think members of large families help each other in many ways.

It is almost invariable in extreme old age that the thoughts fly backwards to the earliest days. Amongst my mother's papers I find an unfinished letter which has this allusion: I leave it uncorrected.

My memory is so vivid for all the past, even from four years old. I remember so clearly toddling down a steep hill above a mile to Farnacres, where my parents and elder sisters and brothers were while the Castle was being rebuilt, and I lived with nurses and little ones at the Garden House, Ravensworth. That winter was so severe; deepest snow, never anything like it since—seven feet deep. An old woman coming from market with her basket fell in and was soon asleep, so tired with her long fatiguing walk; but she did not die, blood warm and thick, red cloak, and was dug out next morning, alive and kicking! I never forgot that. I adored my nurse; she was remarkable, and worshipped me (such a white, pink-eyed, delicate child), and I her. If I had been peevish and naughty, and she did not kiss me and tuck me up, there I lay sobbing, but could not sleep till she came and kissed me and tucked me up. She was called Mrs. Perceval and was a remarkable woman, a soldier's wife and widowed, and not rich enough to educate her son as a gentleman equal to his father; so she spent all on his education and came to us as nurse, a most wonderful example of self-denial. She was not liked in our house, thought so proud, but she tenderly loved and served me, and I think I was a great deal to her. Her son thrived, went into the Army, and the Normanbys knew him in Ireland when there.

My mother told me two other little details of her childhood which made a great impression on me. One was that she was often so hungry, perhaps from growing very fast, and was so underfed that she quite well remembers picking up and eating crusts from the nursery floor that had been dropped from the baby's hand. Also, they used

to be bathed in the morning in an open tank in the yard of her father's place, Ravensworth Castle, and one hard winter, she said, she could recollect the feeling of joy at the nursery-maid saying when she came back from the yard that the ice was so hard it was impossible to break it, and so the children were let off their cold bath for that morning. One of her early recollections at eight years old was the bonfires and rejoicing after Waterloo. Their London house was in the newly-built Portland Place, and so she had opportunity of seeing the street rows about Queen Caroline, the wife of George IV. The Liddell family were all great courtiers, and my grandfather and grandmother were devoted to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. I have no recollection of my grandmother, but I remember my grandfather quite well. He was a kind parent, though he did not take much notice of his children, and the story was that he stopped the nurse in Portland Place to admire some beautiful babies and asked her whose they were. The nurse looked up in surprise and said, 'Your own, Sir Thomas.' When I knew him he was too old to play the organ, which he had done all his life, being very fond of music and having a very good ear, though he could not read a note. In my time he used to dine early in his rooms, and join the family for a short while after dinner, which was at seven o'clock. We all were allowed to come down to dessert. He used to walk up the long gallery groaning and shivering, and go straight to the north-country coal fire and warm his large silk pocket handkerchief which he then held to his face. Of late years I have often found myself doing the same thing with my handkerchief on a cold winter's day, but I never remember seeing other people doing it. My grandmother was adored by her children; they always spoke of her with great pride and affection to the end of their days. She was a very skilful amateur painter, and as a girl she competed for and carried off a gold medal presented, I think, by the Royal Academy. She sent up six large drawings in sepia, copied from pictures by Poussin and other artists, and they certainly were

ambitious attempts for a girl in her teens. The children all inherited their parents' artistic taste and skill; they had great love of music, good ears, and many of them had fine voices. Nearly all could handle the pencil and brush with skill above the average, and my uncle Thomas was a remarkably good artist and superintended the rebuilding of Ravensworth as an architect. In spite of their artistic talent they were without that unpractical but fascinating temperament of genius which perhaps more often accompanies artistic taste than skill.

When the Peace of Europe came after Waterloo, my grandfather and grandmother, the two elder boys and three elder girls, and a tutor called John Blakeney, who ever after remained a much-loved member of the family circle (of whom more hereafter), all did the Grand Tour as it was called in those days, visiting Germany, Italy, and France. Cannot one imagine the family coaches, the courier, the servants, the luggage, with which a rich Englishman travelled in those days! I was told that when at Rome they visited St. Peter's and went up on to the dome, they found when they reached the top they would have to pass Lord Byron who was also visiting the roof; their mother pulled down the veils of her beautiful young daughters and placed herself in front of them, for fear his gaze should contaminate them. During the year and a half that the parents were abroad, my mother was left behind in the North and was the companion of her much-loved invalid sister Fanny, and together they went, for Fanny to take the baths, to a place called Hinkley, and to be under a special doctor, who did her no real good. They were a most loving and affectionate family, but I can find no letters of this time.

The great excitement of these children's lives, especially the girls, was the yearly journeys to and from Ravensworth Castle and London. My mother writes in her journal: 'In September 1827, when I had just struck twenty, I had never seen any beautiful country, never crossed the Channel or visited Wales or the Cumberland lakes, Ireland or Scot-

land. I knew Brighton and the North Road only from London to Durham, Newark, Robinhood's Well, Stamford and the gates of Burleigh, the only incidents in 275 miles of turnpike. But these high excitements never failed on the two journeys per annum. The first sight of Ullswater Lake, posting along the ten miles of lovely drive from Lowther Castle to Patterdale, was what inspired the following lines written on our return to Ravensworth. Sorrow and disappointment had not touched me then, but I had always delicate health and pensive spirits—this nether world never enough for me.

Enraptured, breathless, motionless I stood
Gazing on blue Ullswater, hill and road.
My heart beat high, mine eyes suffused with tears,
When like a vision of my early years
The first fair scene of Nature's loveliness,
Breathing forth more than human happiness,
With all its thousand beauties glowing bright
In splendour rose on my admiring sight.
Unmixed with worldly feeling was that joy
Unsullied, pure and free from all alloy.
In pious gratitude it raised the soul
To the Divine Creator of the whole,
Hushed every care and almost bade me think
That thus to gaze on Nature, thus to drink
Deep of her beauties, might alone suffice
To render virtue lovely, hateful vice ;
To raise men's minds from grovelling on the earth
To the pure skies from whence they have their birth.

When my mother came out, she wondered what her parents would think of her—they had seen so little of her. She thought herself too thin and delicate looking to be very pretty. Even before this she was already great friends with Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Perceval ; he was the son of the Chancellor of the Exchequer who was murdered in the lobby of the House of Commons. The Percevals were most earnestly religious ; their preaching and example had a great effect upon my mother's character and she disliked and feared the world even before she had tried it.

The Percevals had joined the Irvingite Church, but were unable to persuade my mother to leave her own. She was very simple and ignorant at seventeen, and when an invitation card came with Lady Ravensworth and Miss Liddell on it and R.S.V.P. in the corner, she turned to Spencer Perceval standing beside her and said, 'What does this mean?' Upon which he said with a sly look, 'Don't you see, Miss Liddell?—rather silly, very pretty,' which was quite witty of him, but would hardly have suggested itself to a man standing by an ugly girl even of sweet seventeen. All through her youth she suffered very much from low spirits, bad health and constant headache; the only exercise that suited her and did her good was riding. No doubt her looks varied very much. As I remember her at thirty-nine or forty, and indeed long afterwards, I used to think her very beautiful; she had very good features and a tall slight figure.

Early in the thirties my grandmother's relations died, leaving her the pretty villa between Fulham and Walham Green, called Percy's Cross. My mother's parents, who were by this time very devotedly attached to her, asked her, as she was the only grown-up daughter left at home, whether she would rather spend her seasons in London, or that the London house should be sold and they should live during the season at Fulham, which in those days was comparatively in the country. She jumped at the latter plan, and said she should infinitely prefer it. I remember Percy's Cross quite well when it belonged many years afterwards to my uncle, Thomas Liddell; it had a beautiful old garden with a large open lawn and was very well planted with flowering shrubs. Mr. Ord, who died some time before his wife, was the original planter of the garden, and was evidently bitten by the gardening craze which was so prevalent in the early days of the nineteenth century, when so many foreign plants and shrubs were introduced from China. The soil was damp and heavy, and suited well a fine specimen of the deciduous cypress *Taxodium distichum*. It seems such a pity that this tree, which is quite hardy

and very beautiful when grown to its full size, should be so rarely planted now. It came originally from the cypress swamps of the southern States of America. Mr. Robinson, in his beautiful book 'Flora and Silva,' gives it great and well deserved praise, and a picture of the tree at its best in the garden at Sion. My mother loved returning from London balls to her bedroom at Percy's Cross, the window of which was surrounded by jasmine and roses, and whence she looked out on the dewy lawn. But I think the contrast rather encouraged her morbid tendencies, and her ideals of life were not compatible with her worldly surroundings and with the life she was leading. The Quakers and Wesleyans are extraordinarily happy people, but then they adapt their lives to their own standard of virtue. To be in a constant state of repentance and self-reproach, as my mother seems to have been, makes for nothing but unhappiness.

In August 1831, my father, as a matter of duty, went with his mother to Cowes in the Isle of Wight; he was ill and depressed, having just returned from abroad. By the sort of curious coincidence which makes people say that marriages are made in Heaven, my mother went for the same reason with her mother, Lady Ravensworth, to stay at East Cowes Castle, with Mr. and Mrs. Nash. Mr. Nash was the famous architect, and he partly rebuilt and restored Ravensworth Castle. My mother at that time was miserable and humiliated, having given the whole of her heart to an unworthy man.

This little poem of Adelaide Ann Procter rather charmingly describes the sort of incident that had occurred:—

A SIMPLE STORY

My story is a simple one,
 A very true one too;
 I had a friend and I was told
 That he would prove untrue.
 I could not then believe them,
 I was so very young,
 So we laughed and danced together,
 And o'er his words I hung.

One day as we were wandering
Through wood and field and bower,
He culled for me, and gave to me
A lily just in flower.
Then told me that he loved me,
And I believed his vow.
He went away, forgot me!
You know all my story now.

Ill in body and sick in mind, one fine August day she went with her mother and friends to visit the ruins of Carisbrook Castle. As they walked up the hill they met a London acquaintance on the same errand as themselves, who turned out to be my grandmother, Mrs. George Villiers; she was accompanied by her son whom they did not know, a clever, handsome young man. His mother, knowing his dislike of society and by way of conciliating him to an introduction she felt he would not like, whispered just before introducing him to Miss Liddell, 'See how delicate she looks, poor girl!' In these days it would scarcely be thought a recommendation to point out the ill-health of a girl, but to him her delicacy was an instantaneous attraction, and roused that feeling of pity which we are told is akin to love. They all entered the Castle together, the young ones naturally pairing off. On reaching the Keep they found the rest of the party in a state of exaggerated ecstasy over the view and the sunset. They, both sad at heart for various reasons, turned to each other with that flash of understanding so often felt by those in sympathy with one another, and with a sudden meeting of the eyes and a shrug of the shoulders, they read each other's thoughts to mean, 'What is this all about?' Afterwards my father told her that as they parted outside the Castle gate, having been scarcely more than an hour in each other's company, he would gladly have married her then and there—a curious proof of how love at first sight may strike the gravest and most serious of men and one who constantly and systematically avoided the other sex. During the next four or five days the two families saw a great deal of each other,

and at the end of the week, when the Ravensworths left the island, the following note was put into my mother's hand at parting :—

From E. Villiers to Elizabeth Liddell, August, 1831

The warmth of my feelings is the only excuse I can plead for my presumption in saying what I did to you to-night, and in your kindness of heart I must trust to forgive my conduct, which rightly viewed must, I am afraid, appear both an impertinence and ridiculous. Were we equally matched in any respect, and, as God is my witness, there is no point of character which can distinguish two human beings in which I do not think you my superior, yet when I look upon my worldly condition, the absurdity of what I dared to contemplate strikes me in its true light. I need not, could I bring myself to do so, ask you to forget me, for it would again be presumptuous to suppose you will think of me in any way to affect your happiness. I will, therefore, only pray you to pity and forgive me. For myself—never can I have a feeling of regret at having known you. I have felt in your company that existence acquired a charm of which I before thought it incapable, and hereafter the recollection that I have inspired some little feeling of good-will and interest—did you not say even liking?—in one whom I so cordially esteem and love, will cheer me in my gloomiest moments. God bless you and make you happy as you deserve. If I can judge of my future mind from my present, time will make no change in my sentiments.

So devoted and humble a lover must have made a deep impression on any girl, especially on one who had just had her affections discarded. And though she knew she did not love him as he loved her, she realised that meeting him had changed her whole aspect of life. She now knew a man whom she believed she could eventually marry if circumstances ever allowed it.

The autumn of that year she spent with her eldest sister, Lady Normanby, at Mulgrave Castle, Yorkshire. They were devotedly attached to each other and allowed no reserve to grow up between them. During this time she used to take long walks alone, and one evening in September, while wandering on the sea-shore under a

gloomy sky, she wrote this sentimental little poem, descriptive of her feelings, her struggle to renounce the past and her uncertainty with regard to her future :—

I stood on the sea beach alone
 As daylight was passing away ;
 I heard but the wind's hollow moan,
 The waves dashing into the bay.

The bleak cliffs rose black on the sky,
 And the gloom that was gathering round
 Caused the tear and the heart-broken sigh,
 For I thought thus my prospect is bound.

For my day-dream of love and delight
 Is gone, I shall ne'er see it more.
 'Tis lost in a darkness of night
 More sad than reigns over this shore.

Of all his fond kindness bereft,
 The hopes I had cherished for years,
 Tho' falsely forsaken and left
 Can I still but regret thee with tears.

Will reason, will time ne'er efface
 That maddening dream of delight ;
 A feeling more pure ne'er replace
 That vision which came o'er my sight ?

His name I had traced on the sands,
 The waves came and each line was gone ;
 I turned in the hope that Time's hand
 Might so wash from my mind that false one.

And so the autumn passed, both the sisters loving and kind to each other, but both of them in low spirits for different reasons. My aunt was quite miserable, seeing, as she thought, that her married happiness was crumbling away, her husband taking no care to conceal his devotion to another woman, one of the three handsome sisters who were the beauties of London society at this time. Then came the news that Lord Normanby had been offered the Governorship of Jamaica. Lord Normanby's names are

puzzling, as he was first Lord Normanby, as the son of Lord Mulgrave, then at his father's death he became Earl of Mulgrave; when Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland he was created Marquess of Normanby, and all through her life my aunt used to call him by both names. At first my aunt told her sister that nothing would persuade her to go, that she and her husband were on such bad terms that it was simply impossible. My mother, young girl as she was, realised the situation, and in all unselfishness, for she dreaded losing her sister and friend, implored her, even on her knees, to reconsider this decision, making her see all that it meant, either to let her husband go alone or make him refuse the appointment, which would keep him in London. After a great deal of persuasion my aunt saw the reasonableness of her sister's arguments; she went with a heavy heart as this letter shows, but the position quickly improved. My uncle was a man of warm but not constant affections, and even before the long voyage, as it was in those days, was over they were more or less reconciled, and from that time a better and higher affection grew between them.

Letter from Lady Normanby. Early in 1832

My own dear Libbet,—I must write you my last adieux, for I believe we sail to-morrow. I have no wish to linger; we are better gone now, as I feel only more lonely still in England and so far away from you all. God bless you, my darling, and I hope you may find happiness independent of me. I should like you always to be happy with me, but do not make me necessary to your happiness, as how many things may divide us, and each person must make or mar their own happiness in this world. I feel convinced that before I come back you will be helping the happiness of some undiscovered piece of perfection, and I am sure you will never be quite happy till you have a home of your own, in spite of the troubles and distresses of a married life. Do you know, I do not think there are many people like Normanby, and I dare say I have helped by mismanagement and want of steadiness in my resolutions. I believe I ought never to have seen and never spoken, or else to have given him a good fright; but I always said I would leave him and he knows well I never would, so now he has no sort of reticence in his conduct, as he

knows I am aware of it, so it is no use hiding it. He still says he does not see how he could help it, because it was an old *affaire*, and the most he offers by way of excuse or security for the future is that he will not make up to anyone in Jamaica, but I shall bide my time. Fancy my standing two salutes yesterday most gallantly. The terror of the thing gave me courage, and I slided about looking gracious and patronising, received Governor's deputations from the H'Officers, inviting me to a fancy ball—fancy a fancy ball at Plymouth.

It is from no want of love and respect that I thus lift for a moment the veil from the private family life of my dear uncle and aunt. The story was told us by my mother, and was a kind of object lesson which influenced all our lives. My mother was always preaching that husband and wife should never separate except under very exceptional circumstances, and that forgiveness, whatever happened, was the right line to take ; and we had the living testimony before our eyes of the truth of what she said, as we lived a great deal with the Normanbys in our childhood, and a more loving and devoted couple in their middle and old age it was impossible to imagine. I believe many young women of the present day will exclaim, ' What a horrible theory ! why is the woman to forgive everything ? ' and I have even heard it said that if a man is gay, the wife may be the same, and if he drinks or gambles, so may she. This seems to me absolutely wrong ; two wrongs cannot make a right, and such conduct would ruin the home.

Tennyson's ' Idylls of the King ' came out in my young days. I well remember the impression made on me by Arthur's speech at the parting with Guinevere, which contains these lines. After owning that he loves her still, he says :—

Yet must I leave thee, woman, to thy shame.
 I hold that man the worst of public foes
 Who either for his own or children's sake
 To save his blood from scandal, lets the wife
 Whom he knows false, abide and rule the house :
 For being thro' his cowardice allow'd
 Her station, taken everywhere for pure,

She like a new disease, unknown to men,
Creeps, no precaution used, among the crowd,
Makes wicked lightnings of her eyes, and saps
The fealty of our friends, and stirs the pulse
With devil's leaps, and poisons half the young.
Worst of the worst were that man he that reigns!
Better the King's waste hearth and aching heart
Than thou reseated in thy place of light,
The mockery of my people, and their bane.

When I first read those lines I thought there was nothing in literature or morals more beautiful. But in spite of that youthful impression and forcibly as this side of the question is put by Tennyson, I certainly realise now, as I look back on my course through life, that there is something higher still than that which Arthur as a man recommends. It seems to me that not only should the woman forgive the man, but the man should forgive the woman, not in the spirit of indifference or blind reliance on his wife's devotion to him, but openly facing the truth, and so keep the home together, more especially when there are children. Infidelity, or even want of chastity, is a dreadful thing, but it certainly does not necessarily make a bad or selfish mother, and many a woman who has known the trials of life is better able to guide and help her daughter than the cold-hearted passionless woman who has never been tempted to leave the stony path of virtue. Tennyson's view of the right terms of intercourse between men and women seems superficial, shortsighted and devoid of the spirit of humanity when compared with the teaching of Christ, Who said to the condemnatory public—and the advice still applies to most men of to-day—'He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone at her,' and to the woman He said, as we should all say most gently to erring human beings of both sexes, 'Go and sin no more.'

My aunt wrote very frequently to her family during her two years' stay in Jamaica; the interest she took in her position is fully shown in the letters. I have selected a few which appear to me to be of some general interest:—

My own sweetest Libbet,—Do I not belong more to you than anything or anybody else in the world in this day and at this time, and can I comfort myself better than by telling you how I thought of you and how I felt assured that at the same time we were both kneeling before our Maker, praying with our whole hearts for each other, darling Libbet? I never kneel before God but I think of you, and thank Him with my whole heart that He gave it to you, my younger but much nicer sister, to show me the error of my ways and to turn me where comfort only is to be found. And to-day when we all met, and the wild ship's crew knelt with nothing but the dark ocean below and the blue sky above our heads, I thought of our last Sundays, and I knew there were many dear ones at that moment joining us in prayer and many dear eyes streaming with tears like mine, and I felt assured our voices would be heard together, and that we should meet again and be gathered together in His own good time. Pray for me, my own Libbet, that I may not forget all that is past, and that I may not be tempted by angry passions, by the world, by anything to stray from the right path. I shall always look upon you as a guardian angel and your sweet voice is always in my ear. When last year at Percy's Cross, do you remember, you came to me after a day of excitement and gaiety. Surely, darling, in this last year God has dealt mercifully with us all. And though it may be presumptuous to suppose it, I cannot help seeing His saving hand outstretched in many moments of this year.

I have begun my first letter so gravely, love, that I was obliged to leave off a little and get composed before I could give you some account of how all has been with me since I sailed, and indeed I could make merry with my misfortunes now, for I am not unhappy, only thoughtful, and I have often laughed to myself in my worst moments at the bright notions you had of the pleasures of a sea voyage. Certainly of all the vain illusions it is the vainest. We sailed this day week with fair wind, smooth sea and bright sky from Plymouth, and I occupied myself, poor deluded creature! with putting my cabin in order for my voyage and tying things so as I thought no sea would displace. Well, we sailed on gallantly and I went on deck for some hours before dinner, when we cleared the Lizard Point and got out to sea and down to dinner—here began my *malheurs*, for I had barely swallowed an abominable compound of chipped onions, Irish stew and coarse soup, much lauded by the rest as most capital sea soup and infallible against sea sickness, than I was forced to make a precipitate retreat into my cabin. Here I found utter

darkness, my cot swinging and banging from one side to the other of my cabin, being hung right in the middle; of course, the maids entirely incapacitated from assisting, being already groaning and retching in concert next door. Well, after sundry knocks and bumps from my obstreperous couch I ensconced myself in one corner and managed with difficulty to undress myself, but then how to get into my active bed—no Astley's horse at full gallop was ever so difficult to mount. At last, how I got in I don't know, for my head, my cabin, my bed all swung together, and I threw myself in. Now no one that has not slept on board a ship, and that ship a new ship, can have the slightest conception of the *stink* that completely saturates everything. In the first place, there are five or six outlets in one's cabin through which oozes a thick compound of coal tar, a concentrated essence of gas. Well, then, as you heard, I have a second window to keep me airy, but by the time I had tumbled myself into my cabin there was a heavy squall come on and a high sea, and the windows above were shut to keep out the rain, and the only air that entered was what Cruickshank would call a sou'-wester from the pigs, geese, sheep, turkeys, &c., which occupy the fore part of the ship. The squall continued and the company subsided; everybody was ill—the Captain very, Charles, two Lieutenants, almost all the middies, and many of the sailors. My Lord, very sick and very sad, gave me a basin and went to bed. And such a night! My basin jerked out of my cot, which banged from side to side, boxes, bottles, bonnets, everything rolling about. Then a great bang and a rush of water and a row—the waves had broken into Charles' cabin, ditto in a little time into Colonel Yorke's. Enter carpenter and two sailors into mine. Oh! the comfort of that moment—they tied up bonnets, bags, bottles, knocked up my windows, hung me up a lamp, and left me with my basin, into whose faithful bosom I poured my sorrows for four long days and nights, keeping soul and body together with a mouthful of sago and brandy, morning and evening, which was the only thing I could touch. Well, Thursday the wind dropped and the swell gradually went down, and I crawled up and have been getting better every day, and indeed to-day I got up to breakfast and dined with them yesterday at table, but I confess I have as yet felt no appetite whatsoever for anything. I have omitted to say that among other delights anything to equal the noise of a ship I never heard. Talk of sailing over *silent* seas—they do not only hoist a sail, but the whole ship's company takes hold of a rope and sets off at a full trot as hard as they can stamp over

your head, and after dancing like mad for five minutes drop a whole coil of rope just over your bed, with a noise as if the ship was splitting. Well, then everything creaks from the rudder to the middle's shoes, and it is a variety of squeak, creak and groan. The animals too are not patient under their sufferings, poor beasts ; and as it is the amusement of the mariners to pull the pigs' tails or kick their snouts, according as they are placed fore or aft, their screams are doleful to hear. A poor sheep the first night fell a sacrifice to its complaints ; it got loose and ran bleating about, but even Wordsworth would have voted its death. The animals are rather locomotive, a sheep I found at the door of my cabin, pursued by half a score of mariners with fixed bayonets, looking very sick—it was arrested and carried to its place of habitation, poor beast ! The very guns kicked and jumped the first two days, but as the Captain said, the good of a squall was it shook everything into its proper place, and now we get on smoothly. We are just off Cape Finisterre, with hardly any wind, a beautiful day and plenty of swell ; indeed, since the first day we have not had a favourable wind and make very little way, but it is absolutely smooth, and I am getting well and able, as you see, to write and read. I could not read a line till yesterday.

Wednesday Evening, November 20.

My darling, there is a large ship in sight and I may perhaps get an opportunity of sending this. If so, God bless you. We are all well and pleasant weather.—Your affectionate.

Thursday, November 21.

It is hardly necessary, dearest, to say that my expectation of last night was not fulfilled, as the vessel proved a large American frigate ; it is very amusing and exciting at sea, seeing a large vessel and not knowing what it is, putting up signals, and gradually making it all out. We passed a gun brig and packet bound for the Brazils the other day and talked with them some time ; they had left Falmouth two days before we left Plymouth, and we soon left them behind. We now hope to be at Madeira to-morrow night or Saturday morning, and this day is quite charming, not the least hot but a fine soft air, and the sea as smooth as glass and the ship going calmly and quietly seven knots an hour. *Mais pourtant il y a de quoi faire réfléchir*, as this morning a large mast from some wrecked vessel floated gently past the ship. And yesterday a poor man fell from the mainmast on deck and was very nearly killed ; he is rather better to-day, but has not spoken since—I hope and trust

he will recover. I shall add the next page after I get to Maderia, and send my packet from thence. I am now quite well and can work, read and write as well as on shore, and our society is very pleasant—the Captain *adorable*, the Lieutenants *endurable*, and some of the middies very *pettable*. I have seen a shark's fin and a dolphin's tail—*c'est beaucoup dire*. Your name is now sporting on the wide Atlantic, as the cover I wrote yesterday has flown out of my cabin window. God bless you all !

Madeira, November 25

We arrived yesterday, having been exactly fourteen days, which is a long passage. I had such a dreadful headache last night with the firing, the walking about in the sun, and all the fuss of landing that I was obliged to retire from dinner and to bed, and this morning I am recovered and going to see something every day as long as I stay. I do not think I shall wish to stay beyond Thursday, as, though very civil and kind, they are rather odd people and mighty bores ; they are so awfully ugly all of them into the bargain, including my host and his wife, and of course Normanby leaves me to entertain them all day in a drawing-room with six chairs, a round table in the middle, and two hard sofas against the wall. The island is very beautiful, but exactly like Mola d'Gaeta or any Italian seaport or island. I have discovered some tropical signs though I have eaten a banana much like a dry melon, something between that and a rotten pear. I shall put in a few seeds of geranium from the hedges which border the roads ; they are of the common Rose Horse Shoe and Oakleaf, but sow them for my sake and as coming from Madeira. The coral red is beautiful and covered with flowers. God bless you, my darling ! I shall not be able to write more.—Your ever affectionate sister.

Jamaica, April 3, 1833.

My dearest Libbet,—I have been leading such a wandering life since last I wrote that I hardly know where to begin, but at any rate congratulate me that my predictions have not been verified, that at last I have accomplished a tour. Indeed I have been, or rather I shall have been when I get home, almost round the island. I left Kingston about three weeks ago and went along the coast to the President's, Mr. Cuthbert, about thirty-five miles. The first day I went in the barouche with our own horses, stopping at a sugar estate called Albin, half-way. The road was beautiful in point of scenery the whole way, winding through woods with every now and then a bit of sea-shore and then in the hills again ; in short, I do not think it possible for anyone to imagine more

beautiful scenery than we met with in every part of the island. I wish I could say as much for the roads, which are narrow, steep, rocky and dangerous in many parts. I went that day on one only just wide enough for the carriage and as steep as any bit up from Whitby through the wood; however, our horses are very steady, and how should they be otherwise, seeing they were bought of William Barrington, and my dear William is the coachman you know; he takes the greatest possible care of me and of himself, seeing he is a dreadful coward himself. 'Yes, my lady, yes, very bad road indeed, my lady, very; don't think your ladyship will like it at all.' When we arrived at the old President's, we had a good specimen of Creole comfort, for he ushered us first into a drawing-room with twelve chairs and a sofa all stuck against the wall, and a table turned up like a dining-table in one corner, which I pulled down and into the middle of the room repeatedly every morning, and he as repeatedly wheeled it back the first opportunity; and when he showed me my room, I saw a rather small pokey room with a little bed and two wash-stands and two glasses on one table, and he said, 'I suppose your ladyship is used to Creole fashions, but we have no dressing-room for Lord Mulgrave.' I told him I was very sorry, but he must find one, it was quite impossible to do without one, particularly as I must tell you that a certain English convenience is unknown in Jamaica, except at the distance of a quarter of a mile from the house—generally at the top of a hill commanding a fine view, and also giving a fine opportunity to all visitants of being well seen from the surrounding neighbourhood, and it always goes by the name of the Temple.

After this digression you may understand that a dressing-room is a necessary luxury, so we turned Shandon into the overseer's house and took his room. Well, here we stayed four or five days and reviewed and were reviewed, and saw the country and were very well received, but the little formal old man was rather a bore; besides, he pretends to be rather in love with me, and though it is very well to amuse myself with his devotion for an hour or two at Spanish Town, I got rather too much of it at Belvedere. Alas, my sister! how are the mighty fallen; but so it was, and his gallantry and his obstinacy would make him for my sins take it into his old noddle to drive me in an old rattle-trap chaise he has got from his place to Mr. —, another place I went to about eighteen miles from his house. Normanby and Charles¹ rode over the hills and left me to my fate—culpable

¹ His brother, the Hon. Charles Phipps.

negligence as usual. Now you must know my admirer, with all his gallantry, was more obstinate than any mule, and though he always proposed to do what I wished, no power could make him really do anything but what he had fixed beforehand, so that instead of starting in the cool of the morning he insisted that I could not travel without my breakfast, and kept me till past nine o'clock that I might be provided with thick coffee and smoked yam, and when we started he leapt like Apollo into the seat, seized the reins, and said, 'Now, my lady, perhaps you are not aware, but I am to be your *charretier*.' I wished him at the D—! for I had had a specimen of his driving the day before, and I thought the coachman was to have taken me, and as I knew him to be as blind as a beetle and as weak as water, I leant back in despair, resigned myself to my fate, and was as cross as two sticks, for just as I thought, every hill we came to his beasts of horses stopped and jibbed, and then he had no power to get them on, and in spite of sun and heat I was obliged to walk up all the hills. He as near as possible overturned us once or twice, at which my maid gave awful shrieks. Perhaps you are happier to know I had her as a chaperon, but I assure you it did not signify, for I was in such a rage with the old fool that I would not speak to him any more. By-the-by, I saw at his house a natural daughter of his, a nice little good girl, a brown girl though, who had been educated in England by his sisters. She cannot be happy here, poor thing, as there is a most rooted and unjust prejudice against any mixture of colour, the more cruel as all the white people here do not scruple to propagate lots of coloured children, never considering how they will be treated when they grow up. By-the-by, while we were changing horses half-way at Port Morant, I walked along the beach and found a lot of pretty shells. I thought how pleased you would have been. Well, I stayed two days at Golden Grove, Mr. MacCormack's, a Scotchman, who, with the characteristic sagacity of his country, has contrived to make a most frightful residence in the middle of most beautiful country, but I was more comfortable there, as he left me alone. I saw nothing but sugar, sugar, sugar, sugar-cones and sugar-boiling, sugar-dressing, sugar-preparing and sugar-drying, sugar growing and sugar-cutting. Normanby and Charles are rather fond of peeling the sugar off the top of the pan, which tastes like lollypops, but for my own part I like none of it, least of all in the manner they give it at breakfast. Both at MacCormack's and at the President's they used to make a cup of weak tea tasting like senna with a large tablespoonful of wet brown sugar and a little milk. I often thought when I was

swallowing the filthy mixture what I should say in England if it were brought me, and they do not always give you bread but what they call bread, consisting of yams, plantains, sweet potatoes, all tasting like a dry mealy sweet potato, pretty tolerable if well dressed for dinner but very bad at breakfast, and they are almost always smoked ; indeed so is everything one gets, as they have nothing but open wood fires to cook with in the kitchen, no stoves or ovens, and only an iron pot and some crooked old staves to fry upon. Oh, another thing ; all the Creoles at breakfast eat eggs in the most disgusting manner—they have them just warmed through and then they break them into a wine glass, stir them with mustard, salt and pepper, and then drink them ; at first it made me quite sick. At dinner we had generally a sheep, roasted whole, at one end, and two turkeys at the other end, a pig in one side dish and a kid in another, &c. I went from Mr. MacCormack's back to Port Morant ; there I got on board the little schooner that was to take us to the ship 'Blanche.' I had grown so good a sailor that I did not expect to be ill, as I was, but we were very unlucky in our weather, as we had no sea breeze but regular north-east wind in our teeth, and we were obliged to tack out nearly to Cuba to make the point we wanted, so that I saw nothing of the coast ; indeed, I was in my cot dreadfully sick the whole time from Saturday night till Monday, when we arrived at Montego Bay. I was not nearly so comfortable as in my own dear convoy, as my cabin was only separated by a loose curtain from the dining-room, so that I not only smelt all their dinner but was obliged to smother my own groans, as my cot almost touched Captain Bennet's chair, and the little Commodore kept calling out to me, 'Lady Mulgrave, pray take some turtle soup ; won't you try a little of this goose, or a bit of plum-pudding ?' and he had a dreadful bloodhound that kept me in an agony as it came sniffing at me in the middle of the night. We were very well received at Montego Bay, and excessively cheered. I forgot to tell you that we got letters begging us not to go, as it was well known that we were to be poisoned ; but I am getting used to this sort of romance, and I know it is only from the same violent source that all other disturbances proceed, and their great object is to prevent our travelling about, as it makes us very popular, and at the same time enables Normanby to judge better for himself, and see the disposition of all classes towards himself ; and I think all people unite in saying that he has completely disjointed the violent set and they cannot act now in the same way they have done.

Indeed, the leaders are sunk into insignificance and we hardly hear anything of them now. You will see that if Normanby remains he will succeed in getting the people into order, if indeed he is not too much hurried from home. We stayed with a Dr. and Mrs. Gordon at Montego Bay during the races, and did what we had never done before—dined with a brown man and his wife, who were very respectable good people, and the woman had always been good and virtuous, so we thought it a good example to set. Tell Anne¹ the dinner did last from seven o'clock till twelve. I am not exaggerating, the ladies did not leave the table till half-past eleven. We also went to the Ball at the Court House, to which brown people are admitted. It was given for us and we persuaded a good many of the most respectable inhabitants to go too, so that I really think we did good to the unfortunate brown people, who are many of them handsome, well educated, at least as well as the rest of the island, and yet because they have what they elegantly term 'a dash of the tar brush,' they are excluded from all respectable society. The differences of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines were nothing to the feuds of the to-go and not-to-go in Montego Bay previous to the Ball; however, as I went they most of them ended by going. But now, talk of activity, I went to the races, then a dinner every day of twenty people, sometimes more, lasting as I have told you; musters of the Militia in the morning, the second breakfasts, then races, then dinner, then Balls. Well, what do you think I did? Why I left Normanby and Charles, and by myself with only my maid I made old Lord Seaford drive me from Falmouth to Montego Bay, about thirty miles; there I slept one night, and then Dr. Gordon drove me over the hills to where I am now staying with Mr. and Mrs. Salmon, quite at the other side of the island; here I am quite alone. Normanby and Charles are gone back to Spanish Town, and must come here by the other side; they are gone home by St. Ann's, but I expect them next week at Black River. I persuaded them to let me do this, as it gave me such a good opportunity of seeing more of the island. The people I am staying with are the nicest people on the island and enchanted to have me at New Savannah, which is the name of the place, and to-day I have been visiting the Moravian Schools in the neighbourhood. I wish you would institute a penny subscription for the education of the black and brown children, for I am very anxious to get a school at Spanish Town; it is dreadfully wanted,

¹ Her sister, Lady Williamson.

and I could not afford to do it alone. Since writing I have been round to Black River, where I expected Normanby to meet me, but owing to the extraordinary non-arrival of the packet he has not been able to come, so I am come back to New Savannah, and as there is a ship sails Monday I shall send this letter by it. To-day is the 2nd of April, and the latest news we have had from England in any way is the 17th of January, two months and a half ; we were never so long before. I cannot conceive the meaning of it. You have no idea what a strange place I am staying in now, just like a large turkey coop, all the tops of the rooms open with only bars across and no roof but the shingles over my head, so that I expect to see a scorpion drop down every minute. I don't like it at all, it looks so dirty and is full of cockroaches. I don't like going to bed much. I am afraid they are old barracks, which have had a little furniture put into them for the occasion. I have just heard from Normanby, and I am so grieved that my poor footman William has been the first victim to the climate. He died two days ago, after a week's illness from fever ; he was a very nice young man and used to help me with my garden, and I left him perfectly well. Illness here is awfully sudden, as a person with fever may be quite well one day and four days after buried. I am sorry I was not in Spanish Town myself, though Normanby tells me that everything was done for him ; he had two doctors besides our own, but he gradually sank. He was sensible the night before he died and knew Normanby when he went to see him, and seemed aware of his danger. I have also heard that the cholera is very bad at Havanna, so I suppose in time we shall have it here. It will be a frightful disease among the negroes, as they have little medical advice at long distances between, and their food is entirely upon salt fish and vegetables ; but there is no use anticipating evils. I left Black River last night when I heard Normanby was not coming, as I like the quiet and cool of this place among the hills much better than boiling down in Black River, with the thermometer at 96 and the sun beating down on my head all day through the thin shingles, besides being half starved, as we could get no milk for breakfast ; the eggs were all rotten and the water very bad and tasting of cockroaches ; indeed, everything tasted of cockroaches, which, when once you know what it is, makes a thing uneatable, as it is a goatly sort of taste which proceeds from a long shiny trail that the beast leaves wherever it walks, and stinks horribly—fancy black tea with brown sugar and no milk. As they have not had a drop of rain for ten weeks

everything is dried and parched up, and about a foot of red sand deep all over the country, a horrid place: I should die of a fever if I stayed there a month, I am sure. The only redeeming point was the sea, which washed the line of the building almost, and seemed cool, though the glare made the heat rather greater. I went to the church on Sunday, and fancy! the churchyard is literally alive with crabs, and all the graves riddled with their holes. I shall never touch a crab again, though the people have no scruple in catching and eating them, even from the churchyard, and they are considered a dainty. Goodbye, my darling.

Letter from Lady Mulgrave to Lady Bloomfield

Highgate, Jamaica, May 13, 1833.

My dearest Georgina,—I have been very idle not answering your two letters, but I have not forgotten your desires about the shells, so in a packet I sent home the other day by the 'Tulloch Castle' I sent you a box with some I had collected for you; there is a little box in the same case with some humming birds' nests, which must be put in the cases with the humming birds I sent over, which I only hope will be taken care of, as, whatever you may think, I can assure you I have had the greatest difficulty in getting them, and they are very beautiful.

I have got such a strange collection of animals now, quite a menagerie, and I hardly know what to do with them all, as when I give you the list you must see that, as animals don't agree now as they did in the time of Noah, they must be rather apt to devour one another. In the first place, I have got a little marmoset about as big as a rat, the most peevish little cross beast, like a crying old man; then a racoon—a nice funny beast that plays tricks all day; then a dozen different kinds of doves, and two immense North American eagles, very savage, that leap about the garden and threaten to devour all the rest. They were given to me as nestlings, so are only three months old, and as they are now bigger than the largest Norfolk turkey, I don't know what they will become when full grown. I wish my sisters would ask anyone belonging to the Zoological Gardens if they would like to have them; they devour tremendously. Then I have two dogs, and a beautiful black Curaçoa bird and a pretty black and yellow bird about as big as a blackbird, called a tropical, that is charming, sings beautifully, and is very tame. I should so like to send the racoon and the bird home, but I know they would die on the passage, as I could never be sure

of anyone taking care of them, and they eat nothing but fruits and sugar, which on board ship are too precious for sailors to expend upon birds and monkeys ; so I shall keep them till I come myself. Here I am once more in the mountains—literally shivering with cold, more from the great change than that it is really cold ; but fancy, when yesterday I was melting with heat. I have only ridden up eleven miles, and I have wrapped myself round with flannel that I may not catch cold, and shut all the windows and have a fire. There is a tremendous thunderstorm literally underneath us. You have no idea how curiously the clouds appear hanging between Heaven and Earth from this place. You will none of you understand why I should ever submit to be hot when you hear this ; but you cannot think the difficulties and expense of moving even this short distance ; every single thing has to be carried up a precipitous mountain path that only mules and horses can go. If I have a dray or small cart, it takes two days coming up, and ten to one every thing drenched with rain before I get it. Good-bye, darling ; write to me again. I sent some geranium seeds.—Your ever affectionate sister,

M. Mulgrave.

Extracts of Letters from Lady Mulgrave to the Hon.

Elizabeth Liddell

Jamaica, 1832.

Alas ! Slavery is a dreadful grievance—dreadful to see and grievous to bear, but I do not think that, even for the preservation of themselves, that it ought to be done away with at once, which I foresee will be the case, because, as in all great questions, the necessary reform is stoutly and obstinately resisted till, like the Reform Bill, a torrent like an avalanche gains strength as it rolls, till it becomes too strong even for its supporters, and too much is done, and in the end the bigoted are blamed who would do nothing at the beginning. Nor do I think it is the original instigators who are to blame ; their wish is to get rid of a great and crying evil, the others will not do good lest evil should arise out of it.

There are two or three measures that if the misguided House of Assembly would have carried this year would have tranquillised and pleased the slaves, and would have contented the liberal and quiet people in England, would have done themselves the greatest credit, and could under no circumstances have done any harm. One was allowing any man who could do it to purchase his freedom at a reasonable given sum ; another to prevent

the flogging of women, substituting some other punishment, say the treadmill—punishment enough in this country, I think—which Normanby proposed and which was immediately thrown out. Well, if they had only listened even to these, instead of which they refused to hear the petition. You will see how this will end, I am afraid, in the ruin of the colony, for I think, as I said before, the blacks are not fit for what will without doubt happen, viz. their entire emancipation.

There are many proposals I know to induce them to make them work after they are no longer slaves, as in England the parishes make each man work who has not the wherewithal to live ; but in England you do not find potatoes in every hedge, yams, plantains and cocoanuts in boundless forests, unowned and uninhabited, where they might live on an acre of ground without the necessity of working, at least for many a long year, and then who would cultivate the estates ? I do not believe one black on the island would work unless he were starving, and then if he could steal a yam he would, and run away and not work again till the same thing happened again ; therefore how it is all to end is beyond my ken. I see the evils, and I still more deprecate the folly of those who are bringing things to a crisis, by resisting all useful and necessary improvements, but it is ever thus in all great measures. They have been hurried on to the catastrophe by the folly of the obstinate, and then it is true that for a time anarchy and confusion exist. May it not be the Will of God to punish the obstinate resisters and those who have thought they could make the world perfect ? Certainly in history one sees such struggles followed by the downfall of each ; sometimes a nation has risen again from its ruins and become greater, wiser and better ; but how much oftener it has become a prey to anarchy and confusion for a time and then fallen into worse hands than ever ! And I do think on these occasions those men who defend, on the plea of policy or custom, what they acknowledge to be a sin, an evil or even a grievance, are more to blame and quite as mischievous as those who hurry on from one improvement to another till they do not know where to stop.

I hope I have sent you a dose of island politics, but I know you will not be bored with it and will like to know a little of the state of things here.

Spanish Town, Jamaica, April 9, 1833.

I went up yesterday to the Mountain Barracks at Stoney Hill to see Normanby review the 37th Regiment, and they gave

us a luncheon or rather breakfast. It was a curious sight to see on a hill nine miles up in Jamaica an English regiment of soldiers, fair ladies, and waving plumes. English carriages and horses on the top of a rocky mountain, and a breakfast that would not have disgraced Hampton Court or Richmond. I should think there were twenty or thirty English ladies, and the road up I can compare to nothing I know in England, even at Mulgrave, without you can imagine a road steeper and narrower than Blyth Hill, continued for five miles with nothing but bare rocks, out of which it was cut, for the foundation, sometimes so smooth the horses could hardly keep their feet, and sometimes with stones which it is not exaggeration to say were as big as one's head; up this I went in our phaeton and four English frisky horses. Luckily in going up the Colonel sent pioneers to help up and put stones behind the wheels, and certainly it appears to me all things are possible, for we got up and down again without an accident, even though our drag-chain broke in coming down the first mile and we had to come down without any, which, as there was a high rock on one side and no little precipice on the other, was not pleasant, but there were plenty of trees which took off the disagreeable look of the precipice, as one could not go fast. I could not help laughing in the midst of my fright thinking how Papa would have liked it. As to Normanby, as usual he declared there was not the slightest difficulty, and entirely put an end to all suggestions of walking down the steep bits. I was very much pleased with the day altogether. The situation of the barracks was chosen on account of their being so healthy for the freshly arrived troops. I went to see the school there for the soldiers' children, which was very interesting. It seemed so odd to see this colony, as it were, in so inaccessible a situation. I found two such dear little children up there, one so like Anne's youngest—such a darling child, and he got so fond of me. Poor little things! they had lost their father. There was also another officer who had lost his wife and was left with a little baby boy a year and a half old; all this was melancholy. . . .

You ask me if Whitely's pamphlet is true; I can assure you I firmly believe it is. I know nothing of the man and the particular cases mentioned, but I know that not a week passes but that equally or even more cruel cases come before Normanby, who unfortunately has no power to interfere otherwise than by making the magistrates inquire into the cases; and, as I have told you before, the magistrates are the proprietors, and will never interfere or convict against the overseer, so that I have no hesitation in

saying that Normanby, Lord Seaford, Colonel Yorke and Charles Phipps all agreed last night that there was in fact no law and no justice for the slave, and that in consequence of the combination between magistrates the slave laws were a mere dead letter.

I will tell you of two cases that came up here to complain last week. A woman going down the hill, with only a torn garment on saturated with blood, met Normanby. She said the overseer had lost a sheet and said she stole it, which she denied; he then ordered her to be flogged, and said she should be flogged every morning till the sheet was found. She was flogged for three mornings, and she was in such pain she did not know what to do with herself. 'He murder me, Massa! him bad man, he murder me, Massa!' Well, dreadful as this is, she was sent down to the magistrates, the overseer appears, he calls evidence from the other slaves—they know if they appear against the overseer that they will receive the same punishment, and they dare not come. There is no evidence on the other side; the overseer says the woman lied, that she would not work, &c., &c., and that he only gave her the thirty-nine lashes each day allowed by law, and the magistrates dismissed the case as frivolous! I declare this has always been the case since we have been in the island, and I never hear a poor wretch make his complaint to the Governor that I do not know they are preparing worse treatment for themselves. A man was here yesterday who said he got drunk, and that in consequence he was cruelly beaten. The overseer had said to the driver, 'Cut off his head!' but the driver said 'No,' but that he would give him something that would make him remember being drunk, and he put his fingers on a stone and deliberately chopped off two. They had evidently been cut quite through, they were sewed on badly again, and were quite dead and stiff and beginning to heal round, as it was done ten days ago, besides which the man had a deep gash from a sword on his temple that went within an inch of his life. Mr. Evans, our doctor, said he escaped, walked from Trelawney, the other side of the island, to complain to Normanby; the consequence will be he will be punished again for escaping, and Normanby can do nothing but recommend him to mercy, which will be a sort of stimulus to the oppressors to sue him still more. Alas! one cannot fancy human nature so bad, so malicious, so very cruel as it is here, and you may imagine how painful it is to see this and to be able to do little or nothing to mitigate it! God knows, I think slavery a wicked un-Christian practice. I think

it demoralises a country altogether, both the slaves and slaveholders; but then that makes it doubly necessary for people to consider before they make a sudden change. It is different where a whole population is capable of understanding the measure pending, of knowing both the good and evil depending upon it; but here, alas! one sees unmixed evil, the other side unmixed good, and each will maintain his own opinion without any reference to the measures proposed in England, and meaning to do good, they will ruin many kind and estimable families irretrievably. They will let loose a lawless rabble upon a population of women and children, unarmed and defenceless in every way, and I much fear bloodshed and violence of every revolting description will be the consequence. The planters are smarting with their wrongs; they have nothing to lose if this measure passes; they certainly are used unjustly, and even if no bloodshed takes place, and they leave the island for Canada and America, which many intend to do, what will become of this rich and fertile island? Maybe you will say the slaves will cultivate it, but they are not yet advanced enough in civilisation. Slavery brutalises, stupefies a person; they have nothing but daily mechanical labour to perform; the energies of the mind from childhood are suppressed and never called into play, and they must be amalgamated with a free and superior people before they will be fit to form a population.

Highgate, Jamaica.

Not a soul lives within miles except the dependents on the place and the state of the islands is so varied, such jealousies exist, that I should do more harm than good in attempting anything in Spanish Town. Indeed, there, as in Kingston, the slaves are ridiculously well off, so much so, that at a fancy dignity ball, which was given entirely to the black slaves in and about Spanish Town, there was a slave dressed in a pink satin gown, flesh-coloured silk stockings, pink satin shoes, and a splendid gold toque with different coloured feathers in it. Then there was a black slave, by way of representing the King, in a light blue and gold coat with white satin waistcoat and breeches and diamond buckles. Mind, I did not see them, because the dignity balls are only for the slaves, but gentlemen may go, and it is from their report I write. From all I can judge, I think the people both here and in England are going quite the wrong way ever to agree. In England the cry is all Emancipation, without

quite knowing what good or harm it would produce, and nobody asks the simple question 'How?' If they emancipate and take the negroes out of the country, that will not work. Give the proper Poor Laws and Vagrant Acts for their protection, and carefully protect the private property of individuals from the great mass of population you would let loose upon them. I firmly believe in a very short time this island would experience the greatest benefit from Emancipation, as the very employment of slaves has kept the country in an *arrièrè* state, as they want employment for their negroes, and therefore they carry up all marketing upon their heads, so that there are no roads in the island for wheel carriages. Everything is dear, because each man grows enough to support himself and slaves; the remainder is sugar for exportation, so that anything one buys in the market is from the slaves, who have no regular prices for anything, but ask as much as they can get. But then, on the other hand, if they emancipate, at once a hundred thousand ignorant, uneducated, idle vagabonds, without any idea of morals, will be let loose upon forty thousand whites. The end will be that there will be a general massacre; and as the slaves can live upon a few yams and potatoes, they will be doing nothing at all but living on the property of others. I believe that slavery is capable of giving rise to great injustice and cruelty, but I think there are in England now few—even farmers, certainly not labourers—who, if you said to them 'I will keep your wife and children and educate them when young, take care of you all when old, clothe you, doctor you when sick, give you a house rent free, garden to yourself, and two days in the week to cultivate your ground for your own profit and benefit, providing you will work for me the other five' there are, I think, few labourers in England who would not jump at the proposal; and this after all is the state of these slaves. I own he is still a slave and the choice is not left him, but really I say it—they do not seem to feel it, and they are a stupid, lazy, inactive, uningenious set of people. The children till ten years of age, now in the schools, are sharp and quick; after that age they seem to degenerate. They forget all that they have been taught and grow more and more stupid as they grow older and indeed seem to care for nothing but dress and licentiousness. I have seen but little yet. One thing I shall always think—that the Colonists in the House of Commons are quarrelling upon a subject that has never come in a shape sufficiently defined for either party to know whether it is good or not. It would never be fair to take half a man's property away—which,

however unjustly, his slaves certainly are now—and then turn that half loose upon him to take away the rest of his property by force. It is quite true that in crop time on the best estates, and with the kindest masters, the slave works eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, leaving only six for getting home, rest, breakfast and supper. Now evidently no slave would do this unless obliged; therefore, even if they worked a reasonable time there would not be above half the sugar made, the revenue must suffer, and it appears to me that the Government want to make a great change and are not prepared to meet any of the disadvantages. I have had one of my Receptions this morning, when I sit in state and receive all the people that choose to come. It is rather fun to see what a fright some of them are in, and I graciously receive my poor subjects and soon put them at their ease; some, on the other hand, are only too much at their ease without any putting.

About 1833–1834. Highgate.

I came up here two days ago, and for once people have told the truth, as nothing can describe the beauty of the view and the richness of the vegetation, and it was as cool as would be comfortable. When I left Spanish Town I had the thermometer every day in the coolest room at 86°, never lower, and very often much higher; and here it is never higher than 74°. The only misfortune is that the place is almost inaccessible to me, as I must ride, and it is a good eleven miles uphill through the wildest road I ever saw, the greater part through primæval forest with only a narrow road cut through it. On the road one only passes two gentlemen's farms and one little batch of negro huts, but when one gets up the view is something quite splendid. I shall just do you an outline in pen, but it will do no justice to the panoramic view we command. I shall enjoy myself very much up here, where I have no doubt I shall live often. The garden is very nice and will be nicer in a little time, as there is a very good French gardener and he and I will be able to do something more to it, I expect. It is curious to be sitting here writing to you surrounded by flowers, trees and shrubs, &c., and I do not think I can see a plant or a tree that would grow out of doors in England. The little humming birds up here are beautiful and the butterflies splendid; indeed, I must collect everything I can, as even snail shells are beautiful and quite different from European, and all the ferns and wild plants so handsome. The birds that fly about here all day long, and indeed all over the island, are large melancholy-looking creatures—the vulture of the islands, which they call

a crow here. They are very useful, as they devour every sort of carrion, and, if an ox or a horse dies, the people leave it in the road and in a few hours these beasts pick its bones clean and leave nothing but the skin and the skeleton.

As I told you in my last letter, Normanby and his party went round the island in the steamer, so I set off about a fortnight ago and had a very pleasant journey across the country. I went in the britzka, open, and had a gig and riding horses besides, so that when I came to Mount Diabolo, where the road was bad and steep, I got out and rode ; but, as in that sort of expedition I had, instead of a habit, a petticoat of brown holland and a straw bonnet, to my great disgust, I found at the town a whole detachment of soldiers and officers, all drawn out to do me honour, and I thought how you would have laughed at me, for when they presented arms, my horse was frightened—not more than would have pleased you, as you would have thought it ' showing off '—but I said, ' Oh ! please don't,' as my fears got the better of my vanity. Indeed I had a very larky expedition here. A charming old man—not too old—by name John Wilson (not romantic) met me, and as I found my carriage could not go the short way to his house, where I was going to spend the night, I sent it round the long way and mounted into his gig, and was driven to his house, where I had a very pleasant party of four gentlemen,—this same John Wilson and three other officers of the 77th—very nice people. I had before gained the hearts of all the soldiers by regaling them with ale and cheese.

The next day I proceeded on my journey with my two knights ; John Wilson and Captain Buchan insisted upon accompanying me to St. Ann's Bay, and I think I never had a more beautiful drive through quite a different sort of country to any I had seen in Jamaica, as it consisted of the most beautifully broken ground nicely cleared into pastures, with stone walls, tidy gates and open groves of orange, lime, shaddock and pimento trees and all the higher rocks covered with the magnificent trees of the island. The descent into St. Ann's Bay was more like the road between Nice and Genoa than anything else ; a small macadamised road went gradually down through open groves with beautiful clear streams rushing down amongst the rocks and a luxuriance of vegetation such as is not known in any other country. I do not know anything more striking than the excessive and brilliant green of tropical vegetation, nothing looking parched or burnt on this side of the island ; even the bare precipice was covered with long tangled festoons of every coloured convolvulus you

can imagine, and every now and then I caught a sight of the sea between the palm trees. I could have waited days upon the road, it was so beautiful. At St. Ann's I parted with my squires, for you know at Cardiff Hill I was to meet the rest of my party and I had only nine miles further to go. They landed from the steamer about half an hour before I arrived and we established our head-quarters there, but we could not stay more than two days at that time as Normanby had to be at Montego Bay, as it was time to explain the new system to the negroes, which he has now done in every part of the island himself, and the consequence is, that one and all have expressed themselves perfectly satisfied and very grateful and have all promised to continue their work till next year the same as ever. I never saw anything more touching than the enthusiasm and gratitude of the poor slaves wherever we have been. I went to the Court-house to hear him explain; it was done by his standing on the table where the lawyers sit. I was on the Judge's bench behind and the slaves from all the country round were assembled in the space below, and came in turns to hear what he had to say, when Normanby briefly explained all the change, and when it would be, and then said if there was anything they did not understand, he was there to answer any question they might like to ask. Many came forward and asked most pertinent questions and all seemed quite to understand. The cheers they gave when it was all done were deafening and made a lump come in my throat; for think what a blessing it was to have in one's power to dispense. I think it must have repaid him for everything to have it given to him to break the bonds of ages and to give freedom and a new existence to a burdened and helpless population; and they all attribute it entirely to the King and Normanby. No power will make them think but that it is through Normanby it has been done. Their owners have kept them so completely in the dark, that they knew nothing for certain until Normanby came, and their confidence in him is unbounded. My only fear is that they rely too much solely upon him and that, if he goes away before the change, they will think that they have no friend left to rely upon. I really believe that there is not a black on the island that would not peril everything he has for him, and I am sure that you would have felt inclined to cry, had you seen their animated faces—with the tears glistening in their eyes, turned up to him and heard their shouts and cries of 'God bless you; God Almighty bless you, massa.' 'We quite satisfied, massa, we do all you tell us, massa, God bless you.'

At Montego Bay one of the Christmas sets with banners and a band came in and the whole crowd sang ' God save the King ' with an extra verse for Normanby that I could not make out. It is a thing that I shall always be glad to have seen ; it does not happen often that one has the power of seeing such happiness dispensed, still less have the power of dispensing it. Normanby left me at Montego Bay to continue his cruise round the island, and I to find my way back here.

I went all through the negro village to-day, and the people were so pleased, as they had never seen a lady come near a cottage or a hut. I cannot say it gave me much idea of comfort, but I saw the best specimen in the country. Their greatest idea of luxury is to have a table, with a mahogany tray and a certain number of glasses and a decanter. This is their *summum bonum*, and they seldom have a bed, after this a chest of drawers is what they like best. You would be very fond of them—they are such simple-hearted creatures, so easily pleased.

I think many of my readers will be glad that it has been my privilege to be able to publish these really interesting letters. They recall in the most vivid manner the horrors that accompanied slavery in the West Indies before the emancipation in 1833, a fact almost forgotten now by the young except when attacking another nation who are perhaps doing no worse than we did sixty years ago ; but that is England's way. How often Lady Mulgrave must have felt pleased that she had taken my mother's advice and gone with her husband to Jamaica, where she was able to feel proud of his work, to assist him in it, and to feel proud of herself, too, for having forgiven him !

CHAPTER III

THE ENGAGEMENT AND MARRIAGE

They sin who tell us love can die,
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity ;
In Heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of Hell ;
Earthly these passions of the Earth,
They perish where they have their birth ;
But love is undestructible ;
Its holy flame for ever burneth,
From Heaven it came to Heaven returneth.
Too oft on Earth a troubled quest,
At times deceived at times opprest
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in Heaven its perfect rest.

SOUTHEY.

THE lines at the head of this page I put there not because they express my own convictions, but because they were a favourite quotation of my mother's. She brought us up to believe that the most precious thing in the whole world was love, and at the end of my life I can honestly say I think so still, though perhaps better to give than to receive.

In December 1832, a year and a half after my father and mother met in the Isle of Wight, they both had to pass through a family sorrow, somewhat of the same nature, both losing a much-loved brother. Charles Liddell was only sixteen when he died, after a great deal of suffering and many operations, of a polypus in the nose.

At the same time my father was with his brother Hyde,

who after a week's illness died at Carden, the place of Sir Charles Lemon, where he had gone to canvass his constituency. He was always spoken of as perhaps the most brilliant member of his brilliant family.

For nearly three years my father and mother never met, my father avoiding her, thinking it advisable she should have every chance of marrying some one else in a better position than himself. They only occasionally heard gossip of each other from mutual acquaintances—often things that were quite untrue, as is common in such cases. One can picture his feelings on hearing how radiant and happy she looked at balls, and hers on being told that he took no pains to conceal his radical and irreligious opinions, and was in fact accused of being an atheist. I extract a few passages, in contradiction of these assertions, from a note-book of my father's, kept about this time, 1832, when he was only twenty-six; how few men of this age, or indeed of any age, would write thus seriously in his own journal!

I stand in awe of God, for that He is all-powerful. I love Him for that he is all-good. I have all the faith in a future state that is practically useful—for though I never can admit that I believe what I do not understand, and I have never been able to understand what that future state can be wherein I shall be myself, and not myself, yet am I willing with all humility to admit that the sanction for morality is derived from God and the execution of that sanction is resident with Him, and that He may in His own time and place (for time and place there must be as the correlatives of consciousness) award punishment for the evil we have done, and compensation for the evil we have suffered. . . .

Another passage, in 1833, when he went to stay in a country house, describes the mistress of the house as very kind to him, clever, well-informed, not a fine lady, nor wishing to be one. 'Her love for her husband struck me as having more principle than passion in it.' The house was full of members of one family, which he describes as 'unpretending, unobtrusive, simple-minded,

simple-actioned and well-informed.' How many of the class below the highest do these words describe now—few of those within it.

I tell Taylor of my appointment. I speak mournfully of it. He says he thinks it one of the most disagreeable things he ever heard of. . . .

A consciousness of intellect, untiring powers of application, ambition, young and daring hopes unblighted, and most, how most of all, health not permanently broken. I can date every deterioration without fear of self-delusion to the loss of health. Still I may be a better and worthier man than I am, and the effort must be made to do the best I can under the altered circumstances. . . .

I have some pleasure in the society of women, but still it is of an uneasy sort. I am fascinated and am restless under the fascination. I always feel a worse man after talking with them. I should add that this is my own fault, not theirs—for I have been actuated by a desire to please not by legitimate means. In short I always make some sacrifice of truth to attain the end, or rather to attempt the end, for I am in truth no lady's man. I despise myself and them all the time and my efforts sit awkwardly upon me—and then the retrospect. How different the feelings with which I now retire to rest from those I have had after an evening spent in my own rooms at Oxford, in which I have done something to improve my mind, and I may add to encourage virtuous and moral feelings—for solitude does not narrow my mind. I can then alone rise to pure, disinterested and universal love—my sensitiveness is too great to admit of such being the case when in close communion with my fellow-creatures. This is wrong though! The conversation at these parties is miserably unprofitable—I get more information and more real and pure pleasure from half an hour's reading than from the four or five hours I waste at a dinner party.

In 1834 (aged 28), the year before his marriage, he writes :—

We had to-day, dining at the Gordons, Lieutenant Burns, the great Indian Traveller. He has surveyed some of the northern parts of India and penetrated into districts not reached by the English. He has found the Russians everywhere. He will

publish soon and prove, I suppose, as he did to-night, the practicability of Russian schemes on India. He is a very young man, modest and energetic—the most agreeable compound in nature.

How interesting it is to note how old is the Russian scare in India. Scaremongers seldom see clearly the other side and what difficulties the enemy have in carrying out their plans, even if they are their plans, and not a chimerical mirage, seen only from the alarmist points of view. A few more characteristic quotations from my father's journal I must take:—

The most dangerous times I experience in life are when I am chuck full of good resolutions. I am so strong in virtuous feelings and in aspirations after good, so certain, with those feelings and those aspirations after good, that I shall be able to more than atone for any little vice or sin I may commit at the outset, that the little vice or sin is committed, and the circulation of the blood being disturbed, the good resolutions and the virtuous feelings have passed off and it is not till the heart pumps healthfully again, I again put on the better man.

My father's first Government appointment was Receiver of Clergy Returns in the Council Office.

It strikes me on inquiry that my office is one very much in need of reform. I wish it were otherwise, for it makes it still more against my principles to take it—there is a good deal of routine, but not more than one man could do, and I have £500 a year and my assistant £120. However I shall try and make what I can out of it, and make it useful in any way that is possible. I shall have time to myself and will read law in the hopes that better, happier and healthier days may come, when I may take up the profession of my choice. . . .

A man kept needy by his own fault, is seldom respectable in his conduct. . . .

I had a long conversation with a Lady, who implored me if I could not reciprocate her sister's affection not to leave her in any doubt upon the subject. What a thing for a penniless man! I believe she was sincere and there is much in the business that grieves me, much that surprises me and it is altogether most embarrassing. I would I could add I thought myself quite free from reproach. . . .

Well, I have done little to-day, and have done no harm, but when am I to cease to content myself with only not doing harm? George's departure unsettles me, but any thing unsettles an irregulated mind. I call mine so advisedly. It was not so once. I could command it thoroughly, and I look back to that period of my life as the brightest and the happiest.

Here is a small sidelight on what must certainly have seemed a great event at the time.

From Edward Villiers to his Mother

October 17, 1834.

Of course the fire¹ is the engrossing topic; the accounts in all the newspapers are so very full and correct that there is no use in repeating them. I saw it all, at least from the commencement till one o'clock, and part of the time was very actively engaged. I left the Athenæum where I had been dining with Taylor and Rickman, the Clerk of the House of Commons, a great friend of his. We went to see if he wanted assistance, as his house stands on one side of Westminster Hall, in immediate danger. I assisted in gutting his house, and such a scene of confusion never was seen. I got also a most splendid view of the fire which was burning all around the house. Had I not seen half Constantinople burnt down I would say it was the finest sight I had ever seen, and here also there were peculiar beauties which the other could not have, such as the lighting up of the Abbey, a more beautiful sight than that never was beheld. All the attempts to arrest the fire were for hours unsuccessful; they deserved to be, for they were really contemptible considering the age in which we live, nothing ready, nothing effective when it was ready, and no management whatever. Nothing of great value is lost, and nothing which cannot be replaced—so as the glorious old Hall is saved (and it really was almost a miracle that it was), I don't so much mind, and nothing is known as to its origin but the evidence which they have had at the Home Office is all in favour of accident, some stoppage in the flues. It certainly however, burst forth in three places at once. The people gave three cheers when the roof of the House of Lords fell in. The King has, I believe, offered Buckingham Palace. This is a true and particular account of all I know on the matter. It is still burning but quite subdued, and they are emptying the Thames upon it. The two houses are completely

¹ The burning of the Houses of Parliament, 1834.

gone, and the best part of the Speaker's. Adolphus FitzClarence¹ very nearly lost his life ; having gone up a staircase to the upper rooms, the staircase was burnt before he could return. They got him down however in time.

I wonder if the mob would cheer now if the roof of the House of Lords fell in. It is not otherwise than illuminating, as a link between the past and the future, to note how Mr. Joseph Chamberlain described the House of Lords in August 1884. He says :—

During the last hundred years the House of Lords has never contributed one iota to popular liberties or popular freedom, or done anything to advance the common weal, and during that time it has protected every abuse and sheltered every privilege. It has denied justice and delayed reform. It is irresponsible without independence, obstinate without courage, arbitrary without judgment, and arrogant without knowledge.

Mr. Chamberlain is not, of course, the only politician who changes his views.

Is it not curious that my father, caring so much about the preservation of Westminster Hall, should have thought so little of the historical interest of the rest of the building ? I dare say the House of Lords and the House of Commons were very uncomfortable and inadequate. In Wheatley's 'London, Past and Present,' he gives this description :—

Westminster Palace was the principal seat and palace of the Kings of England from Edward the Confessor to Henry VIII. The bulk of the building was destroyed by fire in 1512, and Henry VIII, after Wolsey's disgrace, removed his palace to Whitehall, but still much of the rambling old palace remained until the burning of the Houses of Parliament. The only remaining portions are Westminster Hall, and the crypt of St. Stephen's Chapel ; the fire which destroyed the Houses of Parliament October 16th, 1834, having destroyed the Painted Chamber, the Star Chamber, St. Stephen's Chapel and Cloisters, the cellar of Guy Fawkes, the Armada hangings, and other less important vestiges of the original building. St. Stephen's Chapel was

¹ One of the sons of William IV.

founded by Stephen, King of England, for a dean and canons. The chapel was rebuilt in the reign of Edward II between 1320 and 1352, and till its destruction in 1834 was always looked upon as an excellent example of Decorative Architecture, of very fine and rich work. This was the House of Commons from the reign of Edward VI to its destruction by fire in 1834, and was the scene of Cromwell's dismissal of the Parliament. The House of Lords destroyed in 1834 was the old Court of Requests.

The various letters I have to look through seem over-rich in tragedies, but with so large a family as the one to which my mother belonged, this was to be expected. Her elder sister, Lady Barrington, had been married some time when in 1834 she had a great sorrow. She had four children; the two elder were boys, then came two beautiful little girls with only a year between them; they were as inseparable as twins, never apart; they went hand in hand through every occupation and every duty; slept, ate, learnt, prayed together, and my mother writes she cannot think of them apart. The elder one grew up and became Lady Strathmore, and died very suddenly from a severe chill at the Normanbys' villa in Florence, about 1854. I always considered her the handsomest of a very good-looking collection of first cousins. The other little sister was going in the carriage to the play in the spring of 1834, and just as she was starting, she rushed back into the dining-room and flung her arms round her mother's neck to say good-bye. The mother said, 'You silly little thing, you will be back directly.' The children were packed into the coach with the governess, and as the carriage turned the corner of Cavendish Square, where they lived, the door flew open and the child fell out and was killed on the spot. One cannot imagine anything more terrible than such a homecoming after five minutes' absence.

Mrs. George Villiers, hearing the news, writes a letter of condolence. My mother answers her, giving every detail of the wonderful way in which Lady Barrington bore her loss. She writes:—

Really, you would be surprised to see how nicely she looks, not very pale, and so pretty, in spite of the tears that are constantly coursing each other down her gentle face. She is quite subdued of course, but not overwhelmed, and this is all we can expect for some time to come. Time and a healthy, happy temperament do much, and religion does more, and my sweet sister will have all these to help her through this heavy calamity ; she has also the kindest and best of husbands to share her every feeling and participate in all her joys and sorrows.

We must now return to my mother's history. When still at Mulgrave in December, much troubled about the religious views of the man in whom she was beginning to take so great an interest, for he had rather exaggerated than concealed his want of orthodoxy—my mother wrote him a long letter from which I give a few extracts.

December 22, 1831.

I have never heard of you since we parted—I know not when or where we may see each other again, or even whether this will ever meet your eye—but you once said you should like to read my thoughts, and at this moment I earnestly wish you could do so ; and am going to commit them to paper for your perusal. I am thinking of you—wondering whether you are still an unbeliever, still trusting in your own strength and wisdom, seeking peace and finding none, or whether you have tasted the Truth at last, and find all your cares comparatively at an end. Unless the latter is the case (which God in his boundless mercy grant) how little can you judge of my present state of mind—how little can you understand the melancholy feelings of mingled sorrow and surprise, with which I contemplate a mind like yours lost in a sea of doubt and error.

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I know that it is not in a woman's province to teach, and dread lest I should appear presumptuous to one so infinitely my superior in wisdom and knowledge. You must bear in mind that I am taught to believe there *is One* who can bless the feeblest means and has revealed unto babes, what is hid from the wise and prudent—*this alone* can justify my thus addressing you.

Sunday night, February 19th, 1832. My writing to you

may possibly do good—your writing to me can do none—my mind, thank God, is perfectly contented and peaceful, and I am sure you would *never* wish to rob me of such an inestimable blessing—if all this appears nonsense to you, put it in the fire, but in mercy never try to unsettle my religious belief. I do not feel that it *could* be easily shaken, but I always think it wiser to avoid temptation, than to trust too much in one's own strength. In conversation I have already yielded more than on reflection I thought right. God bless you.

My father always complied with my mother's request not to answer her letters.

In the spring of 1835 matters grew nearer to their conclusion, and after agitating interviews and mutual misunderstandings, my grandmother, Mrs. George Villiers, tried to clear the air by writing at length to my mother. I give her letter.

From Mrs. George Villiers to Elizabeth Liddell

Dearest Chick,—Before I go to bed I must relieve my mind by writing to you. It may do no good,—I do not want to use any undue influence, but by your own confession you have nobody with you to whom you can talk openly and I am therefore doubly disposed to use the privilege you give me of being your adviser and friend. E. came to me as soon as I returned home and after hearing from me much of what I had to say, he at last put off his reserve and in a manner opened his heart to me. It has really I hope and think been a relief to him, and I am *sure* it has to me. I am much easier upon the most important subject of all, I mean his religious feelings and opinions. I hardly know whether anything I have to say will have much effect upon you, because from all he has told me I imagine he has said the same things to you, and if they do not relieve your mind, coming from him, I can hardly hope they will do so coming from me, yet thinking as seriously as I do upon the subject I can solemnly declare to you that were *you* my real child and E. a stranger, I should feel perfectly safe as far as his religious feelings were concerned, in advising you to marry him. He has, as I always believed, made divinity his principal study, he wishes and tries to be religious in the real sense of the word, and I may say his efforts are not unsuccessful, for I, who naturally

know much more of him than you can do, believe that there is hardly any man—especially any young man—whose habits of life would bear such strict scrutiny as his. He says that this subject is still his constant study, that there are many points on which his opinions have undergone and are still undergoing changes, that truth and real conviction are his objects, that if he were married to you, his greatest delight would be reading with you on those subjects, and reading such books and such only as you should approve and recommend. From what he has said to me I conceive that the differences between you are much more doctrinal than practical. Depend upon it he who practises what is enjoined by our Saviour, is a far better Christian than he who professes to believe every word of the 39 Articles, but omits the practice of all those benevolent and charitable precepts which, to my mind, constitute the beauty of the Christian religion.

You cannot for one moment suppose that he would wish to influence your belief on those points on which you may differ, so far from it, that he told me to-day how much he had assisted many young incipient clergymen in their Divinity studies—how he had read with them all such books as could most confirm their faith and strengthen their belief. How much more then would he do with a wife that he loved. I talked to him of the books he had recommended to you, without agreeing with any on all points,—and he said he knew they were the best books on the subject, that therefore they would please you most, and that he had derived great pleasure from them himself, though he might not agree with the writers in everything. I see that the reason of his being so elated with your first note was not an unnatural one—he says it was so much more kind and affectionate than anything he had received from you before, that he really flattered himself that you felt, what he himself considered to be true, that the differences existing between your opinions were not of a nature, or to a degree that would by any possibility interfere with your mutual happiness if married; so if he thought this, no wonder that for three days his body and mind underwent a total change. I wish from my heart it had never happened, for the reaction is alas, far worse. To be sure there is one blessing in poverty, it enables one to speak the truth. Were you an heiress I might be supposed to have worldly views in thus telling you what I think; in the present case Heaven knows it must

be obvious that my only motive is your mutual comfort and happiness, and which in my opinion you are both throwing away unnecessarily, for *he*, from a high-minded feeling, would rather magnify his dissent, lest he should speak more from feelings than truth, and you, in my opinion, rather over-strain conscientious scruples, lest you should sacrifice duty to feeling. *I* think such sacrifice unnecessary, nor do I believe it acceptable in the sight of God.

Everybody came to the conclusion in May 1835 that things could go on no longer as they were. There are moments in all lives when 'il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée.' Lady Ravensworth got alarmed about her girl's health, which was completely giving way. Dr. Ferguson, the fashionable physician of the day, in London, had his suspicions aroused, and told her that he would hardly answer for her life if the girl's affections were thwarted. The mother got frightened and allowed them to have a meeting which was to decide the question, and the ultimate decision was to depend on Lord Ravensworth, my father having written my grandmother the following letter:—

May 15, 1835.

My dear Lady Ravensworth,—Before I attempt to answer your letter, let me express to you, and I do it in all sincerity, my earnest and heartfelt gratitude for its kindness. It never now I fear will be in my power to make you any return or to shew you by deeds what are my real feelings towards you. May the remembrance, however, of the kind sympathy which you have shewn with the feelings of your daughter and myself, of the generous and disinterested manner in which you have been willing to promote our happiness, regardless alike of the painful obstacles you might have had to overcome, and of the prejudices of a sordid world. May the remembrance of all this, I say, be to you its own great reward. I trust in God also that you may soon, when this period of suspense is past, have the satisfaction of seeing your daughter restored to health and happiness. Her gentle spirit has I fear well nigh been broken by all the anxiety she has had to undergo for the sake of one so really unworthy of her as I am. I would rather have postponed my

answer to you till after I had had the interview I have begged of you to allow me, but as I infer from what you say that your granting my request in some measure depends upon my answer, I do not hesitate to write, believing that what I am about to say will express your daughter's wishes as well as my own. It is our intention that this (if you grant it) shall be our last interview, and I need hardly tell you, our last intercourse of any kind. From that time I shall consider myself bound, alike by honour as by a regard to your daughter's interests and happiness, to attempt no renewal of intercourse between us. I feel as deeply convinced as you do that the present state of things between us is the worst possible for her, and must not be continued. Let me make one remark upon your expression of our engagement. None has ever existed between us. If you should have meant by our *half* sort of engagement, that I on my part, had been devoted heart and soul to her for nearly four years and had bound myself never to marry another so long as she remained single—it would have been no more than truth—but with respect to her, I know that it has never entered into her mind for one moment to form any engagement with me, without your consent, nor to fulfil it, if made without yours and her father's blessing. I will answer you briefly and explicitly on the subject of my health and prospects. Notwithstanding great increase of illness during the last half year, I was assured a few days ago by two physicians who met in consultation, that I had no disease which should for the present endanger my life, and although I could never enjoy health, yet that my present condition might be much improved by care and the absence of anxiety. This is to a degree satisfactory. It is, however, the union of long confirmed ill-health with the necessity for constant exertion which makes me despair of ever being able to convince Lord Ravensworth and yourself that you ought in common prudence, when you know my circumstances, to bestow upon me a daughter whom you must so dearly love. I should have upon marrying £500 a year from the office which I hold. This salary might be reduced or taken away, for I received the office with the understanding that it was subject to be reformed. It does not I fear lead to further promotion, and though I may have hopes from other quarters, they are as yet too vague and indefinite for me to expect that you should attach weight to them. I may reckon that at my mother's death I shall have about £5000. These are exactly my circumstances, as well as my prospects so far as I know them. I fear you will not think them such as to entitle me to Lord

Ravensworth's consent, or give me a chance even of his favourable consideration. Indeed, unless I became greatly better in health than I am at this moment, I ought not to wish to obtain his and your consent, for that might be only to expose her to trials greater than she has yet undergone. Under these circumstances I would have asked for yet a little time to see if aught went better with me, but you have required, and my reason tells me that your daughter's interests require, that a final determination should now be taken. It shall be so, and our next meeting shall be our last. Do not refuse it us, I implore you. I will console and soothe her. I will beg her, as I do you now, to forgive me for having caused her such misery. Forgive me, dear Lady Ravensworth, for I am not unpunished. I may have acted wrongly and foolishly by your daughter in aspiring to her affections, but from the first I have been barely master of myself, or reasonable in the matter. Had it not been so, should I have thus doomed myself to despair? But I *can* write no more. You shall be obeyed, indeed you shall. Yours most gratefully, Edward Villiers.

After the interview referred to above, they decided not to separate but to ask her father's leave for their engagement. The following letter from my mother is addressed to the Mr. Blakeney I mentioned before, who lived all the winters of his life at Ravensworth Castle, and was adored by every one in the family.

Wednesday, 20th (May 1835).

My dearest Bakie,—The note I have sent you by Mama will perhaps prepare you in some degree for this communication—besides you are *so* partial to poor Libbet that I know it would pain you to think she *could* ask amiss, and then *you* have seen something (though *far* short of the truth) of the workings of her feelings during the last six years, and I think you will be inclined to waive prudence and judgment, and everything else, and think *that* even desirable which she assures you would make her completely and *entirely* happy. It is a long tale, dear Bakie, and you shall have it all. I have kept my own counsel hitherto, because I had nothing to ask. I did not see the use of exposing myself to Papa's censure, and of sinking myself in his esteem (as I *fear* must be the case) when I had nothing to gain by it, and everything to lose. I pondered over the prospect (bad enough in a worldly point of view I must acknowledge) till I was morally *certain* that my wishes were not again unreasonable, and that

my own mind was *fully* made up, and *then* I determined to carry it through. Dear Bakie, I am aware that the part I have played is an unusual one. I stand *alone* and make or mar my own happiness for life. I always meant to do so for I am not an inconsiderate person. I never have been, and I cannot allow for a moment that any one is as good a judge of what is necessary to constitute *my view of* happiness as I am myself. I have felt this very strongly from the age of sixteen. I have never thought that parents, brothers, sisters, or friends, separately or collectively, could influence *me much* in the choice of a husband. Is this undutiful? I hope not, for I have not only maintained but *acted* up to the principle. I wish to marry Edward Villiers, the third son of a poor family with weak health and small prospects, and *nothing* to recommend him to my notice but the individual charms and estimable qualities in himself—*nothing* to give him a claim to my affections *but—but* the patient, constant, submissive devotion with which he has loved me (on very small encouragement) through four long years of the most trying, tantalizing circumstances to which man could be exposed—he knew I was not quite indifferent to him, he thought he might have it in his power to create a stronger feeling in his favour, he felt *his own* happiness at stake (for he had never loved before and felt he never should again) and *yet* he forbore to seek me—he suffered me rather to think him capricious and unworthy than the chance of blighting my prospects in life—for three years, during which time there was the most constant intercourse between his family and mine, he scrupulously shunned us *all*—he mourned over the recollection of the few happy days we had passed together in silence and secret and left me to form acquaintanceships elsewhere and bestow my hand on some individual more favoured by Fortune than he was or ever could be. Such noble conduct *certainly* made its *due* impression upon me—he had freely and fully declared his sentiments towards me before we parted in the Isle of Wight—he told me then that ‘if he could judge of his future mind from his present, *Time* would make *no* change in his sentiments.’ He said *nothing* more, he urged his suit with neither vows nor entreaties, and I trusted the strength and durability of his feelings the more from that very circumstance. I *saw* that he loved me and I knew that he could only love me for *myself*—there was no glitter about me when we met—I was pale and sick and unhappy and took *no* pains to render myself pleasing in any one’s eyes. I was crushed and humbled by disappointment, and by no means inclined to trust *again* to the

truth of man's affections. 'Tis said and perhaps with truth that the heart is never so soft or so readily receives a fresh impression, as when it has been subdued by recent sorrow and disappointment. However, be that as it may, Edward Villiers' society *charmed* me from the very beginning, from the hour we first met a most favourable change was wrought in my feelings, it was not that I loved him or that I had any serious notion *then* of prosecuting the thing any further—but I felt after three years of the most *hopeless* depression, (of grief that none can know the extent of but those who have loved—and loved as I did with all the freshness and fervour of a *first* feeling in a *woman's* heart, who have so loved and been deceived and forced *almost to despise* the object of their attachment,) that my mind had in a great degree recovered its tone—that life was no longer a burthen to me, that I was open to enjoyment wherever I could innocently receive it. My studies and occupations were resumed and I again breathed freely, for an intolerable weight had been removed from my spirits, and I understood *at last* that happiness might *yet* be within my reach—six months' solitude at Mulgrave confirmed me in this mode of thinking; two years of a different kind of suffering (while Charlie and George were ill—Minnie banished to Jamaica, the Percevals lost to me as friends—and last—for though I was happy for *them* I could not be for myself when both my sisters left me) tended still further to make me wish I might find *some one* on whom to pour the long pent-up stream of my affections—owing to my delicate health, dearest Bakie, there have been so many many hours when I needed consolation and none could give it me. I am dreadfully *exigeante* with those I love—selfishly so I think, but it does me *such* good, my heart expands with *such* happiness when I can sun myself beneath the looks of real love and affection—never mind whether it proceeds from lover, sister, or friend. I have often seen *your* eyes or Minnie's watching me unobserved. I have *often* been cheered and supported by those kind looks, and in short I cannot be happy unless I am loved *exclusively*, and who can give one such love but a husband. When you or Minnie are absent I miss it *ten* times more than ever. Poor dear Papa and Mama with all the good will imaginable, *have other* children to love and other claims upon their hearts, and I cannot trouble them with the history of my morbid feelings—for such I willingly allow them to be, but *his* are equally so, probably from the same cause—weak health—and *he* cries up as the greatest virtue what every-one else regards as a fault—and *he* declares he never knew what

real happiness was till he knew me—and, Bakie dearest, he is *so sweet* and *gentle* and clever, such a pleasant companion and so gentlemanlike, *so kind* and *so good*, he has but one fault—*he is poor*—but I think, indeed I do, that *I* could be happy on *very* little, and I know, Bakie, I am quite *certain* you would excuse my preference if you knew *him*, and love *him* the *best* of all the husbands—and you have great influence with Papa, use it, dear Bakie, in my favour—you know you always said you would, and I have threatened you with this for many a long day, and though I dare say you never thought the *wise, prudent, sober, judging* Libbet would ever ask to marry on a thousand a year, yet that is not my fault for I always told you I would marry for *love* and nothing else and now I *entreat* of you to fight a good battle for me and do not let Dad answer me *in a hurry* and above all try and prevent his saying anything *very* harsh to me in the first burst of his indignation for *I* should remember it long after he had forgotten it, and it would make me *so* miserable. I do not think my letter to him unreasonable, but I am afraid he will think it high-flown. Charshie¹ says she thinks it would have been better to have avoided saying so much about a ‘plot,’ *qui s’excuse s’accuse*, but I do not care, I have said nothing but the *genuine truth*, there has been *no* manœuvring and I am afraid of Mama and Mrs. Villiers getting most unjustly blamed, so as it looked suspicious (as it certainly does) I thought it better to notice it, besides what weight will Ferguson’s opinion have, and it is the *strongest* argument in favour of my wishes, if Papa took it into his head the Doctor had been *primed*, he had better see him himself if he is not satisfied with my statements, but I don’t think he will suspect *me* of deceit and I am *sure* you will not for a moment. Bakie dearest, send me a line as quick as ever you can to tell me *you love me as well as ever*. My heart palpitates and my head aches and my food disagrees with me, it would be such a charity to put me out of my pain. As soon as I hear I am not in disgrace I shall be comparatively happy. God bless you Bakie, my own *best friend*.—Libbet.

She wrote to her father at this time. That letter I cannot find, but here is his answer.

Percy’s Cross, May 21st, 1835.

My dear Child,—Your letter has taken me so much by surprise, that I cannot pretend to answer it in a moment ; or in a

¹ Her sister, Mrs. Trotter.

manner, my dear Libbet, that can be entirely satisfactory to yourself. This much, I can assure you, that *anger* forms no part of the feeling which oppresses my mind at the present moment. I shall only be influenced by a reasonable regard and most anxious wish for your happiness and welfare. I am ignorant of anything yet awhile to enable me to come to a final decision on so important a question. To say that I approve would be false; on the other hand I cannot refuse giving every consideration to the subject of your letter with the most anxious parental wish to meet the question in such a way as may be satisfactory to you. Let me however entreat you, my dear child, to keep your mind as quiet and composed as you possibly can—hoping that the Almighty will so dispose our hearts and minds as to lead us all to a just decision on this most important subject.

I am my dear Libbet, your affectionate Father, Ravensworth.

The kind consideration shown by her parents was not at all echoed by several members of her family. Her brother Thomas especially went about London asking for condolences on his sister's engagement, as if she were about to perpetrate a *mésalliance*. This naturally gave great offence to my father and his family, who on their side considered that the Villiers family, except in the matter of money, were quite as good as the Liddells.

In the following letter her elder sister expressed her fears too strongly, I think, considering that the engagement was declared. Poor thing, it is plain to trace the echo of her own life rather than the prophecy about her sister's. She hopes he will be the same in ten years' time, and he was in his grave in eight, so little is it wise 'to cast the fashion of uncertain evil.'

From Lady Mulgrave to Edward Villiers

May 1835.

Thank you, my dear Mr. Villiers, for your letter. I am afraid you are only taking me upon trust from Libbet, but I am glad to have an opportunity of telling you my feelings on this subject, in which you are both so deeply interested. Do not begin with taking it for granted I must be worldly and that I can see no happiness and imagine no content independent of the world and its wealth. I believe there are far truer sources

of happiness, I only feel that if you fail in obtaining what all hope for and expect in marrying, then poverty and privations are difficult to be borne in addition. Do not be angry with me for doubting. I know little of you and my only objections are that I think Libbet also can know little of you. You may say some people know and understand one another in an hour, a day, while others are years without getting on at all. That would be the language of a lover, but my only fear is that my dear sister lives in a world of her own, and she is apt to invest those she loves with the qualities they ought to possess rather than with those they really do possess. She reckons it treason against those she loves to imagine anything that is not all perfection in them, and therefore you must not wonder if I rather look on with a jealous eye, and sometimes fear she is preparing a disappointment for herself. You know her whole heart, you know she did once and only once before love inconsiderately and blindly or rather hopelessly, for she always told me she did not wish to marry the person she loved. She saw you when she was broken down by her struggles against this feeling, and she saw in you a person she could love and trust and admire, and that from knowing you the whole delusion of her former attachment fell from her eyes, and she recovered her peace of mind. This happened three or four years ago, and from that time she has always said there was but one person in the world that suited her, or that she felt she could marry and be happy. Now when I fought against this feeling it was from the knowledge of all the difficulties you would have to overcome. I do not think (I may be very wrong) but I do not think Elizabeth fit for a poor man's wife, she certainly has not many wants beyond what she at present possesses, but then she does not know what it is to want anything. But now there is no use in dwelling on this point, I only do it to excuse myself from the charge of worldly feeling. If you will love her and trust her and ten years hence be the same friend to her as you will be the first year of your marriage. If her delicate health will not weary or your own render you peevish. If she never sees you change day by day till she feels she is only an incumbrance to you or at best you are only indifferent to her—why then she will have done well—but I am a little sceptical about men in marriage—all believe the same at first, and how very few are not undeceived. Mind there are those who will go on in a quiet regular manner, and neither perhaps find out what would make Elizabeth miserable, for she will be *exigeante* as a wife. She will give you her

whole heart and mind, you will be her all, her existence, poor Libbet, if you do not repay her; forgive me, few know all women have to go through, and now if you will not be angry with me I will tell you why I doubt you. In the first place I think, as is always the case with men, you have expected too much from her, true you are grateful, having obtained the full assurance of what you wanted. You have obtained what you wished and are grateful, but Libbet did all that a woman could do last year to show you she loved you and yet from pride you required more. It was for you to find her, to seek her, and to know your fate at the sacrifice of your own feelings and not of hers. Had she been as proud, (sensitive you will call it,) but had she shown the same feelings as you, this would never have come to the present crisis. She will never allow that you were wrong, because she will put it on your love or your diffidence or anything but the right motive—which was refusing the confidence you require for yourself. And so it is through life—a man requires all from a woman and gives nothing; he obtains it first from devoted love and he afterwards requires it as a right. I believe I am writing what you will say is nonsense, but I can only judge of you from little things. I do not like to say another thing, that I cannot help feeling for fear you should think it hard and cruel, but if you are so ill as not to have been able to seek her, are you fit to marry and entail misery and sorrow upon others, and if you were not so ill, does it not show a want of energy in a man to sink into so morbid a state of mind and body? I say this still to excuse, not accuse, because I am a bystander and can judge only by appearances and occasional information and I feel how precious a heart is at stake. It does not steel my heart against you, for if you make her happy I shall love you both as one and I shall thank God that her troubled spirit has found a rest even upon earth. I will do all I can to smooth every difficulty, and from this time I will say no word that shall admit of an obstacle. It was only while the affair was in its infancy that I doubted, I receive it now sealed for weal or woe, and no alternative would be so desperate as dividing you now. I believe that all difficulties will soon be smoothed over. Papa will storm a little at first, and he will complain and perhaps he has a little right, for he has been kept in ignorance a little too long, but I believe it was unavoidable. I have told you my whole feelings as far as my time will admit, and perhaps I have not softened anything sufficiently, but I only got your letter this morning, and am obliged to go out immediately with Lord

Mulgrave, which has hurried me, as I do not wish to lose a day in at least beginning to know you. I do love Elizabeth as much as anything in the world, I do not like to say better. I believe without vanity I may say we have done each other good. I am sure she has done me good and I have no thought concealed from her. I have written to you in full confidence that you will not be angry with me. I believe I am apt in writing to say just what I should speaking, and I very often offend from want of consideration. Do not be angry with me, dear Mr. Villiers. Mind I have only told you why till now I have objected, it is not want of worldly wealth, it is only that I wish to be convinced that you are what will make my sweet sister happy. At best one must bear and forbear in marriage. God bless you, won't you write to me again, and let me be,

Your affectionate sister,

M. Mulgrave.

I have found the following fragment of Edward Villiers' answer.

Edward Villiers to Minnie Mulgrave

My dear Lady Mulgrave,—I always hoped that if I married Elizabeth that there would be friendship between you and me. I always at least felt sure of myself, and that I should do all in my power to effect it. Now I am quite sure it will be so. I have been very much pleased with your letter for a variety of reasons. First, I thank you for your perfect openness, as I feel convinced that you have left unsaid no unfavourable thought you ever entertained about me—next I had rather know from yourself than from anyone else how unfavourable you had been to my cause, and from no one else did I know it, for Elizabeth had never told me anything but that you were her best and dearest sister and had always expressed the kindest interest in me. Lastly I am glad to know all you have objected to in my conduct, for as you are entirely mistaken both as to the conduct itself and the motives of it, I am in great hopes that I may remove the unfavourable impression you to this moment have of my character, and perhaps therefore lessen in your mind the certainty that I shall make your sister a bad husband. I think what you principally object to in me is that I have expected too much from her and imposed upon her the necessity of making a display of her feelings for the gratification of my vanity and at the expense of a becoming pride in her.

Here is the other side of the medal—a letter showing the line a man takes to his best male friend under these trying circumstances.

Edward Villiers to Henry Taylor

May 19, 1835.

My dear Taylor,—I wish you had been here, and well during the last ten days for though not given to confidences it would have been a satisfaction to me to have talked over with you all my doubts and perplexities in the matter I alluded to in my note. I have had a hard time of it—and I must be very happy for very long, before I shall consider the account balanced. I did not think it was in me to care so much and distress myself so much about anything. You will naturally think this preface rather long-winded, especially as I'm not going to tell you everything after all. The matter in hand was the entanglement! a necessity arose for getting out of it or further into it. She had been very ill and told her mother what was the cause. Her mother frightened at her state, was very kind to her and offered to do all she could (and she has some means) to facilitate pecuniarily the marriage, then came up all the old difficulty I have told you—and here has been the great fight—and think not lightly of our struggles whether you may despise *us* for them or not. There might be as pretty a romance made out of ye events of the last ten days between us as ever issued in three volumes from Mr. Colbourne, or in two volumes from Mr. Moxon's. Well, a result was arrived at yesterday and she is satisfied that she will not be bringing her principles or her soul into peril and I shall do my best to get on the safe side—so there is that difficulty, God be praised, set at rest for ever. In my despair I thought of writing to Miss Fenwick¹ and that we should both abide by her decision, but I was afraid that she would think it as cool a bit of impertinence (considering how little she knows me) as she had ever been exposed to. Will you oblige me however by never alluding to the subject directly or indirectly to her or to *anyone* for to *no one* but yourself shall I. The question is now one of means, in reference to which, by the bye, I will first mention that her father of course thinks that the idle talk about affection or sympathies and so forth is beneath contempt—so of course there is a difficulty with him, but he will be made

¹ An old and clever lady, a relative of Henry Taylor's stepmother and a great friend of his and his friends.

to yield in time. Now I want to ask you whether you think that there is pecuniary imprudence in the thing. There could be between us a settlement of £20,000 made upon her—with my insuring my life for £2000 only. She would bring between £300 and £400 a year as the interest of her fortune, and £200 that her mother would allow her during her life time. This with my £500 a year would do perhaps—but then what should I look to when her mother died and expenses increased. I cannot help thinking and hoping that I should be much better in health than I have ever been, and with the motive for exertion might come the power—but what shall I do now or what can I tell her father I look to? I sometimes think I had better attempt the law at once, but then I must give up this office and that is giving up my hopes in this matter itself, and I can have no sure dependence on my health. Think it well over for me, and tell me freely whether you think I have been very imprudent. I am clear that it will contribute to the happiness of both. I undertake it therefore undoubtingly and would carry that part of it *through*. I have no misgivings on that score—but I have about income and I expect to hear you condemn me—all I can say is *I would not have answered for your not doing the same*, had you been put under similar circumstances, but that I am well aware does not make my fault (if it be fault) less in reality or *perhaps* even in your eyes. Come now, give me a bit of comfort—and tell me also that you are better.—Yours ever truly, Edward Villiers.

The summer wore on, and through June and July there were the usual little rubs and trials which belong to all engagements, or at any rate to all I have known anything about, and it must have been an especially trying time to a shy man like my father, to be suddenly introduced to such a very large family, though they all came round and were very kind and cordial.

The account of the wedding which appeared in the *Morning Post* of August 8, 1835, surpasses in vulgarity the usual account of these ceremonies, but here it is:—

On Saturday the 1st instant the long expected union between the noble houses of Clarendon and Ravensworth took place at Fulham Church. The ceremony was performed by the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of London who joined the hands of the Hon. Edward Ernest Villiers and the Hon. Elizabeth Caroline

Liddell in the presence of a select number of the fashionable friends and relations of both families. Amongst the distinguished personages present on the occasion we remarked H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland, their Graces the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne, the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry, the Earl and Countess of Hardwicke, the Earl and Countess Morley, the Countess of Mulgrave, the Earl of Clarendon, Viscount and Viscountess Barrington and the Ladies Barrington, the Lord and Lady John Russell, etc., etc. Immediately after the ceremony the company repaired to Lord Ravensworth's beautiful Villa near Fulham where a sumptuous repast was prepared. The tables were supplied with the choicest viands and the rarest fruits from the extensive parks and rich conservatories appertaining to his Lordship's princely Castle in the North. The tables literally groaned under their precious load, and it was long ere the party assembled on this happy occasion quitted this enchanting scene of rural felicity. The Bride and Bridegroom set off in a handsome Post Chariot and four, for Dyrham Park, the noble mansion of the Hon. Colonel Trotter. They were attended to their carriage by the most distinguished of the guests. The Bridegroom was supported on either side by the Marquis of Londonderry and Lord John Russell—it gave us great pleasure to remark this oblivion of political differences in the great Leaders of opposite parties whilst engaged in the more pleasing duties of private life. The Bridegroom is lineally descended on the maternal side from the Lord High Chancellor Clarendon and on the paternal side from George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. He is nephew to the present Earls of Clarendon and Morley and is nearly connected with the noble houses of Jersey, De Grey, Essex, Powlett, Ripon and many other noble and distinguished members of the Aristocracy. The lovely and accomplished Bride was attired in a beautiful suit of Brussels lace and attracted the admiration of all present.

CHAPTER IV

MY FATHER'S THREE FRIENDS

Now friendship may be thus defined: a complete accord on all subjects human and divine, joined with mutual goodwill and affection. And with the exception of wisdom I am inclined to think nothing better than this has been given to man by the immortal gods.—CICERO.

MY mother, when she married, realised that my father had three great friends, and instead of being jealous, as young wives often are, she did her best to win them. They were men of considerable ability, and all survived my father and rose to distinction. The first was Sir George Cornwall Lewis, afterwards her brother-in-law; the second was Sir Edmund Head; the third, Sir Henry Taylor, the well-known author of 'Philip van Artevelde,' retained the deepest friendship for my mother and for all of us children until the last day of his long life. Sir George Cornwall Lewis and Sir Edmund Head were college friends of my father's. As far as I know the only published account of Sir George Cornwall Lewis was in a selection of his letters edited by his brother, the Reverend Sir Gilbert Lewis, Bart., with a short preface giving a simple and very unexaggerated account of his life and his merits. This extract corresponds so entirely with my recollections of him that I quote it.

Sir George Lewis's was no ordinary character, there was mixed with his clear intelligence and capacity for profound and distinct thought a peculiar singleness and simplicity with which such qualities are rarely found in union. A part of this simplicity was his entire freedom from vanity. Aware of his

own superiority he could hardly fail to be, but on no occasion was he ever tempted to make a display of it either in order to obtain praise or gain an advantage. Neither did he on any occasion take offence, he never felt animosity towards persons who misunderstood and disparaged him, nor dislike to those who treated him slightly, because in some common-place matter they were more efficient than himself. He was gentle and unassuming, calm, dispassionate and just, and was consequently beloved in private, and respected in public life.

He was the eldest son of Thomas Frankland Lewis of Harpton Court in Radnorshire. He was born in London in 1806 and was educated at Eton and Oxford and succeeded to the Baronetcy on the death of his father in 1855. He was a Cabinet Minister and a Privy Councillor, and in the autumn of 1844 he married my father's only sister, Lady Maria Theresa Lister, the widow of Thomas Henry Lister, Esq., and thus became my uncle. From that time, he lived at Kent House, Knightsbridge, the lease of which belonged to Lady Theresa and her mother, Mrs. George Villiers. He always treated me with the greatest kindness; he was considered a plain man, but to me his was a most remarkable, unforgettable face, full of power and yet so kindly, and I loved, admired, and respected him, not only as my father's friend, but for his own lovable qualities. When one is quite old, one thinks of one's youth as if it belonged to some one else; no one minds saying, 'Yes, I was a very pretty girl when I was young,' and I have no fear of being misunderstood, in repeating what my uncle said of me. He was very short-sighted and his attention had to be roused, to see what was going on around him. My aunt was trying to make him notice how very pretty my twin sisters had grown; they were sixteen at the time and I was twenty-one, and as he put his eyeglass down he said, with a smile, 'Yes, the twins are very pretty, but then Theresa is a gain to humanity.' A compliment very undeserved, and I repeat it rather to show his kindly nature and his affection for his dead friend's eldest child, than from any personal conceit. Perhaps it flashed across his mind

that I was going to be cut out in the family estimation by my pretty younger sisters.

In 1863 Sir Cornewall Lewis and his wife decided to go down to Harpton, his place on the borders of Wales, thinking the change would be good for my aunt, who had been ill and had had the deep grief of losing her eldest daughter, Mrs. William Vernon Harcourt, the mother of the present Right Hon. Lewis Harcourt, M.P. He had always hated railway journeys, and going to such places early in the year. On this occasion he caught a severe chill, and after a few days' illness he passed away, which was a great grief to our family circle in Hertfordshire.

The following is the letter Queen Victoria wrote to Lady Theresa on the death of her husband, and the Queen's words are more eloquent than mine to express the loss he was to her and to the country.

Windsor Castle, April 1863.

Dear Lady Theresa,—Words are poor and weak to express what I feel on this dreadful occasion, and how my heart bleeds for yours. I, who have drunk so largely of the cup of sorrow and to whom it has become a constant companion, can feel what it must be to lose such a Husband as you have. Beloved, respected and esteemed, and confided in by all who knew him, and who could admire his talents and excellencies, he has been called away as mine was in the midst of a career of goodness and usefulness to reap the reward for such a life, in a far brighter world than our uncertain one. But for you, you dear Lady Theresa, who have so lately lost a beloved child to lose such a Husband such a companion is indeed dreadful; comfort *I* can offer you none, for I have never found any except in the thought of the future, the bright and certain future! To speak to you of my feelings is perhaps wrong, and yet I know how soothing it is, in the midst of the deepest sorrow to hear how those one loves were beloved and appreciated by others. To me, dear Lady Theresa, this is a heavy loss, a severe blow, my own darling had the very highest esteem, regard, and respect for dear Sir Cornewall Lewis, we delighted in his society, we admired his honesty and fearless straightforwardness. We had the greatest confidence in him and since my terrible misfortune I cling particularly to characters like his which are so rare. I felt he was a friend

and I looked to him as a support, a wise and safe counsellor ! he is snatched away, and his loss to me and the country is irreparable.

How little I thought when I talked to him the last time here, and he spoke so kindly of the extraordinary outburst of loyalty and of my popularity, as he so kindly expressed it, that I should never see his kind face again. My heart is very full and I feel I ought not to let my pen run on and intrude on your sacred grief. May God support you is the sincere prayer of

Yrs. affectly. and sadly,
(signed) V. R.

In reading over old letters it is very difficult to make up one's mind, especially when there are such a quantity to choose from, as to which have any modern interest. This extract from a happy travelling letter written by George Lewis, when abroad with Sir Edmund Head, shows him in the lighter mood of youth.

We came to Dresden in the *eilwagen* in company with a German ultra-radical, from whom we have obtained a large store of anti-monarchical stories. His democratic fervour was exhaustive, and he is consequently gone this morning to Töplitz to pay his court to the Kings and Ministers there assembled. We shall reserve these stories for our intended work on the moral, political and intellectual state of Germany, and in the meantime send you the following anecdotes, to the two first of which we were ear and eye witnesses, the latter we have on undoubted authority.

I

SCENE :—TABLE D'HÔTE, BRUSSELS.

Mr. A.—Have you been to see the Bois de Boulogne, where they fight the duels and all that ?

Mr. B. (in a doubtful tone)—Bois de Boulogne. Do you know I almost doubt whether it is near Brussels.

Mr. A.—Oh, as to that I am quite sure it is close to either Brussels or Paris.

Mr. B. (with air of triumph)—Paris and Brussels are very different places.

Mr. A.—That's very true (*reflecting for a few seconds*). Oh, it's a forest on the road between Paris and Brussels I think.

Mr. B. (*unfolding from a guide-book a small map of Europe 12 inches by 6*)—I see nothing of it near Boulogne.

Mr. A.—Oh, it's nothing to do with Boulogne. (*With an air of renewed conviction*) No, I think, but am not sure, it's somewhere close to this town.

II

Three Englishmen, just deposited from the *diligence*, take their seats at *table d'hôte*, two of them in the course of dinner give evident symptoms of a complete ignorance of all but their native tongue. The third is evidently the interpreter of the party, and assumes a corresponding air of superiority. When the dessert arrives one of the former pair, being anxious for a dish of nectarines on the table asks his better informed friend, sitting opposite to him, in a loud tone, 'What's the French for nectarines?' 'Nectrain,' says the other with the utmost boldness. 'Garçon Nectrain,' is immediately called out, with no doubt of success. The waiter without a moment's hesitation seizes a plate of greengages and presents it to the demandant, who is at length forced to explain himself by signs.

III

An English Major, who spoke no foreign language but imperfect Italian acquired during eleven years' service in Sicily, was resident for a few weeks of this summer at Ems. One day the following dialogue took place at the *table-d'hôte* between him and a fellow countryman:—

Major A.—What do you do when your bath is too cold; don't you sometimes find it too cold for you?

Mr. B.—I let in more hot water.

Major A.—Ah, to be sure, that's not a bad idea, I never thought of that before.

The following day, when they met, the conversation was thus resumed.

Major A.—I tried your plan to-day and found it answer.

Mr. B.—Plan—what plan?

Major A.—Why, of letting in the hot water; how often do you let it in?

Mr. B.—Till the bath is warm enough.

Major A.—Oh, I let it in four times.

(I certify to the truth of the above, *E. W. Head.*)

In illustration of this gentleman's simplicity of character, it may be mentioned that on his complaining of the expensiveness of Ems, it appeared that during his residence there he had been in the habit of paying 5 thaler notes for one thaler, and that he left England, to his great inconvenience, early in July in order not to be too late for the vintage on the Rhine!

This next letter especially appeals to me, as it preaches the doctrines of peace, which are now so much more generally adopted than they were in 1840. France, which was once the firebrand, is now one of the greatest believers in peace of any country in Europe.

From G. Lewis to Mrs. Edward Villiers

Harpton, Sept. 1840.

My dear Mrs. Villiers, . . . I have been chiefly occupied in revising what I have written on Colonial Government. I hope to be able to print as much as will make an octavo volume of 200 pages, about the end of the year. Head and his wife and baby have been with us for a few days and have just gone away. He is to succeed Dr. Kay as Assistant Commissioner¹ for the London district, and is to commence his new duties from the first of October next. He intends to go to London in a few days in order to look out for a house. Head will be much regretted in his district, where he had gained great ascendancy and influence, particularly over the more rational and bettermost part of the gentlemen. An agreeable guest, who is always travelling about and is therefore frequently to be obtained, is also a great circumstance in a country neighbourhood. It is moreover a popular thing for an Assistant Commissioner to marry in his district, but unluckily this can only be done once.

The subject of war is so painful to me that I can hardly bear to think of it. It seems in this case so wanton and useless a disaster to inflict upon mankind—'Mais que diable allait-il faire à cette galère,' one cannot help saying. It may be a bad thing that the Russians should have Constantinople, but surely a war with France is a much greater evil. Moreover, I don't see how the present treaty can be considered as making a permanent settlement of the Levant question; indeed it seems to me rather to assist the ultimate views of Russia upon

¹ Poor Law.

Constantinople and Asia Minor. The French have shown just that detestable military spirit and thirst for conquest and glory which might have been expected of them, although the occasion seems hardly to justify such an outburst, even with them, but this very circumstance ought to have put Lord Palmerston the more on his guard, and have prevented him from engaging in any alliance which would apply the match to the train of combustibles which is always ready to explode in France. Lord Palmerston's policy in the Levant is entirely unintelligible to me. Does he think that he can permanently maintain the Turkish Empire? If not, what does he propose to substitute for it? He ought to be well-battered in Parliament, but my fear is that the Tories will agree with him only so far forth as he is wrong. They are the great advocates of despotic alliance and Russophobia and war. It seems to me that the points on which the present Opposition is most inclined to agree with the present Ministry are those in which the latter is the most wrong, so that the influence of the present Opposition is exercised almost exclusively for mischievous purposes. They propose nothing, and whenever they prevent the Government from acting they prevent it from acting rightly. I see that the South Australian crisis has arrived, which of course Villiers was fully prepared for when he went. I suppose that the Government will help the Colony through its difficulty if the difficulty is likely to be transient. The harvest has been a fair, but not a plentiful, one; price of grain will probably remain pretty stationary.

The public of to-day recall little, I think, of Sir Cornwall Lewis's life and work. One thing I have frequently seen quoted, and he was the first to say it, is that 'Life would be endurable if it were not for its amusements.'

My father's second friend was Sir Edmund Head, Bart., who became a very close friend of Sir Cornwall Lewis, with whom he travelled abroad in 1835. In 1836 he was made Assistant Poor Law Commissioner; he was afterwards Governor-General of Brunswick, and succeeded Lord Elgin as Governor-General of Canada. He edited the last of Sir George Lewis's books, 'Essays on the Administration of Great Britain.' Sir Edmund does not seem to have been so fond of correspondence as the others, at any rate I find very few of his letters. He married and lived out of

London and before long went to Canada, and so passed out of our lives.

The third friend, and the one who, as I said before, was intimately associated with my mother, and consequently with us, was Henry Taylor, who after a long service in the Colonial Office was made a K.C.M.G. He was born in 1800 and died in 1886. During his early days in London he was constantly at Kent House, much taken up by my grandmother, and very naturally fell in love with my pretty aunt when she was quite young, and after some time of doubt and humility, proposed to her and was promptly and decidedly refused. All this is told with the greatest candour in his autobiography.¹ Perhaps this was one of the reasons why she was so acutely hurt at his criticism of her novel, 'Dacre,' in his review in the *Edinburgh*.

Henry Taylor's first great friend in the family was Hyde Villiers; when he died my father seems to have taken his place, and their friendship grew and ripened, and after his death Sir Henry remained all that a brother could have been to my mother. There are packets and packets of his letters, many of them characteristic and interesting. I have selected these, written in his prime, because I have not room for any great number, and these show most markedly his amiable, affectionate and varied nature.

From Sir Henry Taylor to Edward Villiers

Feb. 20th, 1835.

My dear Edward,—I have missed you exceedingly since you were laid up, and longed for you to come out again, and now as soon as you get beyond the garden, you go to Oxford. Send me a line to say how you are there. I have wanted to consult you on more points than one since you have been inaccessible, and especially about a project which I have been getting up for the promotion of literature and science by the Government. But as last night's division is against them I suppose they will not long be in a condition to promote anything. So my project

¹ In one of his most charming poems called *Ernesto* the same incident is described, the only divergence from the truth being that the hero dies at Madeira, whereas the real hero was afterwards happily married.

will not be worth talking about. Those of them whom I have had anything to do with have been very civil to me, Lord Aberdeen especially so. Peel also has seemed disposed to pay me some attention, and as far as civilities go and dispositions to serve me, I might have cause to regret the fall of this Government, if they should fall, and if their civilities and dispositions were of more value to me in than out. But I know not that they could do anything more in office¹ than be civil and agreeable to me, and that they may be out of office also if they like. As to serving me, I do not look to that sort of career which would put it in their power to do so. I would not choose to be placed in a more active office than my present one properly is, and henceforth shall be in practice. And without bringing me into more active life they could hardly in these times better me. The section of society begins to act upon me as upon other men who write books. Invitations reach me from many quarters, and if the flesh were not weak, they would not perhaps find the spirit unwilling. I never sympathise with you in your dislike of society as society, though my taste for it has not been so general as to make me like many sorts of it, nor so strong as to make me seek it did it not fall in my way. My turn for women will always make me find some interest in it, and being fully aware of the evil effects of it upon the mind when taken in excess, I must hope that this consciousness and bodily weakness together will make me sufficiently moderate in the degree in which I yield myself to it. At present I think it is more likely to pall upon me than to grow upon me. Amongst other dissipations we gave a dinner at home to Charles Austin, Laura Carr and your brother Algie; Algie's former face comes out upon me more and more every time that I see him in all its former pleasantness, and something also of his former manner, and many pleasant and many melancholy recollections come with it. Southey will reach town to-morrow morning on his way to Sussex. He will not stay above a day or two, I believe. I am afraid I shall not see him without perceiving that the last few months have gone hard with him.

From the same

Edinburgh, November 1835.

I am glad to hear that I shall find you in Town to smoothe off the retransition to the drudgery of every day life; and as they say that you like being married, I hope I shall find you in

¹ Colonial Office.

a state of contentment. I am not married neither am I contented. But I have had a good deal of pleasure and satisfaction in my three removes, and upon the whole I have been as much contented as a man who is not married was ever meant to be. Sheerness was too gay to suit me for many days, but till my spirits were exhausted it did very well. There was Nature free and naked—in more freedom and nakedness no woods or wilderness could present it. And though I know very well to what evils that state tends, I could harden my heart and feel more pleasure than pity in looking upon it in its palmy days. You would have felt neither, but to those who have led a life of constraint in their youth, this undisguised and ungoverned liberty has a charm which I dare say no one else can perceive in it so fully. But no charm can last long with me unless I sleep eight hours a night, and since little more than six was allowed me at Sheerness, I soon took my departure. And when I went to Wellington, which was certainly a change of scene—an aged household, the youngest 63 years old—the rest from that to 70, 84, 87, and 88 (servants included), thoughtful heads and wise hearts, with sensibilities always exercised and never squandered, and fresh, therefore, in old age. My mother's¹ society has always had great attractions for me, besides those belonging to our relationship, and I found it the same as ever, increase of years notwithstanding; but I found that there were, according to custom, funny pets and parties, some of them possessing a strong hold upon her, who competed with me for her attentions—a horse, a cow, a dog, five cats, and all the invalids of the village, besides the more ancient inmates of the house, and so often as the horse complained of his wind, or the cow lowed, or the dog yelped, cats mewed, or Willie Garthwaite had a dizziness in his head, or Betty Farren a murmuring in her stomach, our conversation was broken up and she was seen no more. So that I felt this year, as I have always felt when I have gone home in my holidays, that for a man who had come so far for the sake of her society, I was favoured with but little of it. However it was a satisfaction to me to spend those three weeks there.

At Keswick a greater change had taken place in the same lapse of two years. The mind that has 'wandered from its dwelling' was never of a kind to be pleasing where there was no domestic tie or habitual affection to make it so, and I should not have missed it much had its absence been occasioned in any

¹ His step-mother.

other way; but Southey and his family were all very much attached to her, and I doubt not with good cause, and it was a dreary change to think of as it regarded them. He is a man of an invincible spirit, and of a sanguine religion, and though many things may cut him sharply, I do not believe that anything will depress him long, but his daughters have not his elasticity. I saw a great alteration in one of them, a beautiful creature of the softest material unfortunately. She looked weakly and of a washed-out complexion like a girl who had spent a night in tears. When I saw them in the evenings, they were, however, all tolerably cheerful, and I never saw to greater advantage Southey's delightful and admirable temper of mind, its gentleness and its strength. I wish it were possible for me to see him oftener, and there are few things I lament more than that he must grow old before me, he is in his sixtieth year, but hitherto I do not think that his mind has felt any touch of age. Wordsworth I only saw for ten minutes as he was passing through Keswick, but I will try to spend a day with him as I return. A few hours of his talk will always be an object to me, but I believe I have not much regard or friendship for him. It is more as a human intellect than as a human being that I take an interest in him, but to see a man's mind rolling in riches as his is, is a splendid spectacle, and there are few things in which the affections have no share that I would go farther to see. So I must take a day at Rydal Mount on my way back. In that house too, there is a lady who has lost her senses, Wordsworth's sister, and one cannot be received at all times. And now I come to Edinburgh, and in a day or two I suppose I shall see something of what it contains. Your sister says that it contains nothing more agreeable than Jeffrey, and this she seemed to think no disparagement to a great city. I have not met with Jeffrey often, and when I have met with him I have found him agreeable enough in a small way; but there is many a man, woman and child without the light of a farthing candle in their understandings whose society would be far more pleasing and interesting to me. Indeed I do not know that there is anything which in itself is less interesting than that little scintillating, detonating sort of talent, but it answers the purposes of society, and Jeffrey is accounted the most agreeable man in Edinburgh. For awhile too, it answers, in the wider and lower of the literary worlds; and I am old enough to remember the time when Jeffrey was thought to be the greatest of conjurers of his age, by all but those whose rods in the course of a quarter of a century

have gradually swallowed up his big serpents. I take Wilson to be a much more considerable man than he ; indeed I should esteem Wilson to be the most considerable of all the men who have thrown themselves away after the manner of these times. Coleridge made almost as great a waste of his much greater understanding, but his species of prodigality was very different from Wilson's, and from that of any other man of his day and generation. Coleridge yielded to temptations from within, not to circumstances. I dine with Wilson to-morrow, and with Jeffrey the next day ; and those two dinners will probably show me as much of the Northern Lights as I shall care to see. Of the women and children who are generally more in my way than the burning and shining lights, I hear a very indifferent account ; and those I see in the streets are hideous enough to make one run into a shop sometimes. As to shows inanimate, I shall see them in my way, or if any one insists upon taking me to them, but I do not feel as if I had life enough in me to go and look about for them. I have seen a remnant of an old street which must be, I think, as curious as anything that is to be seen. They seem to have been trying how high a house would go. I see also a cliff with a fortress on the top of it, and I shall probably hear the name of it some day. Perhaps I may pick up some further local details, but I rather anticipate that I shall leave Edinburgh without seeing more of its sights than if I had lived here all my life. I should like to see something more of your sister, provided I get into an easy and natural way, but in any case I have many days left for the north.

From the same

London, September 27th, 1828.

My dear Edward,—I should have answered your Rotterdam letter sooner if I had known where to address you. The towns in Holland have decayed and are depopulated in the manner you speak of because the growth and improvement of the other nations of Europe no longer permit the Dutch to preserve the sort of natural monopoly of commerce which they enjoyed for some centuries, and because the exactions and oppressions of Buonaparte destroyed a large portion of their capital and expatriated no small portion. I believe that during the Revolutionary times a single house in London counted in hundreds and thousands the money received anonymously from Holland. Discovery would have cost the owners their lives, and they were obliged therefore to trust to the honour of some mercantile

house which they had been connected with in trade, when trade was not treason, or which was of such eminence as to afford a presumption of being a safe depository for such strange remittances. In many instances no claimants of the money have ever appeared, those who sent it having in all probability perished in the disturbances of the time and their secret with them. But Holland is still a populous country, and I should think, though impoverished, not a poor one upon the whole. . . . After we parted I went to Keswick, where I met my father and mother,¹ and we booked lodgings within a few hundred yards of Southey's house; I spent five or six weeks there pleasantly enough, but if it had been in my choice, I should have preferred spending three weeks alone with my father and other three alone with my mother, for, for some reason or other, I never feel as if I had much to say to either of them whilst the other is present. It is only at times and when a topic is specially presented to him that my father gives way to conversation, and though we every now and then feel and communicate quite unreservedly, yet I do not feel that disposition to an hourly interchange of thoughts which I can feel with some people. I feel it very strongly with my mother, I think there is no person whose conversation is so interesting to me. Of general subjects, human nature is the one I always find the most interesting, and her knowledge of it is greater than I have met with in any other person, and it is developed with a considerable accompaniment of wit, and the wit does no injury to the soundness of her judgment upon character. In others who have had a keen perception of the ridiculous, I have generally observed that the ridiculous parts of a character were sought for and not merely left to result from a detection of the whole, and that their judgment of character has not been just nor their knowledge of human nature extensive. In her the wit is incidental, and truth of judgment, being the thing sought, is obtained. I had as many interviews with her as I could contrive; I saw Southey too almost every day. He is always very pleasing to me, always would be, quite independent of his talents for conversation, from his strong natural character. His conversation is very good of its kind, and it is of the kind which I like best to listen to if not required to bear any part in it, but I cannot keep up to it if I am. Our habits of mind are very opposite. My habit is to dwell and pore upon any subject presented to me; he

¹ Step-mother.

gives it a grip and a shake and then passes on in perfect indifference as to what has become of it. Before there has been time for my thoughts to gather and come to a head, his are busy with something else. I feel this deficiency with all people whose manner and conversation with me require me to follow them, not in running down one subject, but in running many. The former I can sometimes do fast enough, but the translations are too much for me. It is pleasant to listen to, only as it is not a game that a single person can play at very easily, one feels that one ought to take a part if one could. But if I were stone deaf I think I should still have great pleasure in being with Southey for the sake of his high spirits, his perfect indifference to all small matters, his generous temper and gentle disposition. Things which are to be seen in him more plainly than words could express them. I do not think he is likely to transmit any particular intellectual attributes to his posterity. There are three young ladies, very much like any other young ladies that are good humoured and agreeable, with pretty faces and flounces and gigot sleeves, and one boy, not grown up, who is quick and intelligent and particularly pretty and pleasing, but no prodigy. His house was perpetually filling with strangers coming on their tours with introductions to him, and they were all welcome to interrupt his studies to any extent which they thought proper. I used to go to him in the evening, and I think I as often found twenty people in the room as I found him alone; and in one of our laking expeditions we dined sixty-four on a promontory *sub Jove*. One would think that to a man who takes such strong interest in his own general society this must be some annoyance, but all lies lightly upon him, the labours and the lesser evils of life, and all evils but those that touch his domestic feeling. He lost the most striking looking of his daughters a year or two ago, but one of those that are left is very pretty and rather intelligent-looking, with a look of simplicity and a tenderness almost coming too near softness of expression; there is another very plain, with a great deal of spirit and substance in her, and a naturalness which with great animal vivacity makes her rather comical. I like these two the best, because I see and know all that they are and that they cannot turn out to be anything else, whereas the other is something more than they, and I do not quite know what, though as far as I do know it is all very well. But I think there is always something very satisfactory in a feeling of touching bottom (speaking figuratively), one knows that every other charm is to become familiar and

indifferent, and that truth and simplicity are to stand. I hope you and your companions have an ordinary share of taste for scenery ; it must be a great addition to the mind and its pleasures. I am very deficient in it, which I should not have expected in a mind made up after the manner of mine, but I receive little pleasure, through the eye, I think, except what comes by the contemplation of human beauty or of the artist's representations of it, and apropos of that I see this last week in all the shop windows a lithograph sketch of your sister, a very cross-looking creature with down-cast eyes and sullen lips, half ashamed and half affronted, and dressed in a manner which might account sufficiently for both feelings. Alas, said I, with a gloomy look, and addressing myself to it through the window pane :

Quo fugit venus ? heu quove color ? decens
 Quo motus ? quid habes illius illius
 Quo spirabit amores, &c., &c.]]

Beauty however it has, though none of hers, mixed up with something very odd, and to connoisseurs probably the hand of an artist may be conspicuous in it. I like Newton and I am sorry I cannot like his pictures of women. Rough strength seems more his forte, as to judge by these lithographs, for that is only one of a series, a certain wild grace seems to be the forte of Landseer, and a finished grace that of Lawrence.

From the same to the same

September 1836.

I am glad that you and Lord Ravensworth have made so much progress as to be able to look at each other. Time, which has brought this about, may do much more. I recollect having occasion some time ago to refer to the Records in the Colonial Office relating to the Maroon War of 1796 in Jamaica, and I found a despatch giving an account of the capture of a Maroon Chief, which General Walpole wished to avail himself of in the way of opening negotiations through the captive with his tribe. But the Maroon, finding himself face to face with the white people, whom he had so long classed with the blood-hounds they employed, and never seen except from an ambuscade, was not in a frame of mind to be inspired with confidence, and the General said that it would be necessary to wait 'till his eye had grown to me.' Time and use seem now to have tamed the eye of Lord Ravensworth, as it did that of the Maroon, and I hope that in this case also, the circumstance opens a possible prospect of a complete pacification.

My mother was twice asked for Sir Henry's letters: once at the time when he was writing his Autobiography, published by Longman in 1885, and again when Professor Dowden published in 1888 a selection of his letters soon after his death; but my mother was old and ill, and did not realise that they were in the house, half filling a box, which accounts for the absence of any to my parents in both books. It is curious that a man so well known to his own generation should have faded so completely from public memory. I remember being struck thirty years ago at hearing that in a class at Marlborough, the master asked who wrote 'Philip van Artevelde,' and not a single boy could answer except my son. We three girls all adored him, much as daughters love their father. At that awkward age in a girl's life, between fourteen and seventeen, he was especially kind to me; he used to read Shakespeare with me and explain it, and years afterwards, when tempted to write letters to a man I loved, without my mother's leave, it came back to me that Iago's first power to poison the mind of Othello against Desdemona was the fact that he was able to say 'She did deceive her father marrying you.' I think the recollection of this strengthened me more to act straightforwardly than the gentle teaching of Christ, which dwells rather more on forgiveness to the sinner than help to the tempted.

At this time, too, I began to collect autographs, and he gave me a great many. Unfortunately, autographs printed lose their identity and cease to be autographs, but these letters have a certain interest of their own. The first is from the historian Macaulay, and is worth quoting as being one author's criticism on the work of another, and is in a loose, sprawling hand. The second, a great contrast, with its small and very unusual artistic writing, is from the Hon. Mrs. Norton, the well-known beauty and authoress of that day, whose life was only written in the winter of 1909.

Letter from Lord Macaulay to Henry Taylor

Albany, June 20, 1842.

Dear Taylor,—Many thanks for the little volume. I have read it once. But once reading is not sufficient to entitle me to pronounce a judgment. However I cannot delay sending you my acknowledgments and communicating my first impressions. I think that, considered as an intellectual effort, the tragedy is fully equal to Van Artevelde. Indeed, I think that it contains finer specimens of diction. It moves the feelings less, or at least it moves my feelings less. But this I attribute to a cause which was perhaps beyond your control. Van Artevelde and his Italian mistress are persons of far higher power and stronger characters than Edwy and his Queen. And the cracking of tough natures is the most affecting thing that a dramatist can exhibit. Othello is the great example. Poor Edwy and his bride go down like willows before the hurricane.

I should say that you have succeeded, on the whole, better in exhibiting the character of the age and of the two parties, than the character of individuals. In this respect the play reminds me of Shakespeare's 'Henry the Sixth,' which, though not eminent, at least among his works, for delineation of particular men and women, exhibits a peculiar state of society with a vivacity and truth such as no historian has approached. Your monastic and secular factions are admirable. Dunstan I cannot make up my mind about. I must wait for another reading. I am more and more struck by what, I think, I once mentioned to you, the resemblance between your poetry and Schiller's. I wish to God that you would take that great subject of which he touched only a portion,—the greatest subject of modern times,—Mary, Queen of Scots, and give us her Life and Death in three parts. The first part should end with the death of Darnley, and the second with the flight into England.

Ever yours truly, T. B. Macaulay.

From Mrs. Norton to Henry Taylor

May 27, 1857.

Here, O poet and essayist, is my book! there are so many faults of punctuation and misprints that I am ashamed and it damps my conceit and takes all the starch out of my hope. Any Sunday that you called at 2 o'clock, or any other day almost at that hour I should not have missed you, but to-day my poor

mother was to come up from Brighton by a special train, and I was anxiously awaiting her arrival at Helen's House. She came safe, though very weak, and it will no longer be necessary for us all to flit backwards and forwards on the Brighton railway, as we have done for some weeks, so that it is to be hoped I shall see you again on some visit instead of the card. I sit to Mme. Sagiotti Richards to-morrow. Now if you were a true knight we might walk there together at one o'clock, unless that is still your dinner hour. She lives in Baker Street, paints pictures, plays the harp, speaks four languages, and is a very pretty Italian 'Give me thy hand, Virginia.' In general, which means when I do not sit for my picture, I am to be found at two and till then or a little after. I know you will call on an exceptional day and that all those I don't care to see will call the days I am at home. Adieu, ask the Lady Alice to read the book. As to you, you are bound to do so, even if it did not interest you, remembering how I have loved yours, without thinking as Cleopatra did in her matronhood of her early preferences. Those were my salad days, when I was green in judgment, but on the contrary growing grey in the satisfactory conviction that it was an adoration justly placed.

Yours ever truly,

Caroline Norton.

The tragic life of this lady seemed to run like a thread all through my youth. I knew so many who admired and loved her, and so many who abused her. She remained to me an enigma and a mystery. When a young neighbour of ours in the country fell in love with her son, and they were not allowed to marry, I sympathised deeply; when that son died at the Embassy in Paris I heartily grieved; and when I read 'Steuart of Dunleith,' I thought it by far the best society novel I had ever read. I re-read it, not so very long ago, and still call it a remarkable book, the people are so real and belong to the world one is accustomed to see. It seems to me not so much a work of the imagination, as written with the heart's blood, and consequently true, even when fashion changes and the characters do and say things they would not do and say now. Then came the tragic story of her having sold the Cabinet secret to the *Times*; this, I believe, is now proved to be utterly

untrue, but it was a cruel accusation, and when George Meredith brought out 'Diana of the Crossways,' I happened to be at a luncheon at Mrs. Tennant's in Richmond Terrace, and sat between my uncle Charles Villiers and Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton); I turned first to one and then to the other, and asked them what they thought was the truth about Mrs. Norton. Uncle Charles said it was absolutely true, that he was in the Cabinet at the time and knew it, and Monckton Milnes denied it vehemently as a wicked lie—so is history made. I may have seen her several times, but I only remember once distinctly seeing her on the lawn at Cassiobury with her two grandchildren, Lord Essex being one of her latest, though not the least of her admirers. Sir Henry Taylor was an ardent worshipper in his youth, and in my earliest note-book I have the copy of a poem he addressed to her after illness, though whether he showed the lines to her or not, I do not know. My mother used to laugh at them and say they were peculiarly severe for an admirer to have addressed to his friend.

I

Soft be the voice and friendly that rebukes
 The error of thy way,
 For sickness hath the summer of thy looks
 Touched with decay.

II

Now may be pardoned, even for virtue's sake,
 Words of less gall than grief—
 The warning of autumnal winds that shake
 The yellowing leaf.

III

They bid thee if thou leav'st thy bloom behind,
 Bethink thee to repair
 That ravage, and the aspect of thy mind
 To make more fair.

IV

Let not thy loss of brightness be a loss,
 Which might be countless gain,
 If from thy beauty it should purge the dross,
 Eat out the stain.

V

Then beauty with pure purposes allied
 Wouldst thou account—to lift
 The minds of men from worldliness and pride—
 A trust—not gift.

VI

Oh! may thy sickness, sanative to thee,
 Bring thee to know that trust!
 That so thy soul may to thy beauty be
 Not less than just.

The most complete edition of Sir Henry's works was published by C. Kegan Paul in 1878. He had a hale and beautiful old age. The end came suddenly at Bournemouth on March 27, 1886, and was peaceful and painless. Dear friend of my youth, goodbye; it is a great pleasure to me to bring your name once more before my young readers of to-day.

CHAPTER V

MARRIED LIFE

Entre l'homme et la femme, l'époux et l'épouse les droits sont égaux, les aptitudes et les fonctions diverses. La femme n'est point la servante de l'homme, encore moins son esclave ; elle est sa compagne, son aide, les os de ses os, la chair de sa chair. À mesure que le sens moral se développe chez un peuple, elle croît en dignité et en liberté, en cette sorte de liberté qui n'est point l'exemption du devoir et de la règle mais l'affranchissement de toute dépendance servile.

Mari, vous devez à votre femme respect, amour, et protection ; femme, vous devez à votre mari déférence, amour, et respect. En lui donnant la force, Dieu l'a chargé des plus rudes travaux ; en vous donnant la grâce, et la tendresse, et la douceur, Il vous a déparée ce qui en allège le poids, et fait du labeur même une intarissable source de joies pures.

ABBÉ LAMENNAIS.

THE happy couple went for a short honeymoon to Dyrham Park (the place belonging to Captain Trotter), near Barnet. Mrs. Trotter was the sister Charlotte who came next to my mother in the family. They were most kind, estimable people, almost Wesleyan in their convictions. Captain Trotter's father was devoted to philanthropy in days when it was far less common than it is now. He built and started the Soho Bazaar as a self-supporting charity for the widows of the soldiers who fell at Waterloo. It was the first place where you could buy all kinds of goods under one roof, which is now so common. I remember it well in the days of my childhood, and going there was a treat greatly enjoyed by numberless children. There were the most glorious stalls for wax dolls, baby dolls, smart dolls, boy dolls, all immensely attractive to me, but I preferred the baby dolls, which I adored till I was about fourteen. The children of

to-day care little for dolls—all their devotion seems to be given to sham animals, especially ‘Teddy Bears.’ Here also was started what I believe was the first registry office for servants, conducted on strictly religious lines and very low-Church Christian principles, thinking much more of the servants and getting them places, than of the requirements of the masters and mistresses. Later on in my parents’ married life, when they had had several servants recommended by my aunt, who all turned out great failures, my mother heard my father murmur, ‘Don’t you think, dear, we might advertise, “Wanted, a heathen of good moral character”?’ The same sort of patronage and teaching goes on to this date, as illustrated in a strange letter written to one of the ladies of ‘The Girls’ Friendly Society’ by a maid going out to India. She dates from the Red Sea, and the letter contains the following sentence: ‘It is now very hot, and I perspire a great deal, but you will be pleased to hear I am still a member of the Church of England.’

I did not know till the other day that Soho Square was named Monmouth Square at the time of its building, after the Duke of Monmouth, but, when he was beheaded, the name was changed to that of Soho, which was the password at the battle of Sedgemoor.

George Villiers wrote continually to my father during the years he was at Madrid, but to give his letters with any sort of justice to himself would require an amount of knowledge in the affairs of Spain of that day which is entirely beyond me.

Shortly after his marriage my father wrote an article on Spanish affairs for the *Edinburgh Review*, which was naturally a defence of his brother’s policy, and took the form of an attack on a lately published book, supposed to have been written by Lord Carnarvon, treating on recent events which had occurred in Spain in 1835, and which occupied a great deal of public attention. My father notes, what is just as true to-day as it was then, the surprising amount of ignorance shown by the great mass of the people of England upon all questions of foreign politics, and he

then proceeds to point out the want of knowledge of the truth displayed in Lord Carnarvon's book. The article pleased George Villiers, as the following letter shows, but these details belong to the realms of history.

George Villiers to Edward Villiers

I need hardly tell you, my dear boy, with what pleasure I read your article in the *Edinburgh Review*. I liked it exceedingly, you have given to the subject both interest and novelty, which was no easy matter, and have shewn in a short space the real state of the question and all that has been done and still remains to be done, in a manner that I have not seen attempted before. What you say about me, although perhaps a partial hand appears, is in good taste and even were you known to be the brother, it would not, I think, with reference to what you show as to the result of the Treaty, be deemed hyper-laudatory. Pray let me know what you hear about the article. I hope myself the public will like it as much as I do.

My uncle does not seem to have been aware of it, but I have always heard that he was adored in Spain, and the Empress Eugénie even to this day speaks of him with the greatest admiration and affection, though when he was at Madrid and he was most intimate with her mother, the Countess Montijo, she was only a child. The kindness with which he welcomed the news of my birth is very touchingly shown in the letter in which he speaks of wishing to be my godfather, even before he was asked.

George Villiers to Edward Villiers

Madrid, June 18, 1836.

What can I say to you of your letter, my dearest Edward, nothing I believe, for you can understand by your own feeling what mine must have been. I really don't believe your own happiness could have been greater than mine. I could not read your announcement with dry eyes, for I had been figuring to myself for a long time past all that Ferguson prepared you for, and more, until I made myself perfectly wretched as the hour for the courier's arrival approached. However the storm is over and I see nothing but a large expanse of blue sky and happiness to come. What a blessed fellow Ferguson is, I love him as

a brother. I think I remember your once asking for some cigars for him, and I will send a few because they are peculiarly good, and of a kind not to be got now in Spain for love or money; pray give them to him from me. Tell me everything about my niece, don't affect not to twaddle about her, for you will be a beast if you don't, and at all events I shall be angry if you don't, so pray give me details. To-day I will write about nothing else, nor indeed can I, for my hand and arm have struck work and absolutely refuse to move any more. I have written to-day twenty-seven sheets of note paper, and eight despatches, one of ten sheets of foolscap, with a general view of the war, etc., so you may believe me when I say I am tired. Mr. Harvey being a slow worker too, Lotem ill in bed, and Otway in England, does not make my labour lighter. I want you to let your servant buy from any hawker about the streets a dozen of the commonest razors which are to be had; it is to please the fancy of an old Spaniard here who once got a good razor in that way and wants to repeat the experiment. Say everything that is tender and affectionate to dear Elizabeth, she is the best of girls. God bless you.—Yours most affectionately, G. V.

From George Villiers to Edward Villiers

Madrid, July 11, 1836.

My dear Edward,—You may readily believe the sincere pleasure your letter of the 30th gave me, first for the good account which it contained of Elizabeth, and next for all your kind expressions towards myself. I have long been convinced that for real solid enjoyment there is nothing this earth can afford comparable to the affection which two brothers can feel towards each other. Most willingly shall I take upon myself the weight of your *Senorita's* sins. I should have proposed myself even before her birth if I had not thought that it might be politic to ask some of Elizabeth's relations, and that if I had suggested myself you might have been embarrassed between them and your wish to please me. You will of course do whichever you both think most advisable.

I never was in such a state of physical distress in my life before. It seems to me that I have a tight band of iron round my head, I can hardly drag my legs along, and it is with difficulty I keep myself awake. In short I am unfit for anything except sleeping.

I ought long ago to have answered your queries respecting the slave trade. You asked me what was the Spanish law of piracy, and I send you the report of an eminent Spanish lawyer about it. I know that it would be desirable to make Spanish slave trading punishable by death, less on account of the prevention it would cause than to satisfy opinion in England which will always be growling about it and attributing to the want of that check the continuance of the trade, which will never cease by means of penal enactments any more than any other smuggling trade.

Meanwhile my parents were living at 45 Cambridge Terrace, which was then the last house in the Bayswater direction ; at this house we were all born, and my father and mother continued to live there till 1842. In the summer of 1837 they went abroad ; my mother's first impression of the Continent was very ardent and enthusiastic, and would probably seem exaggerated in these days of constant and easy travelling. Her letters give an insight into the state of Europe which has now so completely changed, and there is evidence of the difficulties and even dangers of travelling on the Continent, which prompted my father to point out the necessity of a lady being accompanied by a man-servant. And yet how few people both in delicate health would even in these days start for a pleasure trip abroad with a nurse and baby of not eighteen months old, as they did.

In April 1837 my mother went out of town, as she frequently did during all her married life. Reading over the letters, I think, in spite of bad health, she went away far too often ; the good it did her did not justify the separation and the anxiety it caused both of them.

During her absences he wrote her daily letters, and this is a sentence from one of them :—

I dine with the Fergusons to-day, yesterday with the Trotters, to meet the Barringtons and Captain Eden and his mother. It was pleasant, and I felt my heart warm to both Charlotte and Janie,¹ but wanted you sadly, it looked so blank in that house without you.

¹ His sisters-in-law.

My father used to say of his beautiful and charming sister-in-law, Lady Barrington (Janie), that had she shaken hands as cordially with one man as she did with every man she would have lost her character. This, I think, is true of so many warm-hearted and generous women; their safety lies in the power they have of spreading out their affection.

Judging from the following letter of Henry Taylor, who at this time was a high official at the Colonial Office, I gather there was a family opinion that it would be good for my father to get some foreign appointment. I wonder if it would have been better had he done so. The Cape and Malta were suggested, but it came to nothing.

From Henry Taylor to Edward Villiers

36 South Audley Street, July 11, 1837.

My dear Edward,—I hope you can send me word that there was nothing material the matter with Maria Theresa, for as I go by the mail (which does not take anything very ponderous) I should like to take as light a heart with me as may be. . . . Goodbye to you both again. I am glad you have got a wife to go with you, and God send her back with you, and in better health and strength, and as to the Cape and things to come, I don't know what to wish about that. Whatever may be best for you, dear Edward, that is all I can wish, not well knowing what that is.

In the summer of 1838 my brother was born. My father was always rather jealous of the children and had a curious primitive feeling of extra jealousy of the boy. The black cloud of anxiety caused by ill-health marred a great deal of their domestic felicity, but I am quite certain that during the eight years of their short married life they never for one moment regretted what they had done. My mother's answers were so minute that they show how much she took to heart the slightest hint of criticism—they loved each other so much that it was almost a worry to them. After her confinement my mother went to stay with her sister, Lady Hardwicke, at Wimpole; she and my father corresponded daily; this extract from one of her letters confirms what I have said:—

From Elizabeth Villiers to her Husband

I am sure reason, observation and experience all combine to make me feel how joyless a thing life is unless it be sweetened with love. And have I yet been guilty of making you feel the absence of it, dearest love, I have been sadly to blame whenever such a thought has crossed your mind, and I pray you to dismiss it. I will strenuously endeavour to cultivate affection in you and for you, or rather I will try and guard against everything which looks like the absence of it, for the depth and durability of my love even you, I think, cannot seriously find fault with. Have I not told you often, dearest, how my admiration of you has increased since our marriage, how essentially necessary your good opinion is to me? How little comparable the love of my children is to my love of you, and lastly how far surpassing any hope I had dared to form is the blessed reality of our wedded happiness! This is in no degree overstated, it is what I am in the constant habit of feeling and expressing to others, and I am quite sure no one could think of doubting whether my general manner was not sufficiently tender to you. What I have to guard against is occasional irritation and occasional *insouciance* from bodily sensations, sometimes I do feel so dead to every interest that it requires so much to take any hold of me, and then undue excitement or agitation would follow when I was interested. I certainly have a good deal in the way of ill-health to struggle against, and very little in the way of animal spirits to assist me in these struggles; at the same time these can only be pleaded as palliatives, not excuses for failure in duty. As for the dear chicks, I really do not think they occupy unduly either my time or attention, unless you refer to moments in travelling or nursing, when all my strength and attention is taken up with the baby, and here, dearest, you must bear in mind that attention even depends on strength, and that my mind is necessarily vacant and in a manner gone when all my physical powers are in full request. To expect anything from me at such times is really to press upon overstrained powers, and can only be productive of annoyance to us both, so you on your part must strive to soothe and support me at such moments (they occur but rarely), and not overrate my powers of body and mind.

The life and company at Wimpole were a great contrast to what my mother was accustomed to since her marriage,

and the whole atmosphere was intensely conservative. She naturally describes the company she meets, amongst others, that *bête noire* of Whig circles, John Wilson Croker ; she differs from my father by standing up for him. He was founder and editor and frequent contributor of the Opposition periodical, the *Quarterly Review*, edited an edition of Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' and was a Member of Parliament from 1807 to 1832. The general opinion amongst Liberals was that the high position which he held among the chiefs of the Tory party procured for his writings a degree of interest out of all proportion to their intrinsic merits. This is an extract from one of my mother's letters, in which she rather amusingly tries to widen my father's views about one whose political opinions differed from his own.

I am so glad Taylor expressed such strong opinion of Croker's article, he knows so much better than I do what is and what is not malevolent in a Review, and I feel sure he would be so perfectly sincere with you that his opinion is worth having. With regard to Croker, depend upon it, if he was as intimate with your family as he is with this, took interest in all our concerns, played and made much of Theresa's children as he does with these, was a Whig instead of a Tory, and altogether as agreeable and easy to amuse as I see him here, your mother and Theresa would swear by him. I have no interest in taking his part, he is only polite and civil to me but takes little notice of me or my child, only I see him under favourable circumstances, and as a man he pleases me more, much more than Lord Jeffrey did. Lord Hardwicke did not say he had no regard to truth, but never allowed himself to be in error ; just now in our drive he said he thought Croker by far the most agreeable man he had ever met in his life, and such sunshine of mind and so easily amused. Susan¹ said, what I like is that his heart is in the right place, he is such a kind man and so fond of children. Now I don't say this is the true view of his character, but neither I think is yours ; no doubt he can be bitter and unjust, but he is not always so and his remarks on general subjects are often wise and just ; I have seen nothing of his bitterness, and I do not think his countenance expresses it. Ferguson swears by Lockhart and yet cannot deny that bitterness and intemperance

¹ Lady Hardwicke.

exist in the *firm*, so it is all handed over to Croker. Of the two men I should be disposed to give the palm to Croker far beyond Lockhart, whose countenance I think most unprepossessing, but I don't care for either, only I do care for your not forming your opinion of a man from one-sided view of his character. From all I hear Croker is a kind man to his wife and to the poor in his parish; adopts children because he has none of his own, and is a man of great research and industry, and communicates his information in a very pleasant manner. Had you met such a man in Germany without knowing anything further of him, he would have charmed you, and if he is so bitter, do not allow him to inspire you with bitterness, for that is the only mischief he could be of to you. Perhaps you will think this all very unnecessary, but you are in the habit of living with rather one set of men, and in danger of having your own clear good judgment blinded. The picture you draw of Croker does not suit the man as I find him. The conversation at dinner last night was interesting, and my impression stronger than ever that Croker is not a bad man; he speaks of himself as a passionate man, liable to irritation of temper, devoid of all nervous irritation, does not know what it means, does not know what it is to feel hungry, has fasted twenty-four hours over and over again, and forty-eight often, habitually an abstemious man and indifferent to food.

The posting was sixteen pence per mile all the way, and I paid the boys as near as possible eightpence per mile. I had not a single expostulation on the road, but then perhaps a lady and children look poorer than with a smart aristocratic-looking gentleman like my dear spouse. The sleeping, etc., is what comes so heavy. Grantham came two shillings more even than York, which I thought so dear, but then I was lodged *en Princesse* at Grantham, people so civil, such a handsome nice inn, and nothing could be more grubby than York, but I know it is famous for being infamous.

These details of the expense and trouble of travelling about England and the pre-railway days, make one realise the pluck and money it required to go about to various country houses, and the training no doubt accounted for my mother's wonderful courage in 'carting' us children about Europe when she was left a widow.

From Edward Villiers to his Wife

April 1837.

Dearest Love,—If I have not much to say, I am at least determined that my letter shall not be shortened by want of paper, so here goes my despatch. It is a week to-day since we parted, and God knows you have occupied my thoughts over every other subject as 10 to 1, I do not quite like the sad vein we are getting into with our letters, you perhaps rather more than I. It is not, dearest, that I do not think one of the chief advantages in our separation may not be the enabling us to pause in our associated course through life, and look back upon the way that is passed, and survey attentively our wanderings, our backslidings, and our stumblings, and then we may start upon our path again with a more perfect knowledge of our wants and mutual infirmities, with strengthened affections, with stronger (if stronger there can be) conviction in our power to administer to each other's happiness, and with renewed confidence in each other's disposition to make that power available. Far am I from saying that we should not make use of our separation as a means of cultivating our love and increasing our happiness when we meet—for I do myself so use it, and please God it shall be with that effect, but I cannot bear, my dear love, that any misgivings as to your own strength, any self-upbraiding for small faults of omission should prey upon the spirits and not only make you unhappy when you have so much to make you otherwise, but prevent also your acquiring as much good in your way of health as you might, and it is for the sake of that and that alone that we have consented to this temporary separation, so do not, dearest, for your own sake and for mine neglect any precaution that can be necessary towards making you better. I am ever thinking of you and I have it so at heart, but not, as you put it, that you should be more useful and industrious, but that you should have more sources of enjoyment open to you and be able to partake of them without any solicitude about their results. I will answer your letter more particularly, but only on one condition, that in our endeavours to improve each other you will not infuse that (to me) most painful form of melancholy which to see or hear of in you (be the cause what it may) is to me not only grief but shame. I must have been a brute or this thing would not be. This, my dear, has been the only bitterly painful idea

I have had since marriage. May God bless you, my dearest love, keep up your dear heart, we are happy and blessed in each other.

Here is another example of the harm brought about by the various separations which in after life she regretted ; they teased and worried them ; if two people are very fond of each other they are not happy apart, and it causes a growth of morbid feeling which is not healthy or life-giving. One of the great changes in the last twenty or thirty years is that now people are ashamed to be morbid and miserable about nothing at all, and when great grief comes they have the courage to face it and are not broken by circumstances over which they have no control.

Thirty years ago nearly all the charming attractive people one knew were somewhat morbid, sad and sentimental ; now it is quite different, those same people strive to be full of hope and courage and try to act up to these lines of Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Talk Happiness. The world is sad enough
Without your woes. No path is wholly rough,
Look for the places that are smooth and clear
And talk of them to rest the weary ear
Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain
Of human discontent and grief and pain.

Talk Faith. The world is better off without
Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt.
If you have faith in God or man or self
Say so—if not, push back upon the shelf
Of silence all your thoughts till faith shall come.
No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.

Perhaps the whole intellectual movement has come from America. The difficulty is to keep this feeling for one's own sorrows, and not to extend it till it becomes hardness and leads one to disregard the sorrows of others.

My mother was very fond of giving good advice, and had a great horror of what has grown so much of late years, semi-flirtations between young men and married women.

Extract of a Letter from my Mother to her Husband

1838.

I am very glad Taylor will receive my letter at the Grange and in the society of one of his 'flirts'; it will give the more point to what I urged, 'the abandonment at once and for ever of all sentimental intimacies with a married woman.' If he urges that there is nothing sentimental between him and Lady Harriet,¹ then my advice is don't touch her, that is all. I did not of course forbid intimacy (when it exists to the degree it did with myself) but all sentiment. I wrote very seriously and strongly, and claimed the right to do so from a warm interest in his welfare. It was so kind and familiar a letter as I ever wrote to him, but very strong on the point of petty flirtations and small sentiments for this or that married woman, so if, as you have sometimes fancied, he has ever mixed up anything of a sentimental nature in his affection for me, I hope he will have the sense to see what folly and uselessness it is.

With my father, my mother was evidently quite humble and willing to do all he wished, and after his having found fault with her about being so late in the morning, she wrote him this penitent little note.

Dearest Edward,—I think I'm wrong and I'm sure I am unhappy. Pray forgive me, and I will strive with all my might and at all costs to satisfy you on this point as on every other and be down earlier of a morning. Your Elizabeth.

Amongst my father's papers there is a touching little record about his expenses. He had been so schooled by my mother's family to believe it was beggary to marry on so little, and remembering, and slightly resenting, the howls of despair over my mother making what they called such a poor marriage, in 1839 he writes:

I have been married four years, and the state of our finances at the end of the time is as follows:—

	£
1. Not in debt.	
2. In Banker's hands	250
3. Put by from Income	600
4. From other savings for which we receive interest	<u>1700</u>

Signed, E. E. V.

¹ Afterwards Lady Ashburton.

In the late thirties and onwards, every one—by every one I mean what is generally called Society—seems to have gone to Leamington to consult a much-talked-of doctor called Jephson, and it is stated that for some years he made £16,000 a year out of the believing public. In all the medical details in the family letters I have, one realises that a change was permeating the medical profession; one hears no more of bleeding, leeching, blisters, &c. I expect the public on these points, as on many others, were bringing the force of their opinions and experiences to bear on the profession. I know nothing more pathetic in literature than the description of Byron's death at Missolonghi in 1824, given in Moore's 'Life.'

He absolutely refused to be bled, he said his mother had made him promise he never would have it done; he quoted the saying of Dr. Reid 'that less slaughter is effected by the lance than by the lancet.' Dr. Millingen, who had been called in for consultation, remarked that 'that observation related to nervous illness.' Byron replied angrily, 'Who is nervous if I am not? And do not those other words of his, too, apply to my case, where he says that drawing blood from a nervous patient is like loosening the chords of a musical instrument whose tones already fail from want of sufficient tension? bleeding will inevitably kill me. I have had several inflammatory fevers in my life, and at an age when more robust and plethoric: yet I got through them without bleeding, this time also I will take my chance.' Notwithstanding Dr. Millingen succeeded in abstracting from him a promise that if the fever increased he would be bled. It did not increase, he sat up in his bed, was apparently better, but when the Doctor visited him next morning, in spite of hearing he had had a better night, and the fever had not increased, he determined to have his own way. What follows is in Dr. Millingen's own words. 'I thought it my duty now to put aside all consideration of his feelings and to declare solemnly to him, how deeply I lamented to see him trifle thus with his life, and show so little resolution. His pertinacious refusal had already, I said, caused most precious time to be lost; but few hours of hope now remained, and unless he submitted immediately to be bled, we could not answer for the consequences. It was true, he cared not for life; but who could assure him that unless he changed his resolution,

the uncontrolled disease might not operate such organisation in his system as wholly and forever to deprive him of his reason? I had now struck on the sensitive chord, and partly annoyed by our importunities and partly persuaded, he cast at us both the usual gesture of vexation, and throwing out his arm, said in the original tone, "There—you are I see a d—d set of butchers, take away as much blood as you like, but have done with it." We seized the moment and drew about twenty ounces; yet the relief obtained did not correspond to the hopes we had formed, and during the night the fever became stronger than it had been hitherto, the restlessness and agitation increased, and the patient spoke several times in an incoherent manner. In addition to the bleeding, which was repeated twice, it was thought right also to apply blisters to the soles of his feet.'

At a quarter past six on April 19th, he was seen to open his eyes and immediately shut them again. The physicians felt his pulse—he was no more.

To my mind this is a lesson about every practice in the medical profession; we are threatened now with countless diversities of treatment, all more or less dangerous; will these too be found defective, as in the past? All that the public can do is to keep their head, and to remember, for the sake of the sick, that the doctors are but men, and no system is infallible. From international intercourse, changes come much quicker now than they did some years ago, and this is a great safety.

During the years of their living in London, after his brother George's return from Spain, the intimacy seems to have been of the most perfect kind, constant notes passed between them, and at the time that some of the family thought he had done wrong in not accepting the Governorship of Canada, my uncle George finishes a note to my father thus:—'I am so glad you think I have decided rightly about "late crisis." I never like to be without your advice and good opinion upon any act of mine, it has become a necessity to me.' Could there be a more charming testimony of respect and affection, especially from a brother six years his senior?

I insert an extract from one of the letters of this time.

From George Villiers to Edward Villiers

May 25, 1839.

My mother and Theresa were both very unwell yesterday, and I have not yet had their report this morning, but they went to the Queen's ball last night, which was very brilliant, and the Drawing-room the day before was assisted at by 2,400, which pleased Regina vastly. I had a long talk last night with the Baroness Lehzen, who told me that in her opinion the crisis had been very useful as Peel and the Duke evidently had not the slightest notion of what stuff the Queen¹ was made. That they thought to impose upon her every condition they liked and to convert her into an instrument for themselves, but that they have now far different notions, and whenever they do come to power they will remember that the Crown branch of the Legislation must be treated with consideration. She said that the Queen's description of Peel's face was perfect when he had recovered from his difficulties and demanded the demonstration of confidence, and that she said, 'Then, Sir Robert, I am to understand that you look to the ladies for support in the House of Commons?' Peel, quite taken aback, said that the country would require a proof that he enjoyed the entire confidence of Her Majesty, and the Queen replied, 'To suppose that I could allow my ladies any intervention in political affairs is to suppose that I should intrigue against my Government; that is an insult to me, and I don't believe the country can require that,'² etc., etc., all in the same style, but showing considerable readiness and spirit. I hear that the penny post is to be conceded; that will please people but it will satisfy no political *exigeance*; upon the whole however I should say that the Radicals are less rabid than they were. By a French telegraphic despatch yesterday, it was known that the Turkish troops have entered Syria, and that hostilities have commenced with the Pacha of Egypt; if this is true, and I believe there is no doubt of it, it is bad news, for the Pacha will probably lick the Sultan, and then when he approaches Constantinople the Emperor of Russia will consider he has a just cause and intervene accordingly.

¹ Queen Victoria.

² This, of course, refers to the well-known 'Bed-chamber plot.' I am told that the Queen much regretted later having insisted on keeping her ladies and upsetting Peel.

Russian intrigue is, I dare say, as usual at the bottom of it. The Queen takes the whole of the Russians to Windsor on Monday, Ascot and entertainments till Friday. I hear the Grand Duke is mightily pleased with his reception here. Best of loves to Elizabeth.

In September 1840 the last of my parents' happy visits abroad took place. This letter, written by my mother from Basle, began with all sorts of terrible accounts of the severe illnesses of various members of her family, and agonised remarks from her about how long it will be before she can get any further news. We have so long had the telegraph that we are apt to forget how enormously it has changed life in my generation, but whether it brings joy or sorrow, at any rate it lessens suspense, which is the worst of all to bear. I give part of this letter to show how each generation regrets that which went just before. The last time I went up the Rhine I felt about the chimneys and the smoke exactly as my mother did about the wretched little steamer. The more I read of old family letters from abroad the more struck am I at the increase in cleanliness which has made such war on bugs that they are practically exterminated; one hardly hears of them.

From Elizabeth Villiers to her Mother

Basle, September 7, 1840.

The travelling on the steamer on the Rhine is I think very detestable and fatiguing. First of all, it vulgarises the pretty Rhine so dreadfully to go puffing along with hundreds on board, smoking and eating and stopping at every town, with all the bustle and business-like ways of a steamer. What would Ullswater be turned into a turnpike road? One sees nothing of the scenery and cannot sketch, and it is not like an English boat, there is not a corner on deck where one can make up a bed or lie down as you did going to Ramsgate, and as the boats start at six or seven, and it is generally very hot, I find it very fatiguing. To be sure one can lie down and sleep in the cabin if one is quite spent, but incessant eating and drinking and passing to and fro goes on there all day long, so there is no repose. Then last but not least, the landing and scrambling for accom-

modation at the inns at night is terrible, especially if one does not get in till dark. The most enormous inns are filled chock-full every night, and of course with such traffic it is impossible to guard against bugs and fleas. At Coblenz we had the most beautiful apartment, with snow white, richly embroidered draperies to the window and bed, and beautiful embossed velvet sofa and chair covers and pretty carpet; all new furniture and looking as clean as possible, yet Edward was devoured by bugs and we bagged two or three fleas. They do not bite me, but I am a light sleeper compared with what I used to be, easily put off my rest. I cannot bear a light in the room, and Edward could not do without one, because of the bugs, and then the Germans are certainly not more than three hours in bed; the best inns are close to the river, for the convenience of travellers, and the noise and din on the paved quay from four in the morning till one at night was incessant. Then the heat was very great and rather fevered me; to a strong person such trifles would not matter, but I could not sleep, and began to feel so ill I almost feared I should have no enjoyment. Of course my feebleness does cut me off from a great deal, as when I should be glad to look about me or try and sketch, I am forced to lie down; but still I am glad to have come, and shall reap a great deal of pleasure and some good I hope from the excursion. To-day I have seen the snowy peaks of the Alps for the first time, which I consider quite an event in one's life. We left the Rhine at Mannheim and took a *Lohnkutscher*; the carriage was excessively comfortable, and the mode of travelling suited to an invalid, as we have just been driving luxuriously through the fresh air, stopping in the middle of the day for dinner for two hours, for four days running.

. . . Now Augustus,¹ who draws and has short holidays, might at any moment get to Freyburg from London in six days without ever travelling at night. Very shortly it will be a matter of four days and then, having got rapidly to one's extreme point, one might dawdle home as one pleases. I wish Gussy had the fourth place in our carriage now, he would enjoy it so much. The wines this time are rather disgusting and like vinegar, and the cooking certainly now and then is very nasty, but one often dines to perfection; that again is a comfort with the *Voiturier*, one dines alone, and not at the beastly tedious table *d'hôtes*, which we agree in condemning; but when one can pick and choose, and keep the potatoes and cucumber, etc., which

¹ One of her brothers.

come first, till the course of roast meats, and reject half the dishes, and put the other together as one pleases, I think a person must be extra fastidious not to dine very well. The other day at Bühl, a little village not far from Baden where people got fish, we had quite a delicious dinner, but I own the thing I thought best was a plain boiled floury potato served quite hot in their jackets with fresh butter, and I thought it the best thing I ever ate. There is too much grease and messing in their vegetables to suit me. Murray's Handbook speaks of a fine collection of Holbeins which we must see to-morrow. We got some of the finest looking and tasting apples yesterday I ever saw, and so good, twice the size of Ribstone Pippins; in general I think the fruit, though abundant, great trash; why is that I wonder? The greengages, plums, and pears are quite uneatable, so woolly and flavourless, and yet they have more sun than we have and very rich soil. I suppose walls and better cultivation are wanted.

As is usual in large families, when any appointment was on the *tapis*, there was a good deal of diversity of opinion upon the advisability and disadvantages, but when my father was likely to get the appointment in the Emigration Office, his sister seems to think it would be very suitable. The offer was made and accepted, and my mother refers later on to the satisfaction she felt.

In one of my father's note-books, dated 1833, which are almost as great a muddle as my own, I find this curious story. My father heads it thus:—

The whole of this letter was written in printing characters, the man not being able to write was obliged to delay writing a word till he could find it in a book and copy it from there, The individual must have had a strong imagination, and was by no means without a power of reasoning. The sense of justice and the feeling of humility which pervade the letter are also very remarkable. There is no evidence of madness in this letter, much indeed of a contrary nature.

'Letter of a private of the 61st Regiment, before he shot himself he enclosed a shilling to pay for the King's powder and ball. He was some months printing it, for he could not write although he could read.' Extract from Sir W. Horton's letter, dated Ceylon and sending the following document:—

'Sir,—This is to pay for the sleeping pill that put Evans in an eternal sleep. I mean the round of ammunition and my kitt when sold will pay for a coffin, if you may choose to put my body in one. Evans would like to die which he thinks he has without being in debt to any one. I have been near eight years in the army and during that time I received a shilling a day and three pounds at entering it. 'Tis true Evans has done no good for his country, but he was ready and willing since he was in the army to fight or die in his country's cause at any moment, if called upon, whether its cause was right or wrong. Now, Sir, I think I am not a mite in debt to the service, but that service would have punished me had I been caught in trying to put myself out of my misery. Sir, it was not because I was a private soldier that made me act as I have. I never had a wish to be any higher in rank than I was. I was not fit to be higher. I have been content until this last two years, which I have had a pain, a constant pain in my head, which was the cause of Evans being tired of his life, Twice I reported myself to the Doctor, but I received no relief. When I entered the army I swore I would serve my King and country until it should please them to discharge me. Evans did intend to serve his country as a soldier should do until I found the pain in my head was increasing fast, so now plainly I should lose that little common sense I had. You may think, Sir, I had lost it when I made this terrible scrawl. No, Sir, I was not so very bad when it was made, but I knew right from wrong. I mean as far as an ignorant clown knows right from wrong. But I saw madness was fast advancing towards me. Now, Sir, what use could I have been to the service when I had lost that little sense I once had—why none. Evans would have been drawing soldier's pay but would Evans have been a soldier when he was mad. No, could I have been of any use to my country to have been living in misery I would not have finished my life, I could not. Any man that is in misery or discontented, if he has nothing on earth that he cares for, nothing that draws his affections, and if he don't believe in a future state, which Evans don't, and still stops lingering in discontent, what is he but a coward, but a man that believes in a future state, he will suffer any pains before he will take his own life. I should have been so myself had I thought as they did. Pardon me, Sir, for sending this scrawl to you. I thought as I was under your command you may wish to know what made me finish my life. I have told you Sir, in a very clownish manner. If there is any disrespect in this scrawl towards you, Sir, please to think

it was my ignorance, I am sure it was not my intention. If I could have wrote you proper, Sir, I would. I never made a stroke with pen nor pencil before I made this scrawl. Nor I could not trust no one to write for me. Sir, I am aware as I have put an end to my life I shall not be buried like another soldier nor perhaps near the same place. Evans would as lieve be laid by the side of your dogs that lies between the fort and the river, as what he would be laid in the finest vault in the world. If Evans has a grave, let his grave be what it may, a coward never, no never will be laid in it. Evans' grave will be a soldier's grave even if it were on a dunghill.

'Thomas Evans.'

Charles Greville was head of the Council Office and the well-known Journals he kept for many years of his life were edited by Henry Reeve. Of course he knew my father well, and wrote the obituary notice of him which appeared in the *Times*, and which I quoted in one of my previous books, 'More Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden.' He was very intimate for years with various members of the Villiers family.

In September 1841 my twin sisters were born. It is the first event in my life that I distinctly remember. I was five years and three months old at the time my father took me into the room and showed me the little new-born babies on the bed. I did not say, as the little boy did who had been living in the country and was accustomed to puppies, when shown his twin brothers, pointing to one, 'That is the one I should keep.' Of course I found the usual packet of notes tied together from the various members of the family, on this occasion full of the most frightful condolences on the misfortune that had befallen my father. It only shows how little one can judge the future by the present; those little twins turned out to be the blessing, the joy, the pride of my dear mother's whole life. If ever two women nobly fulfilled every condition of life in which they were placed, they did; but I suppose to praise one's own relations is not considered the right thing.

In the winter of 1841, Tom Lister, husband of my aunt,

Lady Theresa, died at Kent House, the much-believed-in family doctor, Ferguson, having repeatedly assured every one that though his lungs were severely attacked he would get well. I cannot remember him personally at all, though his memory clung about my youth with that feeling of awe and mystery that children have about death, from my mother having told me that he died in the large dining-room at Kent House, behind a huge screen always in this room where we used to play so much with our cousins. I wondered why he died in the dining-room, the obvious reason being that the room was large and airy and on the ground floor.

My aunt bore her husband's death with a kind of rebellious courage, and quickly said to my mother that she should certainly marry again, but this she did not do for three years. Her youngest child, a daughter, was born on the Christmas day after her husband's death. This daughter married Mr. Algernon Borthwick, afterwards Sir Algernon, and eventually Lord Glenesk. This letter of Aunt Theresa's expresses the defence, which lingered on in my day, of two evils that I am glad to say have almost entirely disappeared. One was the rich bribing the poor mothers to leave their own children to nurse those of a better class; the other, a plausible defence of child, almost infant, labour.

From Theresa Lister to Elizabeth Villiers

Grove Mill House.

My dearest Elizabeth,—Though I hardly ever write a line to any one now-a-days, I cannot resist scribbling a word or two to say how glad I am that you think your visit to the Grove was on the whole beneficial to you physically, for I really felt the full moral advantage which you and dear Neddums could not fail to afford me. I thought it most kind of you both to come to cheer me. I do my best not to make others the victim to those variations in feeling which render life at times so irksome to myself that the loss of happiness seems almost more than I can bear, and there is nothing does me so much good and seems so soothing and supporting as the kindness and companionship of my dear brothers and sisters. I do not think Alice¹ has

¹ The baby.

suffered from poor Emma's¹ distress, unless it is by being I suppose a little excited, for last night she would insist upon talking and playing instead of sleeping or letting Emma sleep. There is, I am happy to say, no reason to suppose that Emma's child was in any way neglected; it is the second she has lost; she thinks this was just in the same state. It is always sad to think of the miseries that poverty brings, and of course one would much rather that everybody should be able to have a comfortable home with means to maintain themselves, and bring up their children without the pain of separation, and so one wishes that the poor little factory children could go to school and be fed and clothed without being exposed to unwholesome labour and contamination of vice—but the manufacturer who rescues the children from certain starvation, even to uncertain disease or death, should not be accused of bribing parents to sacrifice their children, and to help the philanthropic plans to prevent their employment is but condemning them to starvation. 'My poverty not my will' makes the hard lot of many an infant, and the choice of hardship must often be appalling to the best intentioned parent amongst the poor. My poor nurse's case, had she not done the only thing under existing circumstances she could have recourse to, both she and her two children would probably have been starved with cold, insufficient food and clothing, before the winter was out. She had been confined three weeks when she came to me in debt for rent, no power to buy coals to keep themselves warm, even her flannel petticoat in pawn and no means of feeding herself properly in order to nurse the child. When one thinks how people in our own rank of life unhesitatingly give up the care of their children that for their good they may make competence, wealth and accept appointments which are incompatible with the well-being of their children, how can we blame the poor whose choice is between destitution and maintenance?

¹ The wet-nurse.

CHAPTER VI

MY FATHER'S ILLNESS AND DEATH

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return
Or climb his knee the envied kiss to share.

GRAY.

The Faith that is watered by our bitterest tears is destined in the end to smile through them. For sorrows are the travail pains of eternal life in the soul.—LADY EASTLAKE.

My father's brother Algy gave his family considerable anxiety and trouble. Of all the brothers he was the least at home and was apparently the least satisfactory. His mother put him in the navy when he was quite young, and in those days they went straight to sea, where boys were supposed to be more out of mischief than on land. He was the only one of her sons who got into money troubles, but they were greatly owing to circumstances, and all his youthful peccadilloes were certainly wiped out by his early death in 1843, at the age of twenty-six. He was first on board the ship commanded by Captain¹ Lyons, whom my father had known so well and had sailed with before going to Constantinople in 1829—and this is how his commanding officer writes of Algy :—

From Captain Lyons to Edward Villiers

February 1st.

My dear Villiers,—Pray write by return of post and tell me all about your transatlantic views, and depend upon my throwing your letter in the fire and holding my tongue. Tell me also

¹ Afterwards Sir Edmund Lyons.

anything you think it desirable for me to know about Algy, and assure Mrs. Villiers I am really very much obliged to her for the description of his character. I never saw a youth who seemed to possess more than he does all that a Captain must wish to see in a young officer for whose future career he feels great interest and some responsibility. God bless you, my dear fellow.

E. Lyons.

My mother took great interest in Algy, as the youngest of her brothers-in-law, and being accustomed to extravagant brothers of her own, she took his part to a certain extent. This affectionate letter was written to him by her :—

Elizabeth Villiers to Algernon Villiers

45 Cambridge Terrace, February 1840.

My dearest Algy,—It is a great shame in me not to have acknowledged your last letter, which really gave me most lively satisfaction, for it was very affectionate and I had shared your feeling and been very much afraid that you were permanently annoyed at the letter I wrote on your departure, and would never like me half so well as the rest of your sisters-in-law, especially Amelia, of whom I may well be jealous, as she is a very dear nice creature. The Montagues¹ have been in town for the last ten days and we had some quiet cosies together, which I always enjoy, for they both suit me uncommonly well. I think it quite wonderful the way in which Montague's intellect has developed itself, and only shows what real piety will do for a man. I do not believe any motive short of the love of God would have spurred Montague to great exertion. I believe he would have been a commonplace individual in any profession but the Church, and now I think him very superior and well deserving the highest esteem which I am happy to say he receives at all hands. He is just as fat and merry as ever, Amelia still thin and delicate, but not I hope unhealthy, but, like myself, cannot stand much bustle and soon knocks up; their boy, Harry, is very nice but less fat and sturdy than he was. Our little man, Ernest, is now the flower of the flock in point of size and vigor. Your mother and Theresa laugh at him and call him very hideous, but I am nothing discomfited and expect him to turn out a very fine fellow. Theresa (our little girl) is

¹ Mr. and Mrs. Montague Villiers.

grown quite fat and strong now ; living at Grove Mill for four months did her all the good imaginable, and there is no longer any cause for anxiety respecting her, which is a great comfort. Edward, too, is very tolerably well, ailments now and then, and so have I, but nothing important. So much for the bulletin of health which, at the distance you are from us, becomes important, dear Algy. We both grieve over your suffering from asthma ; is the respirator of any use ? Speaking of that puts me in mind of Taylor, Edward's friend, you know he was married to Theodosia Spring Rice the 17th of October last ; *she* is a joyous pretty-faced pleasant little girl. You will have heard of all the good luck that has befallen us, but as I am sure praise of Edward, or anything that contributes to his happiness and fair fame will be full of interest to you I shall not fear giving details. We received the first letters offering him the appointment on December 27th ; very kind friendly letters from Lord John and Lord Lansdowne, a complete surprise ; as you may guess we jumped at the offer with the greatest delight, and shall always bless dear little Johnny for having relieved my husband from that other odious office. Edward was gazetted as third Commissioner of the Emigration Board on the 16th of January, and has been working regularly at the office ever since. The work is arduous, he goes down by eleven and does not get away till six, but it is most interesting ; he is saying every day how he delights in the occupation, and if, please God, he only keeps his health to enable him to continue it, we shall be most satisfied and thankful, but he has a good deal to struggle against in this respect, though with care and a good management I am not afraid of his knocking up. Well, the salary is a thousand a year, but of course we have not touched any of it yet, and it began with an outlay of eighty-six pounds for stamps and fees. Frederick Elliot and Edward are immense friends, and get on beautifully together, and in the Colonial Office, of which the Emigration Board is a Department, there are Lord John and Stephen and Taylor, all Edward's friends, so I think he has been very lucky, don't you ? Then his article in the *Edinburgh Review*, entitled ' Lord Roden and his Committee,' (mind you read it) came out in the very nick of time, just when people would be saying, ' And who is Edward Villiers, pray, what has he done ? ' I cannot tell you how well satisfied we all are with the success of the thing, and far beyond Edward's own expectations, for you know he is always disposed to underrate himself, and even beyond mine, though I knew the thing was very good ; but I will tell you two or three little anecdotes

which will prove to you how successful the Article has been. The very day the January number of the *Edinburgh* came out there was a Cabinet dinner, George there, he knew of Edward's Article, but had not read it; 1st thing, in came Macaulay and said he had been reading a most able and conclusive article on Ireland. He thought it masterly, and Lord Holland, who came in at dinner, said, not knowing that Macaulay had mentioned it, that he and Allen had read it and that it was most complete. 'Normanby,' said he, 'you have indeed found an able defender.' George¹ longed to say it was his brother's, but did not, as he had not read it himself and was not sure Edward would like it, and he read it afterwards and was delighted with it himself. The Normanbys themselves and the secretary, Colonel York, all well acquainted with the subject in all its bearings, were puzzled about the author, because they all agreed it must be written by some one with perfect local knowledge. Now Edward, you know, was never in Ireland in his life. Another thing Taylor told me was that Dudley Percival, a clever man but red-hot Tory, had said when some one was sneering at Lord Normanby and his Irish Government, 'Well, I should have joined in that sneer a short time ago but I own the Article in the *Edinburgh* has made a convert of me, it appears to me unanswerable.' Goodbye, dear boy, write to me whenever the spirit moves you.

This letter to Algy gives a better account than any other I have found of the two events which my mother always described to me as giving her more pleasure than anything else of the kind in her married life, so true is it that nothing gives a woman so much satisfaction as the success of her man. My mother thought that the appointment to the newly established Board of Emigration would suit my father far better than the post he held before, but the work was very hard, and going down to the docks in all weathers to see the poor emigrants off tried him dreadfully. The successful article defending his brother-in-law Normanby's policy in Ireland, instead of pleasing them, rather annoyed the Normanbys, the defence coming from a poor relation was not acceptable, the very success of the article roused a feeling of jealousy. At the same time that my mother was writing this last letter, Algy was making

¹ George Villiers.

up his mind to confess to his brother the trouble he had got into. He writes from Callao in South America, January 1840.

Algernon Villiers to Edward Villiers

My dear Edward,—I hope I shall be able to get an appointment to another ship on this station ; the fact is it will be impossible for me to leave this at present. I will be candid and open with you and tell you why I cannot, but I must beg you will not mention it to my mother or any one else but Theresa,¹ from whom as you know I never conceal anything. You must have seen in some of my letters that my journey overland and my expenses on being promoted and joining a gunroom mess cost me upwards of £250, which I had to borrow from a merchant at the usual interest of one per cent. the month, as I had not a farthing except £50, which was given me for my journey, and £50 allowance which was to last me till April 1839. My expenses on the road during fifteen days paying escort, etc., cost me £10, so when I arrived at Mendoza I had no money and was obliged to get money from a merchant there to pay my guide £10 as well as my expenses during the four months I was there and my journey to Chili. In Chili I was obliged to get money to pay my expenses during the time I was there and my journey to and from Valparaiso, which alone, from my being sick, cost me £20, and for my uniform on my leaving to join my ship in March I was obliged to draw upon my year's allowance of £100, which did not begin till April, to pay part of what I owed. In August I was obliged to draw for £50 of the next year's allowance, the consequence of which is that I have only got thicker in the mire. Now comes the worst part of my story, and though I feel very much ashamed of myself, I cannot say I so very much regret it, as it has been a warning to me which I shall never forget as long as I live. When we arrived here last August some of my messmates made practice of going to a gambling table on shore, where they won a great deal of money ; I was tempted to try my luck, lost, and, of course, tried to win it back, and ended by losing a very very large sum, £100 ; this I managed to borrow, and pledged my word to my Captain and messmates *never* to play again, and I never will. I am afraid your opinion of me will be worse than it was, after reading this, but after duly considering it, I have thought it best to tell you the whole truth. Now the only way I can think of getting out of the scrape is to ask my agent to lend me the money at the usual interest, 5 per cent.,

¹ His sister.

or if you would ask George to lend me on the same terms. I dare not do so, for he might think I wanted him to give it me, which is just what I do not want, because I think I ought to suffer for my own folly, but paying more than £30 a year interest is what I cannot do. The sum I want to borrow is £250, and then I should be clear. Now there is one more thing I wish to mention, and I hope if you see no objection, you or Theresa will do it. I find my allowance, £100 a year, which was to begin after I left England a year, far too little for me, and at my age all my brothers, I am sure, had more than double. Now I wish you would mention it to my mother. I don't like to do so, nor do I think my doing so would be of any use, but your mentioning it would be sufficient I should think. I hope and trust, my dear Edward, you will excuse my having troubled you with this long story, and do all in your power, after consulting with Theresa, to assist me.

Evidently, poor fellow, his health was beginning to fail, as he speaks in another letter of suffering from asthma and a painful swelling in his side. Early in 1843 he arrived home very ill, and my father sent the following note from the office to my mother.

Edward Villiers to Elizabeth Villiers

My dearest Elizabeth,—I find I am the only one who can go to meet Algy, and so I think it but right. He is clearly dangerously ill, and he ought not to come up alone—I mean without a relation. He will be at Taunton or Bristol to-night and I hope to be up to-morrow, so it will be only one night away from my dearest. I go at two and shall be back with you to-day at one to get my things. I am sure this is right; do not think, my dearest, of coming with me for one moment.

This was the beginning of the end for both the brothers. My mother always believed that my father contracted the disease from Algy, who died in the following June, and my father died in October. This, however, was not entirely confirmed by the examination after his death, though it might have helped to cause the sudden acceleration of the disease, of which there were older traces.

Soon after Algy's death my father became alarmingly ill, and the doctors woke up to the fact that his symptoms were undoubtedly those of what was then called pulmonary

consumption. They sent him to Tunbridge Wells in August, and my mother, for the first time, was separated from her children; my brother and I went with my grandmother and Aunt Theresa to Dover; the baby twins went to Percy's Cross and, after my parents left for abroad, to Ravensworth Castle with their maternal grandmother.

When we were at Dover my Aunt Theresa's boy, Villiers Lister, who was about twelve years of age at the time, was very kind to me. He wrote to my mother a delightful boy's letter, describing the events of the nursery, bathing, going in a boat, &c., and finishes up with this postscript: 'Please will you let Theresa drink ale, for she has tasted it and likes it very much.' 'Likes' underlined seven times. My mother thought afterwards that the principle of allowing children to eat and drink anything they liked, and the absence of her watchful care were the cause of my being so very ill on the journey to Nice.

In September my parents returned to London, and it was decided, after long family and medical consultation, they were to go to the south of France. Oh, the useless journeys poor invalids are sent, to bury their bones in foreign lands! My mother begged that her two elder children might go with them. I remember the journey vaguely; a travelling carriage was provided, and a maid of my mother's, a devoted little creature of whom my father was very fond, a doctor, and the invariable courier made up the party. The carriage went on the steamer and we all sat in it. The railway was finished between Calais and Paris, but no farther, and the carriage was placed on a truck of the train, according to the usual method of those times.

The tale of the next two months is best told by extracts from my mother's letters to her mother. In the early days of September, after they got back from Tunbridge Wells to Rutland Gate, she wrote:—

I am quite a different creature, so much happier and more hopeful and we are so delighted to go and so confident it is the best thing that if you could see us, dearest, you would be quite cheered.

All the family on both sides came forward most generously with kind presents of money, and it was decided that a doctor very highly recommended by Sir James Clark, named Bell, should be taken. My father said, when Lady Ravensworth sent an extra present of money, 'Well now, this is given to leave no means untried that can save my life, and therefore I am sure we cannot fulfil your dear mother's intentions better than by taking an experienced physician who has Clark's instructions and will watch my daily symptoms and become complete master of my case.' So, though we had told Dr. Bell himself only the day before that we could not positively afford to take him, Mrs. George Villiers went off the next morning to secure him.

Everyone is so kind; Charles Greville, who passes for a worldly selfish man, tried all he could to persuade us to take his carriage abroad, a *charmeuse* of so luxurious a character that Lord Granville and Lord Carlisle borrow it on extreme occasions to move about. Poor Charles Greville offered it to us with all the kindness of zeal possible—declared it would only oblige him if he could be of any use, but of course we would not avail ourselves of the offer.

On September 29 she writes from Avignon :—

My sweetest Mother,—Lest I should forget Edward's messages, I well begin with them. He often speaks of you with such tenderness, and yesterday when I said I must write to you he burst into expressions of affection and said, tell her I love her, I love her passionately. Dr. Bell, whom we long ago discovered to be a great fool and without a particle of resource or character, has done excessively ill and forfeited our confidence completely. In short, if I were troubled with timidity, or the woeful indecision he has shown, the consequences might have been most serious.

She goes on to describe how Dr. Bell refused to alter his treatment, though the symptoms daily grew worse.

At last, really alarmed and out of patience, I marched into his room and said, 'Now, Dr. Bell, I don't choose to have my husband's health trifled with, this is no moment for forms and

ceremonies, and I tell you plainly, as you don't choose to act I shall, my husband shall take Dr. Ferguson's prescription immediately.' Much more passed. I showed him plainly that I despised him. I said, 'If I thought I were bitten by a mad dog, Dr. Bell, I should act as if I were.' 'Of course, of course,' said he. 'No, Dr. Bell,' said I, 'I believe you would stand thinking over it till you went mad.' He made no answer. Edward took the medicine with Dr. Bell's perfect concurrence and approval, and the result was most satisfactory, and his pulse at half-past four in the morning was soft and regular and only 73 per minute. Dr. Bell, however, insisted on going back to his own treatment. He insisted, and I did not feel justified in disputing that he had any medical skill, so poor dear Edward, against his will, because I said do so, swallowed his medicine instead of Dr. Ferguson's. He slept well till half-past four in spite of a tremendous gale of wind, which together with my anxieties kept me very wakeful, but then in the morning his skin was most unusually hot and dry and his pulse very intermittent. You may judge of my indignation against Bell. I hardly knew how to sit at the table with the man. There is my dearest Edward confined to his bed and only allowed beef tea and arrowroot. I don't dispute the necessity of every precaution, better late than never, but if that idiot Bell had allowed us to act as commonsense suggested, all this might have been avoided and we on the road to Nice to-morrow—as it is I dare not stir till Edward is better. I trust and believe he will do well if we continue with Dr. Ferguson's remedies and none of Dr. Bell's, but is it not a shame in the man, when he is paid so highly to take care of us to do so much mischief? However, if he had been very clever and successful, we should have parted with him with regret, now I shall beg Edward to dismiss him directly we get to Nice. He is the most inefficient old woman I ever came across in my life. Our voyage on the Rhone was less prosperous than that on the Saône. We did well the first day, when we had our carriage, but the second day we had sent the carriage and courier by land and proceeded ourselves by water, to avoid the dust. After a long fatiguing day, when Edward was obliged to sit in the crowded cabin all day long, we struck aground just short of Avignon at seven o'clock. Poor Edward was in despair, it seemed as much as his life was worth, to sit bolt upright all through the night in that noisy place, one minute so suffocatingly hot and stinking with food, another with the cold night blast blowing hard let in upon us. The Captain was a brute. I

appealed to him with clasped hands and streaming eyes for *un coin, un petit trou seulement pour mon mari*. I told him how ill he was and that he could not bear the atmosphere of that cabin, but the monster would not listen to me and flew into a rage and was very rude to me and to a kind Frenchman who took my part. At last I heard the engineer was English, so away I went across the deck with my French friend and persuaded the man and his wife to give up their berths. As soon as that was settled, I got all his things, blankets, sheets and pillows, made him a comfortable bed, got him down to it, being dead tired he soon dropt asleep and did very well, considering. I lay at his side without undressing entirely, and the poor children fared as they could in the great cabin on a mattress. They slept and got no harm. I was up before six and got eggs and bread and boiling water for the arrowroot from the good English people, and breakfasted my poor chicks when no one else got anything. Of course I paid them handsomely, and they were as pleased as we were. When we arrived here, Nicholas (the courier) told us the dust on the road had been dreadful, that would have done dear Edward more harm than the vessel.

There is no letter that I can find which describes the arrival at Nice. We stayed a few days at an hotel, and then we moved up to a charming house called Maison Nicolas, two miles out of the town on the road to Cimiez, where we subsequently spent several other winters. It stood amongst vineyards and olive yards, and had a glorious view over the town to the blue sea, and on the west hills, that faded away into the Cap d'Antibes and the shadowy blue Estrelles in the extreme distance. I always liked to think my father's last view on earth was so beautiful. But in spite of the change and gloriously fine weather he grew rapidly worse, and the Henry Taylors arrived just before the end, having decided when they left England to join my parents when they thought they could be of use.

Death came on the 30th of October. My father left instructions that there should be a post-mortem examination and a written account of the same, with the idea that it might be useful to his children and other members of his family. This was done, and contrary to what had been his

expectations, all his organs were healthy except his lungs, which showed the fact that he had long been a victim to acute tuberculosis. He believed that all his abdominal organs would prove diseased. This was not at all the case; his digestive troubles were clearly functional, and would probably have been much relieved by systematic and careful dieting—a system my mother and all her family had the greatest objection to; they liked excellent food and lots of medicine to correct the evil results. My father touchingly adds that he hopes the fact of his premature death will point out the extent of his real sufferings and free him from the charge of hypochondriasis to which he may have appeared partly liable; he adds:

As God is my witness in this solemn hour I cannot recollect a day's health but many, the majority, where I have borne up against an amount of suffering, *i.e.* pain and distress which the habitually healthy would have given way under. All this will matter little, God knows, when it is read, but it is a sort of satisfaction to me now to think that justice will be done me. I know I have not been as weak a victim to any sensations as has been supposed. I could not otherwise have gone on with my office.

His other written direction was that he should be buried with the utmost economy, and that if possible his should be a walking funeral to save expense. He concludes with these touching words:

I have also expressed a hope that my dearest, best-beloved wife may not so far miscalculate her nervous and physical strength as to think of attending it.

The direction of everything after my death rests with her, I would not for the world guide her.

He also begged her to bring up the children 'in an enlarged religion,' and this I can honestly say she never forgot, and carried out to the very best of her powers.

I was only seven years and a half old at the time of his death, but I remember the funeral quite well. My mother, brother and I stood at the window; the rain they had

prayed for to relieve his sufferings never fell till the day he was buried, and then it came down in almost tropical torrents and rattled on the humble black coffin in the path below the window as the men raised it to their shoulders, when it passed quickly out of our sight under the beautiful big orange trees that filled the garden. He was buried in the old cemetery at Nice, and Henry Taylor and, I believe, Aubrey de Vere followed him to his grave. Later on the spot was marked by a white marble cross, which was then quite unusual in a Protestant cemetery.

And so the father that was no more passed into our lives as a guide and help which influenced our whole childhood, and my baby sisters wondered why other children with their fathers on earth were taught to say 'Our Father which art in Heaven.'

Lady Taylor's letter to her own sister gives more fully and freely the account of her last phase of the tragedy than the letters to my father's family about his death.

Mrs. Henry Taylor to her Sister, Mrs. Marshall

November 9, 1843.

We found at once on our arrival here on Thursday the 26th that all hope of recovery, or even of delay, was at an end, and that it was only a question of hours and days. She had been up with him for six nights and was very grateful to have some assistance in her nursing of him, for though she had kept up wonderfully, she could not help fearing that such unnatural strength must fail her at last. Henry saw him that evening and said he was much comforted by what he saw, that he was evidently easy and composed in mind and, though fully aware of his situation, not agitated by it. On Thursday night Edward Villiers was taken much more ill, and indeed at one time was as nearly gone as possible, and on Friday afternoon he wished to receive the Sacrament, and Henry and I and his wife took it also with him. He remained sensible the whole time, and when it was over gave one of his sweet smiles and said he was very comfortable and happy. Friday night we both sat up with him (the nurses were worse than good-for-nothing) and the former part of the night he was desperately ill, in an agony of pain and in a kind of nervous tremor which it was dreadful to

witness, but he was always himself, and spoke even very kindly to me, giving me his blessing and sending it to 'his dearest friend Henry Taylor,' thanking us for coming to him and saying that Henry's friendship had been one of the greatest dreams of his life.

At all times, to the very last, he knew his wife and liked to have her hand in his and to hear her pray and read; once he said to her, 'Here I stand beside you and am wholly yours for time and eternity.' He was quite aware how near he was to his end, and on Sunday morning he raised himself up in bed, with almost supernatural strength lifted his clasped hands and in presence of his wife, me and the Doctor made the most glorious confession of his full and happy faith in the Atonement and of his own share in it. 'I go,' he said, 'to meet my Redeemer and at the foot of His cross I pray that I may meet all I have loved on earth.' He then prayed for each of his friends and relations, sitting up for a full quarter of an hour and then sank back and said, 'It is all over, now I wish to be left alone with my God.' During Sunday no change came, but at three o'clock on Monday morning he expired. He had been insensible for some hours, she sitting by him with her hand upon his pulse, till it had ceased to beat, when she stooped down and kissed him and went into her own room to bed. From first to last there has been nothing violent in her grief (except at least at the very first). There is no bitterness in her, no repining, she has always been able to say in her worst agony, 'Blessed be the name of the Lord.' She talks of him incessantly, dwelling upon every particular, their first meeting, their separation, their love-letters, which she knows by heart, their happy little first home, their first baby, and all the changes small and great, which have come to them in their eight years of marriage. But she takes interest in other people and other things, rejoices with me in the improvement in my husband's health, as freely as if her husband were in the next room, and indeed I sometimes think that she is not yet at the worst of her trouble, that she scarcely realises her loss, and she so often says 'Edward says.'

Mrs. Edward sleeps in the room in which he died, and there is no association connected with him which she cannot welcome to her heart and feel it to be good for her to cherish.

She is more childlike in her nature than any woman that I have ever met, and I have often comforted myself during the last fortnight with the lines by which Wordsworth introduces his account of the recovery of such a nature out of affliction:—

But innocence is strong
 And an entire simplicity of heart
 A thing most sacred in the eye of Heaven.

I verily believe that her strength and innocence and simplicity will lighten her heart before long and give her a happy issue out of all her afflictions. As to bodily health, she is really more free from indisposition than we have often known her to be, though her thinness is extreme. I saw Dr. Travis yesterday and asked him particularly about the state of health in which he found her, telling him how much she had suffered in health for many years past, and he said she seemed a delicate person but he did not find anything amiss with her at present. This was very satisfactory to us, because we really see reason to place much confidence in Dr. Travis.

This letter to her father which follows is evidently the first she addressed to her own family.

Letter from Mother, about Father's death, to her Father Lord Ravensworth

Nice, November 1, 1843.

My beloved Father,—I will not write yet to my poor mother ; I well know what she will suffer on my account. Let Georgey and Carry read this and the enclosed, and prepare my mother gently for its contents. *She must not be shocked*, and the tenderest feelings can support themselves if tenderly and not abruptly dealt with. You are growing old, my dear Parents, and to have had a virtuous loving Christian son summoned to the skies before you is no bitter grief. But I ! Oh, my Father ! I will not torture any of your kind affectionate hearts by attempting to describe the mortal agony I have and do endure, or the many aggravations that have accompanied my sore trial ! Better dwell on the mercies vouchsafed. For nine days and nights consecutively I never left him, not to snatch a breath of fresh air, and not to eat my meals without interruption—my strength of body and mind never flagged then. The last three nights I never went to bed, only flung myself down for a chance snatch of sleep which was very shortly interrupted by some crying want of his. Poor little Mrs. Taylor and my nice little maid sat up equally with me for the three last nights, but there were things which no hand but mine could perform and they might arise at any moment. Moreover in the wanderings of sleep caused by con-

stant opiates he was not always quite himself (though the intellect was in bursts quite marvellously clear to the very last) and my voice never failed to be recognised or my directions followed, though wandering he missed me, if I left hold of his hand. Of course at last bodily exhaustion got the better of me and deadened feelings, and then I sought refreshment in food or sleep and got it. His death, physically speaking, was a very hard one, the most wonderful tenacity of life, considering the large amount of disease one can imagine—three times he passed through the valley of the shadow of death and recovered to die again. Mrs. Taylor was incorrect in stating that there was no suffering—far, far otherwise; at the time it did seem hard, and fervently did I pray that he might be released. He bid me do so. Edward begged me to pray that he might be taken from me, and I did it! But when it pleased God to restore him, and his pure spirit as if inspired blazed forth in the most fervent Christian assertions of his faith in Christ—when his dear face beamed with holy love and he stretched forth his clasped hands to Heaven saying ‘I lay myself prostrate at the foot of the Cross and humbly hope to be accepted—I do not presume to make distinctions and say I believe this and not that, but lay hold of the Cross.’ And at other intervals these expressions which I took down at the moment, ‘Yes, I am happy and hope this evening to be received into the mansions of the blessed.’ ‘I stand by you completely, dearest, for ever!’ ‘Tell all my family down to the very last how I think of them—Oh! God, how I have loved them.’ Again, ‘Are you comfortable, dearest?’ ‘Very, so comfortable, and all owing to you!’ Another time he said, ‘Kiss me.’ And I scratched down hastily, ‘Oh! my God, I thank Thee that Thou hast spared me the agony of a painful parting. Close his eyes in peace, my Father, and take his spirit to Thyself.’ The last six hours were passed in a death slumber into which I had used all means to soothe him. My hand was on his pulse when it ceased to beat, and not a groan or a struggle escaped. Dear Father, if I fail not of attaining to Heaven (as I humbly trust I shall not be permitted so to do) I shall confidently expect to be re-united to my dearest, gentlest, best-loved Edward. Consider what the man’s natural temperament was,—that Johnson or even Cowper were scarcely afflicted with greater despondency, and I am sure you will acknowledge that a special mercy was vouchsafed to me in his being so wonderfully supported at his dying hour. It does me good to write this—for, God forgive me, it is the very first acknowledgment I have made of his

goodness and mercy towards me !—I have been so crushed I could neither hope nor pray. The rainy season has fully set in ; torrents falling, and I on the top of a hill in the rooms he occupied ; three lying together, good rooms, but the two bedrooms only to be got at through the sitting-room—so I sat and slept close to his remains ! The funeral, thirty hours only after the decease. I saw the simple bare wooden coffin carried out. At home I have always thought this rapid transition from warm life to the cold grave a most fearful aggravation ; beforehand, I should have dreaded it extremely, yet I do assure you that such was my suffering of mind that Time was apart ; it was no aggravation whatever, and a good week seemed to me to have elapsed, and when I alluded to the event I could not remember or persuade myself that but a few hours had gone over my head since I had lost him. While he was with me my energies never flagged, and I miscalculated my strength. I thought to remain here for the winter, and I now fear it is impossible. I pine to see his family, his poor mother especially. I have written to Lord Clarendon for his advice, and think I shall return home at once. The journey does not appal me in the least except for little Theresa's health, which is much below par, but then she could not thrive alone here with me. It is quite enough to give the poor chicks epilepsy to see my bursts of grief, and yet nature must have her way, I cannot attempt to control them. Moreover my affairs would be some occupation, and the sooner settled the better. They are not very complicated, nor I trust will my poverty be extreme ; I expect to have rather better than £1000 a year and no incumbrances whatever. But this is calculating on £400 a year for Rutland Gate, which of course must be let and would fetch that. I promised him solemnly to do my very best to live independently, and carry out his own views in such matters, and not be a burden to any kind relatives. The children are young now, and for the next six years I might live very cheaply in the country. Let my sisters see this, and tell dear Minnie her letter about R. Phipps arrived very opportunely. I read it to him and he expressed great pleasure from it. I am so very glad my sweet babies thrive and are beloved by you all. I do think them pretty, interesting things ! I hope my dear mother will see to their being put into proper mourning, and their two nurses also. Many people here are most kind and serviceable.

Your affectionate child,

Libbet.

A letter of Mrs. Edward Villiers to her mother, Lady Ravensworth, written from Nice about two months after her husband's death. A wonderful human study of sorrow :—

I am sorry to have vexed you, dearest, but the real truth is I exerted myself very much through all my trouble to act a Christian's part, and to prove to myself and others that I was content to endure all things in this life—to renounce it altogether and place my heart and hopes above, where disappointment and sorrow cannot reach us! Instead of adding to yours and his family's sorrow I certainly said and did all I could to reconcile you to the affliction it pleased God to send us, and to make you feel with me that that which we miscall 'to die' means but 'to *live* for evermore.' I do not flinch from this now. I hope in time to enjoy more of the peace of God which passeth understanding, than I have ever yet done,—but then it must be by living above the world, and not by loving and clinging to that which is in it. I am quiet and resigned, but how could I, a month after I had buried Edward, be looking joyously forward to seeing my babies? They might both die before I ever saw them again—if they are spared, dear pets, there is no fear whatever of my not loving them enough, but when I think of them it is in his arms, receiving his last blessing. When I think of coming back I remember I have no home on earth, and cannot now see when or where I am to make one for myself. Still, I do not repine, or feel it is at all more than I can bear patiently, and at times cheerfully, but if I always made the best of everything in my letters, and you heard through Anne¹ and Thomas² how much I did, and what good spirits even I enjoyed at times, I thought you might think I was feeling less and recovering quicker and more completely than it is in my nature to do. When I feel dreary and desolate, I can think of Christ's sufferings upon earth, where no human being ever could sympathise with him or afford him consolation. When I feel houseless and poor, I can also remember that the Son of God had not where to lay His head, and in proportion as my mind is imbued with religious principles I feel strong and almost cheerful, and think 'What can it matter, when all things come so soon to an end?' But then at other times, such impressions will be faint, and while one is in the world it is but human to be of it, and then my lonely

¹ Her sister, Lady Williamson.

² Her brother, Thomas Liddell.

position and arduous duties will come painfully before me, and intense depression take hold of me. You encourage me now, dearest mother, to speak of feelings in your letter of to-day, but at first you only begged me 'to wait until I could write calmly.' Certainly letters often upset me exceedingly, it is painful to me very often to write at all. I don't know that it is wise to pour out one's feelings (which are sure to be more or less passing) on paper, one is very liable to misapprehension—but certainly my own idea is that I have struggled wonderfully with my sorrow, and been supported beyond what I could have expected, so when you wrote to Anne¹ of its being wrong to make an idol of any earthly object, and of no grief but sin being permanent, and rather depreciating the amount of my despair, I felt hurt and disheartened, for I felt you looked for more in me than I could practise. Dear Minnie² tells me very wisely to be prepared when I come back for others having recovered from their grief in a great degree, while mine will be in a great measure renewed by returning to the scenes of my wedded happiness. I am quite prepared for this; it was amongst my strongest reasons for wishing to get back at once, when we should all feel together and strive to comfort each other—as it is I have had no sympathy except my letters, which have been invaluable. Dear Anne is the greatest comfort to me, and gives all she can, but that it is not in her power to give. I have no picture of him—not one of his letters to me, nothing to remind me of him but the things we used together, consequently when I come back to his dear love letters and Brocke's picture, I shall feel for a time to be re-united to him again. I dare say my mind will be more than ever engrossed by him—but give me time, sweet mother, wait till a year or two goes by. Let me mourn for him as long as I wear the garb of woe, and I dare say all the rest will come right. I don't believe there is anything hard in my nature, but at times I do feel as if I had loved out all my love, and mourned out all my capacity for sorrow. As for the dear infants, it is just the perfect security I have of their being better cared for than I could care for them that leaves me no room for anxiety about them. I dare say if they were brought into the room I should go into fits of crying, and then never have them off my lap, which would not be indifference, but now when my thoughts are away, they are with him, in past scenes, or prayers to be vouchsafed that measure of grace and sanctity which may make

¹ Her sister, Lady Williamson.

² Her sister, Lady Normanby.

me worthy to meet him hereafter. I meant to write kindly and cheerfully, but I fear I have not succeeded. Dearest, at any rate believe me your affectionate though afflicted child.

Maison Nicolas, Nice, November 6, 1843.

My own dear Mother,—The best and only consolation I can afford you is that my health does not seem likely to suffer materially from the heavy calamity with which it has pleased God to afflict me. . . .

Does it not make you indignant to remember that all last summer when the dear angel felt but too surely that death had marked him for his own, his cruel sufferings of mind and body were to be aggravated by the physicians stoutly denying the existence of any disease in the lungs, and Ferguson propagating that he was killing himself by his own nervous sensations! At that very moment deep seated and long standing disease of the lungs had all but run its course, and no human power could have saved him. I have the surgeon's report after the post-mortem examination, and the sole disease of my darling Edward's life was consumption.

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His strength was surprising to the end, and I have the melancholy satisfaction of knowing that his precious life was prolonged to the latest hour. I blame no doctors for not discovering his disease. God in his mercy blinded their eyes as well as ours. Edward never had cough or shortness of breathing, or any affection of the chest that he knew of till his last illness, but I do blame the doctors' presumption and blind confidence in that most useless instrument the stethoscope, which they pretend discovers the state of the lungs to them with the same precision as if they saw them. That is the most monstrous fallacy, for in July, after Edward had been ill for three weeks, and when he was skin and bone, Sir James Clark, after the most complete and accurate skin examination of the whole chest and body in his own study, told me 'there was nothing to be alarmed about, and Mr. Villiers' looks were the worst part about him.' Ferguson, a year and a half ago, when Edward was beginning to decline in health and I directed his particular attention to his lungs, dismissed Edward with 'Nothing the matter with your lungs, master Edward, and never will be.' How can one have faith in doctors? To the very last you know we all imagined that liver and deranged general health was the malady, and the

affection of the lungs but a consequence of the failure in various other organs.

During his life he consulted some eighteen or twenty of the first medical opinion in the world. Louis' opinions at Paris, you see was as fallacious as possible, and as for Bell, he persisted that no progress had been made in the disease of the lungs on the journey, but on the contrary, he professed himself delighted with the last examination, and made me indignant by exhausting my darling Edward's slight remaining strength, in order to proclaim what was clearly to me the most monstrous falsehood and mere mockery of one's woe. Dr. Travis here was quite of a different opinion, and entertained the most serious alarm for his life from the first moment he saw him. He was the greatest comfort to us, and my dear husband, at 7 o'clock on the Sunday evening, took his hand between his and blest him for his kindness with a faltering voice and in the tenderest and most touching manner. God be praised, we had every alleviation from him that medical skill could give. I am sorry to say Dr. Travis thinks ill of my darling Theresa.

Of course, dear, the greatest alleviation of my sad fate will be my dear children, and I consider that the care you are taking of my darling babies may affect their destinies and mine through life! Need I say that I am grateful. If you are willing to keep them I think I should be in no hurry to move them, even if I come home directly; I shall wish to do that, I think, but shall wait quietly for answers from Lord Clarendon to the letters I have written him.

Some may think it strange that I should revive and print these sad letters of long ago, but they are real and human, and anything that is that has to my mind a merit of its own. Many only flourish and grow in prosperity, but I do think Bacon was right when he wrote 'Virtue is like precious odours most fragrant when they are incensed and crushed.'

In life as in battle
 Dim is the rumour of a common fight;
 Then host meets host and many names are sunk.
 But in single combat Fame speaks clear.

It may be the affection which makes me prejudiced, but I do think my mother behaved so well and so bravely. Then my other reason is that I think our family history may be perhaps a little help and comfort to those who have lost a parent from consumption. My brother and sisters and myself have all reached old age, and our health has been better far than that of either of our parents.

In my youth one of the saddest features of tuberculosis was that it was supposed to be hereditary. I think we are a living proof to the correctness of the latest theory that nothing is hereditary except a certain inability to throw off the germ if caught. My mother was in advance of her time, and shared the belief of the inhabitants of those favoured southern climes that it was catching, as the illness was unknown on the shores of the Mediterranean until invalids poured in from the north in the early part of the nineteenth century. This story has repeated itself in the mountains of Switzerland since the placing of the sanatoriums there. My mother showed her belief in the infection by being most particular never to keep any one about us who showed any tuberculous symptoms. I think this a precaution often not attended to enough by young mothers. They are fond of the nurse or maid, and are loth to send her away, so they expose their children to danger which they would never dream of doing if the illness were scarlet fever or small-pox.

Some time at the end of the year 1843, my mother's brother Thomas Liddell and her sister Anne, Lady Williamson, came out to keep her company, and the Henry Taylors left for Italy. Lady Normanby had intended going to her but was prevented. Thomas Liddell only remained a short time, making some charming drawings which I have now. Lady Williamson, I think, remained the whole winter with her sister, all going home together.

In Sir Henry Taylor's Autobiography there is an account of their going to Nice at the time of my father's death. The poem which he wrote and sent to my mother on the first

anniversary is given below. After describing my father's last hours, he continues :—

The feelings immediately attending such an event do not always afford a true index of those which are to come when depression shall have succeeded to emotion. How it was with me I hardly know now, and the only record which remains is a poem, which expresses rather what I had lost than what I had felt. It has been published amongst my minor poems, but will be in its place here :—

IN REMEMBRANCE OF
THE HON. EDWARD ERNEST VILLIERS,

Who died at Nice, on the 30th October 1843.

I

A grace though melancholy, manly too,
Moulded his being : pensive, grave, serene.
O'er his habitual bearing and his mien
Unceasing pain, by patience temper'd, threw
A shade of sweet austerity. But seen
In happier hours and by the friendly few,
That curtain of the spirit was withdrawn,
And fancy light and playful as a fawn,
And reason imp'd with inquisition keen,
Knowledge long sought with ardour ever new,
And wit love-kindled, show'd in colours true
What genial joys with sufferings can consist.
Then did all sternness melt as melts a mist
Touch'd by the brightness of the golden dawn,
Aerial heights disclosing, valleys green,
And sunlights thrown the woodland tufts between,
And flowers and spangles of the dewy lawn.

II

And even the stranger, though he saw not these,
Saw what would not be willingly passed by.
In his deportment, even when cold and shy,
Was seen a clear collectedness and ease,
A simple grace and gentle dignity,
That fail'd not at the first accost to please ;
And as reserve relented by degrees,

So winning was his aspect and address,
His smile so rich in sad felicities,
Accordant to a voice which charm'd no less,
That who but saw him once remember'd long,
And some in whom such images are strong
Have hoarded the impression in their heart
Fancy's fond dream and Memory's joys among,
Like some loved relic of romantic song,
Or cherish'd masterpiece of ancient art.

III

His life was private ; safely led, aloof
From the loud world,—which yet he understood
Largely and justly, as no worldling could.
For he by privilege of his nature proof
Against false glitter, from beneath the roof
Of privacy, as from a cave, survey'd
With steadfast eye its flickering light and shade,
And wisely judged for evil and for good.
But whilst he mix'd not for his own behoof
In public strife, his spirit glow'd with zeal,
Not shorn of action, for the public weal,—
For truth and justice as its warp and woof,
For freedom as its signature and seal.
His life thus sacred from the world, discharged
From vain ambition and inordinate care,
In virtue exercised, by reverence rare
Lifted, and by humility enlarged,
Became a temple and a place of prayer.
In latter years he walked not singly there ;
For one was with him, ready at all hours
His griefs, his joys, his inmost thoughts to share.
Who buoyantly his burthens help'd to bear,
And deck'd his altars daily with fresh flowers.

IV

But farther may we pass not ; for the ground
Is holier than the Muse herself may tread ;
Nor would I it should echo to a sound
Less solemn than the service for the dead.
Mine is inferior matter,—my own loss,—
The loss of dear delights for ever fled,
Of reason's converse by affection fed,
Of wisdom, counsel, solace, that across
Life's dreariest tracts a tender radiance shed,

Friend of my youth ! though younger yet my guide,
 How much by thine unerring insight clear
 I shaped my way of life for many a year,
 What thoughtful friendship on thy deathbed died !
 Friend of my youth, whilst thou wast by my side
 Autumnal days still breathed a vernal breath ;
 How like a charm thy life to me supplied
 All waste and injury of time and tide,
 How like a disenchantment was thy death !

Years after this I was dining out somewhere in London, in the eighties, and I happened to sit next to Chief Justice Coleridge. We were talking politics, as I always did when it was possible, and happened to mention Uncle Charles Villiers, upon which he turned to me and said, ' You don't mean to say you are the daughter of that Edward Villiers who had the most beautiful memorial poem in our language written to his memory ? '

This conversation made me think how true is Sir Cornwall Lewis's saying that ' there is something particularly impressive in the reality of great excellence. Every example involves a general precept. But the lesson is enforced by the contemplation of high qualities in real persons subject like ourselves to the common infirmities of human nature.'

Apparently Lord Clarendon threw the weight of his opinion on the side of the doctor who advocated my mother remaining at Nice for the winter, largely on account of my health, which continued to cause anxiety.

All the family wrote to my mother constantly during this sad time. This description of her twin daughters must have been a comfort to her, and as far as my recollection goes, the characteristic mentioned by my aunt continued through their childhood.

From Lady Clarendon to Elizabeth Villiers

Grosvenor Crescent, March 27, 1844.

George and I went to Percy's Cross to see your dear little, I should say big, twins. Our first exclamation on seeing them

was that Lizzie was as tall as Constance,¹ so you may imagine what the effect of wonderful fine children they must have upon one, and certainly on examination one's wonder was not decreased, their arms are as firm as iron and so well filled out without being at all puddingy or fubsy. On the contrary, they have tall *élancé* figures, round and firm without too much fat, a thorough look of health about their skins and limbs, and as to beauty, they are both exceedingly pretty, lovely soft brown hair, nice complexions, good figures and delicate features. Edith² is perhaps the prettiest, though Lizzie³ is the finest child; they are much alike, but not sufficiently so to be inconvenient, which I think an advantage. They were as good as you could wish, and seemed nice-mannered gentle children; both George and I thought we traced a great look of dear Edward in them. We did not see any one but them and their nurse, for your mother and sister were out, and your father was undressed after the *levée*, and sent us word he could not come down to us, but I shall call again soon.

George tells me that he has written to you fully about the epitaph. I wish it was all settled to your satisfaction, for it is indeed a sad subject of thought and occupation. . . .

In April we all went home to Grove Mill, the house just outside Uncle Clarendon's park in Hertfordshire, which he, on succeeding to the property, immediately decided to lend to his mother and Lady Theresa for half the year, and to us for the other half. We always considered that we had the best of the division, from February to August, though as my grandmother had a house in London, the autumn and winter suited her best. My mother had a great deal of business to arrange, and in spite of her sister's wise warning, she felt desperately that on returning home she found that the stream of life had passed on and seemed to have utterly obliterated the past, and her mother-in-law and Lady Theresa were out of mourning and going out into society again. This was only natural; the chief mourners regret the flight of time that divides them from their loss;

¹ Her daughter, afterwards Countess of Derby, who was a year older.

² Afterwards Countess of Lytton.

³ Afterwards Lady Loch.

those that only partly grieve are glad to put sorrow behind them.

These two letters of my mother's to her brother-in law, Montague Villiers,¹ throw a little light on the years that are darkness to me, for I cannot remember anything at all at the time.

Chester Place, Hyde Park Square.

Dearest Montague,—I see it is a vain hope to suppose that you will give any one the credit for conscientiously differing from you. Nevertheless it is what I claim. My letters to Mrs. George and my apparent lamentable inconsistencies are the fruit of mature consideration, and an earnest desire while I hold fast to the Gospel of Christ, not to impede the progress of truth by any admixture of error. I condemn 'tea and Bible,' tracts in the cabinet, haporths of piety with absurd titles, as fearlessly and avoid them as conscientiously as I should the nasal twang and uncouth phraseology of the Puritans, the quaint dress and manners of the Quakers, the beads and candles and mummerly of the Papists, and so forth. I believe I am doing God honour and assisting the growth of true religion by so doing. But no matter, I do not write for controversy, or to justify myself in your eyes; on the contrary, I am content and happy also to be persecuted for the sake of Christ, and I really feel in no degree hurt or annoyed by your letter. There is but one point on which I must set you right, it is so very far from the truth. Pray, dear Montague, do not attempt to separate my opinions from Edward's, do not flatter yourself for one moment so grossly as to imagine he would have agreed with you and not with me. Indeed, dearest Montague, if there is a point in my character to which our dear Edward bore unceasing testimony, it is my truthfulness, and as God is my witness I can assure you he sincerely deplored your growing alienation from your family, and all points in your character and conduct which strike me as faulty. His last injunctions to me were to bring up my children in an enlarged piety, as opposed to the narrow views which some take. He did not appoint you Guardian to his children, or like your views for them. Edward and I were one in spirit; if difference there was, it was invariably that I should have come the nearest your views and given religious enthusiasts more

¹ Afterwards Bishop of Durham.

credit for sincerity than Edward would. I never remember an instance in which Edward condemned my religious views as compromising or cowardly. I am morally certain that he would sanction my views respecting your mother and sister, and condemn yours. I am sure he would disapprove of parts of your letter, and Amelia's too, and had you enjoyed the blessed privilege of being with him at the last, I feel sure he would have cautioned you against spiritual pride and intolerance, rather than dwelt to you on the vanity of the world and the happiness of Christian intercourse. It seems to me hard to have Christian tolerance termed lukewarmness, and the rejection of what I deem religious extravagancies and superstitious 'lamentable inconsistencies.' I have hoped, like yourself, I might be of use in the family; I shall never lose sight of the desire to be so, but it is quite clear no such object will be gained by venturing to assert a difference of opinion with you and Amelia. However, in spite of it all I would far rather live with you and your set, than Kent House and their set, but I prefer Stephen and Miss Fenwick to either. I speak now of course of religious views, without reference to relationship. I think it was very good of you to write at such length to me, when you are so busy at all times. Tell dear Amelia I meant no offence, as I assure you I take none; we must both act according to our light. I give you full credit for your sincerity, and am sorry you cannot say as much for me, but though it is natural to value the good opinion of good men, they are not always just, and it is very wholesome to be censured sometimes. I am so glad you spoke out about the letters, etc., as I should so much rather know exactly what my belongings thought of me, and that was one reason why I spoke out to you. I thought it good for you to know that you might be conscientiously differed with. I did not expect that you would consider me a Heathen, and talk of E.'s bearing testimony to the value of the Bible, in opposition to me, because I disagree with you. God bless you, dear Montague, and lead you into all truth.

Mulgrave Castle, 1844.

Dearest Montague,—I received your little letter yesterday. I know I have been a bad girl about writing, but I have an immense correspondence and it is so difficult to find time for writing. The children's lessons, outings, meals, and the rest my weak frame will and must have engross it all. To-night my head is splitting, and I have been crying my eyes out over some

of these letters I enclose to you, as desired by Mother George. No words can express (and I do not use such strong language unadvisedly) the comfort I have in Theresa's marriage. It is the thing I have sought and promoted to the utmost of my power. These walks, to which you allude, were by no means unpremeditated by us, but we neither of us did think they were likely to be productive of such good fruits, as we never could discover the smallest amount of tenderness or even preference in George Lewis's manner to Theresa. *Entre nous*, I always felt certain she would accept him, if he proposed, that never gave me a moment's anxiety, but I feared he might be shy of her joyous, laughter-loving, society-seeking nature, and the event was as great a surprise to me when it occurred as if I had not been contemplating it for two years. I think it is as perfectly suitable a marriage *de part et d'autre*, and as promising for happiness as any I ever knew of, and then dear old Mother George, I am so glad she should be solaced and comforted in her declining years. But having entered into all this heartily with them and for them, my own sorrow but presses the heavier in proportion as it is to be borne alone. I could no more enter into the nuptial festivities, or be present at the wedding than I could marry myself, and my heart yearns after Edward with almost increasing intensity, as his image is fading fast from the world and the affections and interests that belonged to him find other objects to fix themselves upon, and other channels to flow in. It is all right, what we are told that man flourisheth as the grass of the field, in the morning it groweth up and in the evening it is cut down, dried up and withered, but it is intensely melancholy to experience, dear Montague, and may the full force of this sad truth never be brought home to you. Do not suppose, however, that the whole tenor of my life is sad. I have had a fortnight of health and enjoyment, my children are delightful treasures to me. I feel no misgivings, no anxious cares about their future. I look with confidence to their Heavenly Father for their support and guidance, and I have no feeling that an earthly parent is the least essential to their well-being. Ernest is quite remarkably affectionate and comforting for his age. The child's nature seems spiritualised and strengthened through his bereavement; he does not forget and said to me only to-night, 'Often when I am at play even something in my heart tells me how much I should like to see dear Father again,' and the other day he reminded me of his Father telling him to take care of me when he went to his office, and he added, dear little

fellow, throwing his arms round my neck, 'And I am determined though he is dead I will take care of you still, dear Mother.' You cannot think with what energy he said it, and when one remembers he is but six, and of a very joyous, volatile temperament I do think it remarkable and very comforting.

I make a point of showing the children all I can. I took them over to Cambridge, and we lionised Worcester and York Cathedral thoroughly; they hear historical names and events which give great life and interest to their studies, and I care more to give them an eager thirst for knowledge, and desire of improvement, than to cram them now. So many boys and girls who are prodigies at sixteen are fools at five-and-twenty because they have no genuine taste for literature, and education once finished, as it is termed, they never read a useful book afterwards. Now, next to loving their Bible, I know nothing that I have more at heart than that my children should have a taste for literature, and be sufficient to themselves, and be able to occupy and amuse themselves at all times and seasons.

From Sir E. Head

2 Chester Place, March 20, 1844.

Dear Mrs. Edward Villiers,—I have talked over the contents of your last letter with George Lewis, and I have since seen Clarendon on the subject. As to Lewis and myself, our only anxiety is that you should do what suits your own feelings without any regard to the fact that we sent you the proposed epitaph in any particular form. You are perfectly at liberty to adopt it or reject it, or employ any part of it, as may best meet your wishes, which it was our object, if we could, to gratify. Having said this much, I must however add that if you prefer a version differing from ours, we cannot hold ourselves in any way responsible for what it will turn out. Such a thing as this is a matter of taste and feeling, and which it is impossible to reason out at length, and the alteration of parts often alters the character of the whole in the opinion of those who compose it and approve of it. Only do not imagine that we have any desire whatever except that of furnishing you with such material as may best suit your purpose. We know well enough that nothing could really express your feelings, and I may add could properly embody our regard for poor Edward. The inscription ultimately decided upon is the following:—

Hic requiescit in pace
Eduardus Ernestus Villiers
E stirpe Comitum de Claren-
don. Qua virtutis indole
fuerit nomen ipsum amicis
indicat. Mortem immaturam
Christi fides deficiente unice
pensavit. Obiit XXX die Oc-
tobris, natus annos XXXVII,
MDCCCXLIII.

Here rests in peace the
body of Edward Ernest Villiers
of the family of the Earls of
Clarendon. His natural virtue
is shown to his friends by his
very name. His faith in Christ
as he failed in health brought
him singular compensation for
his premature death. He died
October 30th, aged 37, 1843.

My mother went down with her children to spend the winter of 1844 with her father and mother at Ravensworth, and found the whole family in a great state of excitement over the fact that the wife of Thomas Liddell, prompted by what she had seen practised on Miss Martineau at Tynemouth, developed a power herself of putting a delicate girl, the maid of Lady Ravensworth, into a mesmeric sleep. My mother was a good deal impressed by what she saw and heard, and on her return to London in the early part of 1845 she apparently sent some account to Sir Cornewall Lewis of what she had heard and seen at Ravensworth. His answer is very characteristic and judicious, and was published in 1870, in the collection of his letters edited by his brother, the Rev. Sir Gilbert F. Lewis, Bart.

*Letter from Sir George Cornewall Lewis to the Hon. Mrs.
Edward Villiers*

Kent House, Knightsbridge, February 3, 1845.

My dear Elizabeth,—I return the letter on mesmerism and Miss Martineau which you have had the kindness to send me. The writer of it wisely abstains from confident and sweeping conclusions on the subject. I cannot say that it has at all altered such opinions as I have been able to form on what is called mesmerism and its influences. There is much in the view of the writer which appears to me very reasonable; but there is one expression in his letter which I must quarrel with. He calls mesmerism 'a new science.' I cannot admit it to be new or a science. It is not new in the ordinary acceptation of the word, for it was introduced by Mesmer before the year 1780, more than sixty years ago. Nobody would now think of calling

vaccination a new discovery, and yet it is posterior to mesmerism. Moreover, at the time when mesmerism was introduced, its claims to be considered as a valuable scientific discovery underwent a most careful and conscientious investigation by a commission of competent persons appointed by the French Government, and their report, drawn by the celebrated Bailly, denounced it as a delusion either useless or mischievous. Instead of a new science, therefore, I should be inclined to call it an old imposture, long since exploded by the decision of competent and disinterested judges. Nothing can be a greater mistake than to suppose that the subject of mesmerism requires investigation, or that it has not attracted the attention of the medical profession. I believe that a respectable library might be made of books on the subject, and that almost as much has been written upon it as upon judicial astrology, witchcraft, the art of interpreting dreams, phrenology or homœopathy. Miss Martineau's complaints of want of investigation and of indifference to truth and her tacit assumption throughout her letters that the year 1844 is the year one of mesmerism only prove her utter ignorance of what had been written or done, long before she was born, with regard to the mock science upon which she has undertaken to instruct the world. But those who have seen or read of the effects of mesmerism or animal magnetism say that these effects are something real and unquestionable and that it cannot be set aside as a mere imposture and imagination like astrology or palmistry. That certain effects are produced on certain persons by what is called mesmerism is undeniable, but it does not thence follow that mesmerism is a *science*, new or old. The original theory of Mesmer with regard to his pretended discovery is fully stated in Bailly's report. Great changes in that theory and in its practical application have been made since his time, and the language of the Mesmeric writers is so mystical and unprecise (not excepting Miss Martineau's), that it is very difficult to make out what they intend to teach or whether they agree in any common doctrine. It seems, however, that they all conceive the essence of mesmerism to consist in this: that when two persons are brought into relation with one another (generally by means of contact or close approach), some physical influence is exercised by one body upon the other. This physical influence was compared by the early mesmerists to magnetism, and metallic rods and conductors were used in order to convey it. Of late years all agents, except the hands and looks of the mesmeriser

have been generally abandoned. Now, it appears to me that there is no evidence of the existence of a specific influence, or fluid or occult agency such as the mesmerists assert. If it was a physical agency communicated from one body to another it ought to act according to natural and invariable laws, like a contagious disease. Yet we know that this is not the case. We know that women, and young women, are much more susceptible of mesmeric influences than any other class of persons. This is not the case with those influences which we know to be purely physical. If a philosopher or a weather-beaten soldier or a hysterical girl were vaccinated, the former would be as likely to take the cow-pox as the latter. The claim of mesmerism to be considered a science and a useful or important discovery rests entirely on the assumption that it works by a specific physical influence. But as soon as the imposture and the exaggeration are cleared away, it appears to resolve itself into one out of many well-authenticated examples of strange nervous affections produced by the imagination. It is a matter of certainty that various circumstances, having apparently nothing in common, can, through the imagination, give such an impulse to the nervous system as to produce various phenomena, some of a hysterical or convulsive character and some connected with somnambulism or sleep accompanied with imperfect consciousness. Instances of these strange and eccentric affections are afforded by the dancing madness of the middle ages, the Tarantism which prevailed in southern Italy in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the paroxysms of the French *convulsionnaires* in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and the convulsive seizures of the English Methodists and other religious fanatics. In all these cases women are said to have been more easily affected than men; and the propagation of the nervous hysterical convulsions was wonderfully assisted by sympathy and the presence of many persons. It is to be observed that Mesmer's original experiments were made upon assemblages of persons and not upon single patients. It is possible that the power of producing hysterical symptoms or of bringing on a state of semi-conscious sleep may, if employed by skilful and scientific physicians, be turned to some good account. I cannot say that I have any expectation that such will prove to be the case; my belief is, that if any good could have been elicited from it, some progress towards the discovery of that good would have been made in the sixty or seventy years which have elapsed since the quack Mesmer tried to make

money by his pretended discovery. Nevertheless, I can conceive that some means may be found of guiding and restraining a power which seems now so liable to abuse, that no one thinks of applying it except in cases where all other means have failed. I am, however, utterly incredulous as to the pretensions of mesmerism with respect to mental phenomena. I do not believe that we shall ever learn any new truth, either as to matter of fact or matter of opinion, from any mesmeric patient in a state of somnambulism. I have no faith either in mesmeric clairvoyance or mesmeric intuitions; and I fear that, notwithstanding Mesmer and Miss Martineau, we shall never be able to acquire knowledge by any other than the tedious and painful means of observation and reasoning.

As to Miss Martineau's own case, nothing in my opinion can be safely inferred from it in respect to the virtues of mesmerism. In the first place, even if there had been a perfect cure, no safe conclusion could be built upon a single case. Our knowledge of the animal economy is too limited to enable a person (and that person unskilled in medicine), to pronounce with confidence upon the effects of a process of treatment tried in one instance. But, in the next place, it appears clearly from Mr. Greenhow's pamphlet, that Miss Martineau had begun to improve before she was mesmerised; that she was then taking a medicine (iodine), from which she was likely to derive benefit; and, what is most important, that after all she was not cured of her malady. The nervous symptoms of pain were mitigated, but the displacement of the organ still continues and may, for aught that we know, reproduce the same symptoms on some slight provocation.

With regard to Jane and her somnambulist revelations, I must be allowed to suspend my belief until I know a little more about Mrs. Montagu Wynyard. Miss Martineau, already a believer in mesmerism, of an enthusiastic and credulous temperament, and nearly stone deaf, is formed by nature for a dupe. Mrs. M. W. may perhaps be desirous of notoriety or she may be amused by deceiving the world, or she may be practising a pious fraud on Miss M., thinking to do her good. Half-witted girls, such as Jane is described to be, have sometimes a large dose of cunning; and it is not unlikely that Jane may be something between a dupe and an accomplice. Such is my confession of faith with regard to mesmerism. I believe that the mesmerists have discovered that there is a power of producing, principally in young women and boys, certain hysterical and

nervous affections, which had previously been supposed only to arise spontaneously. There appears to be nothing novel or unexampled in the phenomena of mesmerism, as regards either the convulsions or the somnambulism, except that they are produced by an external agency. It is possible that, by a vigilant observation of these phenomena, some means of controlling them and rendering them useful may be discovered. A strong presumption against the probability of success is, however, created by the fact that since 1780 no person of a truly scientific spirit has felt inclined to pursue this line of enquiry. Believe me, ever yours affectionately,

G. C. Lewis.

The mesmeric experiments at Ravensworth were the result of the news of the wonderful cure of Miss Harriet Martineau after her long illness of six years, which she spent on her back in a lodging at Tynemouth and which she called her 'passive period.' Her illness and recovery and subsequent friendship with Mr. Atkinson are all given in full in her autobiography, one of the most interesting accounts of a superior woman's life that I know. The cure enabled her once more to lead a natural and healthy life and to go about like other people. She reached the age of fifty-two, so her cure prolonged her life probably nearly ten years. Her belief in mesmerism and her philosophical friendship with Mr. Atkinson caused a great commotion and much that was disagreeable with her family and friends, especially with her brother, James Martineau. This I did not know at the time that I sat by James Martineau one night at a dinner at Mr. John Morley's, and with extreme boldness asked him point-blank what was his opinion of his sister's mesmeric cure, and if it was a cure why did she die. I was meeting him for the first time, but he very kindly and frankly answered my question. He told me his explanation of the mystery was that the mesmerist had had a strong mental influence over her and that this changed the position of the tumour from which she was suffering, causing it to rise in her body and so relieve the pressure and enable her once more to take exercise and lead a more healthy life. But that it was no *cure*, and the internal

tumour did cause her death, and this was clearly proved at the post-mortem examination. This proves that even in a case of actual disease an invalid life should be avoided, and is of course much the same as the Christian science cures of the present day.

My mother, from the earliest return to England, found more comfort from my father's friends than from his family. How true it is that when a woman is in love with a man she becomes devoted to his relations, but as time goes on she turns again to her own people. In my experience where marriages are the happiest, the man goes with her and becomes more or less critical of his own relatives. This little extract shows the tone she took towards her husband's mother and sister soon after her marriage, which was very different from what she felt when she returned from abroad after his death.

You have both been so good to me during our long acquaintance. I have no single fault to find with you, and the more I consider it the more I am pleased with the disinterested affection and delicacy of feeling I have always experienced at your hands, and the utter absence of idle curiosity or any feeling which could offend me. I can say with sincerity that under rather perplexing circumstances I think it quite impossible for any two women to have conducted themselves with better judgment or more perfect kindness than you have done towards me. If there are those who do you injustice it only binds me closer to you for what you have borne for my sake, and believe me, dear Hen and Theresa, I will seriously endeavour to repay you and add my unit towards the comfort and happiness of your lives. I would try and do so at all events for Edward's sake.

Sir James Stephen, who writes this next letter thus kindly, was the father of FitzJames and Leslie Stephen. He was permanent Under-Secretary at the Colonial Office for many years, and was the author of 'Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography,' which impressed me much from their sagacity and broad-mindedness when I read them as a young girl. They range from Hilcebrand, in the first volume, to the Clapham Sect and the 'Historian of Enthusiasm' in the

next. These essays would be instructive reading now to any one interested in the evolution of opinion and in ecclesiastical history.

Downing Street, March 17, 1845.

My dear Mrs. Villiers,—Without the appearance of exaggeration I could not say how glad we should really be to see you, not for a day or two, but for ten times as long, at Windsor. We have not the slightest prospect of being anywhere else till July or August next. Pray write and say that you will come to us and bring all the children with you ; we will make room for them all. As to the sore burden which God has laid upon you, I dare not deny the weight of it, nor do I venture to say that you ought to shake it off, or that you can do so. But I am quite sure that you ought to quit your solitude and come to those who love you, and who love his memory, and to whom for his sake as well as your own, his children are dear, and that you ought to open your heart to those who can and will sympathise with you, and try at least whether in such intercourse you may get light on topics of consolation and support not suggested to you by your own lonesome thoughts, and try whether you may not thus regain some of that cheerfulness and serenity without which the affection of the young is not long to be retained. The form, the voice, the looks of Edward Villiers are before me. They awaken in my mind many a warm feeling of envy at his early death, after a life so blameless and at last so happy. God grant that in His own appointed time I may be summoned to that beautiful abode, into which I doubt not he has entered. And may God also grant that while that summons is yet suspended, it may be permitted to me and to my wife to contribute something, however little it may be, to soothe and sustain you who even in the absence of other claims to our affectionate regard would be dear to us as having his name and as the mother of his children.

Jas. Stephen.

Aubrey de Vere was one of my mother's most constant friends for years ; he joined his relations, the Henry Taylors, and came to Nice at the time of my father's death.

Was it very kind of you to go away without ever saying goodbye to me ? (he writes on October 9, 1845, to my mother at Nice). You know well enough that it was against the grain that

I set off for Paris before your return from the north, and I wrote you my adieux and you took no notice of them. Well, I suppose I must be magnanimous and forgive, or rather I suppose it will by my best policy to pretend that I don't care, and so try to provoke you, so I will write to you again and try to tell you whatever may give you pleasure. In the first place, then, I can tell you that Henry Taylor is particularly well-looking and very cheerful, and writing poetry at a great rate. He has just finished a very fine, severe, and lofty work of poems about his friend Charles Elliot and the detraction that assailed him because he would not give over Canton to the tender mercies of our army. It is very fine and describes the manners of the people in a style particularly agreeable to me. He is also going to publish a small volume of minor poems, which will appear in a short time, and of which it will be possible doubtless to send you a copy. Whom else do you want to hear about? D—— is exceedingly well and says that she is very good. The baby is wonderfully improved, grown so large and heavy that you could scarcely carry him about under your arm, or on one arm, in that supercilious, careless sort of way you used to do. We have been speaking a great deal of you (so hard run were we for topics of conversation), and I believe that any one uninstructed would imagine from the tone of our discourse that the person spoken of was cared for a great deal by the speakers. It would appear that you are one of those, the thought of whom in absence is a pleasant thing, though, as you have doubtless observed, there is no certain proportion between the degrees which a person is pleasant while with you, and the degree in which the thought of that person is pleasant when it recurs in absence. The weather has been clear and the evening lights almost as brilliant on the distant reaches of the river as when you were here, and I would give a great deal to be able to take another walk with you along the hedges or under the groves, and discuss again the question whether the skies of Italy or England boast the deeper blue. Do you remember one walk late one evening after Dr. Ferguson had gone away, and that comfortless day of boating in the rain? I did not enjoy the boating, I remember, but I had enjoyed very much the time I had previously passed at Percy's Cross. Then it is very hard when the others go to bed so early not to have you to sit up late with, or to scold the next morning for keeping unwholesome hours. Some of my pleasantest recollections are now associated with those late hours, both here and at Grove Mill, but notwithstanding, I hope

that you have given them up, for they are very bad for you, and you are expected to bring back a great stock of health from the exquisite climate in which you are now blissfully havened. I do hope very much that you are happy, and that happiness is of a good sort, and that the flowers are fresh and sweet and not dusty and dry or damp and smelling of earth. I imagine that you have engaged a donkey for yourself and another for Theresa, and that accompanied by a whole troop who can ride in turns, you make expeditions every day along those lovely hilly slopes of broken ground, now tangled in vine wreaths, now as forcibly detained by the odour of the orange grove you are trying to pass; surely you must enjoy the scent of the oranges as much as the breath of the cows at Cassiobury. But I know also that however you may have prospered on your way, and even if you are enjoying yourselves as much as I could wish, you must have had some very sad and solitary hours, hours more sad than any in which I have seen you, and I want you to tell me that those only occur occasionally, and that each time the melancholy they produce is softer than before, and seems to leave behind something better. Have you tumbled into a host of new acquaintances? I suspect you find it absolutely necessary to direct your donkey's head very often towards Nice, to get a pair of little shoes for your twins, or some other article of attire, or amusement, and then you find people whose civilities you could not repress without great discourtesy. Have you gone to our little abode by the chapel of St. Rosalie, and given our remembrances to the good people to whom it belongs? Pray tell me a great deal on the subject of your goings on, if you don't think it too much trouble, and I want also to know something of your journey. Did you pass much time on the lake of Geneva, and where else did you halt, and when did you meet with all manner of strange disasters, and when did you pass such a strangely pleasant half-day in consequence of some accidental delay which made you very cross at the moment, and, above all, how has your health and that of your children been? I have been telling you nothing about myself all this time because you did not write and because I am only a weed or stick floating down the river, but I may as well mention that our visit to Paris was a very prosperous one. On our way we saw the two glorious cathedrals of Amiens and Beauvais. Paris itself I admired very much indeed, far more than I admired it at first, when I admired nothing that was not as fine as York Minster or the Parthenon. My father and mother kept up a constant

controversy as to the relative beauty and grandeur of Paris and London. Paris looks to me, with all its Italian buildings and martial air, like the head of Europe : London with its vast size, intense circulation and innumerable shipping, like the heart of the world. My people are gone to the lakes in the north of England. I follow them after a visit at the Grange, and another if the Shrewsburys are at home at Alton Towers ; I shall then seek out some lovely nook whence, removed from the throng, I may have room to unroll and spread out my thoughts, and leisure to see what they are like. I am sure you must have often felt this want, even in the midst of friends. In Scotland I know no one, so to the Highlands I am accordingly going, not to travel them, but in search of space and time, a rather unusual quest. My direction, however, will still be 37 Brook Street, as my letters will be forwarded. Tell Theresa I had nearly made arrangements with a scavenger, who was to give me active employment, when I found that the rascal was going to put me into a dirty corner of Oxford Street. Goodbye, God bless you and your children, ever, dear Mrs. Edward, sincerely yours,

Aubrey de Vere.

This remark refers to the fact that at a very early age I had urged him to take up some regular employment, having a great dislike to idle men. Writing poetry in those days appeared to me to represent idleness and self-indulgence, and I had suggested that sweeping a crossing was better than nothing.

CHAPTER VII

MY EARLIEST MEMORIES

Love seeketh not itself to please,
Nor for itself hath any care,
But for another gives its ease,
And builds a heaven in hell's despair.

Love seeketh only self to please,
To bind another to its delight,
Joys in another's loss of ease,
And builds a hell of heaven's despite.

BLAKE,

THE dawn of memory only comes again to me in the autumn of 1845, when my mother had a great longing to go back to Nice to the same house where my father died. The owner and his peasant mother were quite devoted to her, and she felt like going back to old friends, and all over the countryside she was known as the pale and beautiful English widow. Many years afterwards she wrote of this time :

The peasantry all treated me like a spirit. The poor pale widow wandered wherever she pleased. The monks of Cimiez in their long brown gowns said prayers for me. They brought me lovely large bunches of Neapolitan violets and wild salads they culled in the woods, and I thanked them and gave them a five-franc piece now and then. I was friend to all the peasantry, loved them and they me, and that helped to heal a very broken heart and thoroughly crushed spirit, for my Edward was all the world to me.

My grandmother, Lady Ravensworth, was very ill indeed during this autumn, and these bright, courageous letters were no doubt written to her partly to cheer and

amuse her, but they show what a brave heart my mother had that she could go back again to the place where she had suffered so much and be so innocently happy and contented.

From Mrs. Edward Villiers to Lady Ravensworth

Maison Nicolas, Nice, October 9, 1845.

My sweet Mother,—Your handwriting greeted me on my arrival yesterday, and was the best welcome I could have; and I cannot but rejoice at your being able to write letters. Well, here we are, safe and sound, and I really feel there is reason for thankfulness to a kind Providence for the comfort and happiness as well as the health and safety we have enjoyed, and not a cloud has obstructed our path physically or morally; fine days and soft nights and good humour and most devoted service of all who attended us has been our lot, and Theresa and I have certainly gained in health on the journey. We spent exactly twenty days *en route*, inclusive of the four and a half at Coblenz and the ten at Geneva. Yesterday was glorious sunshine for our entry into Nice, and to my astonishment, after nine days' successive travelling, our beloved coachman drove in at a sharp pace and positively beat the post on the road! We could not keep it up because it would have been cruel to the horses, but after driving them from seven till two without intermission, only a little bran and water at the Douane, we dashed forward when a carriage and four posters came up with us and beat them hollow. The coachman is a married man in Nice, and we pulled up for a moment as we drove by to let him greet his wife, to whom he gave a hearty hug *en pleine rue*, and then set off with us again at a good round trot, all the people laughing and bowing to him as he passed. Then a handsome, well-dressed cavalier, mounted on a milk-white steed, met us at the entrance into the town, and behold M. Nicolas; he recognised Theresa first, and galloped after us, and when the children said it must be him, I said, 'Stuff and nonsense! it is some one who recognises us, I suppose, but I have not a notion who it is.' The change was owing to his having shaved off his handsome beard, upon which his good looks much depended. At last Ernest roared out, '*Qui êtes-vous; êtes-vous M. Nicolas?*' and when the wretched man said 'Yes,' he said '*Bien sûr.*' The truth was he was as white as a sheet; however, once recognised, he tossed the children the handsome oranges he had gathered for them, and their delight knew no bounds, even

the twins became friendly directly. Annie¹ knows what a warren lane *Madame de la Roches* road is; the lamps tore the bushes and briars as we passed, and about half-way we all got out and walked, indeed we could not do otherwise for about a quarter of a mile, as the carriage could get no further for want of space to turn in, and it is lucky the day was so fine. To-day it has poured in torrents, and neither Dr. Travis or M. Lacroix² have been able to see us, but we have had Annie's donkey boy and all the peasants, and my pretty little housemaid *Véronique* brought in at dinner five lovely bouquets in a basket as an offering to the family. I own I do like the hearty service one gets abroad. The courier, though he did forget the parcel at starting, is the most honest, devoted creature possible; I never look at a bill, but just hand him over the money as he wants it. He used to be up at four, morning after morning, and never got a bit of food till about eleven, and then at some wretched pot-house procure himself a bit of sour bread and cheese or dirty sausage, and eat it with such an appetite that he declared nothing ever was so good, and he would make the bed for me and half cook the dinner and always act waiter, and if one thanked him he said, '*Miladi, je ne fais que mon devoir, vous servir c'est un trop grand honneur.*' The *voiturier* is one of the best in Nice, who served Lord Granville and Lady Emily Harding and other families I know; but he said though he had driven horses fourteen years he had never been so happy before, and he all but cried when he left us yesterday; he used to take the children out by turns and mount them on his horses up the hills, and when he went to the carriage door they were just like birds in a nest chirping to be taken first, and those who could not ride the horse used to fight for the honour of being held by his hand. These sort of people are so different from anything of the same class we have in England, there is no comparison between them, indeed there are no such people as *couriers* and *voituriers*. Our man was disappointed of the carriage he reckoned upon; the night before we left Geneva his engagement was signed and sealed, Bonin³ forwarded him two hundred francs of his money, and he went at ten o'clock at night and bought a beautiful carriage all but new, lined with silk, easy and well stuffed, and better adapted to our purpose a great deal than a heavy English carriage; it had none of the lurch of our last one, and we were spared all frights, for the road is very good, except

¹ Her sister, Lady Williamson.

² The English consul.

³ The courier.

one night descending a mountain when it was pitch dark except from the constant flashes of vivid lightning, and the road for a little way was dreadful, but Boussets¹ took out one of his lanterns and sent a man in front with it and guided us at foot's pace with the utmost care through our difficulties—we never had a horse stumble even or anything amiss except some of the inns, which instead of improving have added a year and a half of filth to their floors, and really the spiders we have seen and slain have been terrible; *au reste*, the beds were decent and our handsome supply of Lemann's biscuits lasted well and some over. One day we dined under a tree, and Bonin withdrew and returned in a few minutes with both arms laden with beautiful ripe grapes. It is just the season of the vintage and the valley of Grenoble was richer and more lovely than ever. This house is much improved, and by the time I get my comforts that are coming by sea we shall do very well. But I have felt saddish to-day in this downpour, so exactly what I had in the first hours of widowhood. A child sleeps with me.

I can just remember the journey out and the beautiful drive, which lasted nearly a week, from Geneva to Nice. One especially fine day we picnicked by the side of the road, and all round the grapes were being gathered and we eat as much as we could manage of the warm fruit. A beautiful experience of life in the South for children. Though we were very badly educated in the ordinary sense of the word, I think all our movings about and journeys abroad were an immense advantage and character developer, and more useful in after life than a better technical education would have been. My mother never allowed any grumblings or complainings over the minor discomforts of travelling, and these were much more frequent in the non-railway days. At Geneva I bought my first watch, partly with my lesson money which I had saved up, and partly—I should think the greater part—with a present of money my aunt Theresa gave me before we left England. I was very proud of it, and always wore it till I married. I think it is a good thing to give little girls watches to look after; it has the same effect on their characters as putting boys into manly clothes.

¹ The coachman.

We stayed at Nice till the spring of 1846, and then we went to the Normanbys' villa at Florence ; there we passed the summer till the weather got hot. During that time I dimly remember several remarkable people, among others Jerome Bonaparte, Napoleon's youngest brother. I have still in my autograph book a little note from him to my aunt, the real interest of which is the tiny French handwriting and old-fashioned spelling, and the retained princely signature of ' Jerome.'

La Cerviosa, ce Samdi soir.

Ne voulant pas, chère milady, me priver du plaisir d'avoir à diner votre sœur en même tems que vous, Je remit à Lundy nôtre petit diner du Dimanche. J'espère retourner en ville demain d'assez bonne heure pour être à tems d'aller vous faire une petite visite. Veuillez en attendant, cher milady, agréer l'assurance de mes sentiments les plus affectueux, et me rappeler au souvenir à M^{de} Villiers.

Votre tout dévoué,
Jerome.

Amongst other remarkable people I remember the Countess Guiccioli, of Byronic fame, whose looks did not impress me, as she was already faded. I remember little about her but her long fair curls, and my astonishment at hearing Byron had so admired her. G. F. Watts, the painter, who was a life-long intimate acquaintance to us all, was then living with Lord and Lady Holland at Florence, painting all those pictures which are still to be seen at Holland House, and which are so different in their hard dry style from the Venetian methods he afterwards adopted.¹ My aunt, Lady Normanby, was devoted to little dogs and to plants, and it was jokingly told at the time that she bought one tiny precious object in the streets of Florence—and it soon after pined and seemed very ill. It was discovered to be a wretched little cur puppy sewn up in the skin of a deceased animal of a superior breed. One

¹ I heard in later years that he went out thinking he was to pay the Hollands a short visit and he remained over three years.

day, when my aunt was getting out of the carriage, carrying two plants which she had bought in the town, my brother startled her very much by calling out, before the servants, 'Here comes Aunt Minnie with two lovers in her arms.'

In July we went to Leghorn, and there we experienced a very severe earthquake. My mother had gone to Pisa with friends, and we were at the top of a high hotel. In the middle of the day there was a tremendous rumbling noise, the whole place swayed in the most horrible manner, the ceilings fell, the pictures jumped off the walls, and we and all the other inhabitants of the hotel, which we never entered again, tore downstairs and rushed into the streets. My mother returned in an agony of fright as to what had befallen us. I remember the noise and the panic, and had the firm conviction that it was the last day, and thought it terrible that on so important an occasion our mother was not with us. Every one had to camp out; we were fortunate enough to have friends living in a two-storied house on the sea-shore, who were kind enough to take us in. It was here that a Jewish lady lived who was very kind to me, and in one of my earlier books I quoted the wonderful letter she wrote me about my selfishness, which was my first introduction to notes written by one person to another in the same house.

After this we went for two months to Sienna, a place I have never been to since, and in October to Rome. The night before we left, my mother, rather nervous at going off into unknown lands alone with her children and servants, found in a drawer, which she had never opened since she had been in the apartment, a bundle of papers, probably written out for, and left behind by, some other traveller going to spend the winter in Rome, and which gave a most detailed list of houses and localities, healthy and unhealthy; in fact everything that a stranger could require to help her find suitable lodgings. She looked upon this as providential, and her courage rose, and off we started, driving from Sienna to Rome. Armed with her Sienna notes and instructions, she found a charming, healthy, sunny little

house, just opposite the wall of the Barbarini Palace garden, and the tall umbrella pine stood up in front of us into the bright blue sky, and has always remained with me a tangible memory of that winter. It was the first year of the accession of Pius the Ninth, and all Italy was full of hopes of better government which were never to be realised, at least not for many years afterwards, or in the way expected.

This winter of 1846-7 was an eventful one for my mother. She had been three whole years as it were in the grave, believing she could never live nor enjoy life again, but she found friends at Rome, and they persuaded her to go out. Two middle-aged ladies, the Miss Duff Gordons, used to take her out with them, and a strange, though not at all unnatural, thing happened: she fell in love, not wisely but too well, with a fascinating man of the world, younger than herself, who made her believe he adored her. All that spring a lovely basket used to come twice a week, filled with beautiful Neapolitan violets and red and white camellias, and these flowers have all my life remained associated with that time, and the joy of seeing my mother happy again. The man was naturally very kind to me, and he represented sweetness and light and love and pleasure to me for many years to come. All the correspondence relating to that time my mother burnt, only one little note I found at the back of a drawer when I cleared out everything after her death. I burnt it, but it remained in my memory; it is a graceful little note, and it breathes joyfulness and sunshine. It ran—

The morning is so beautiful, it is a sin to spend it indoors; will you come with me to the Ruspiliosse Palace, or anywhere else you like? *I'amo d'un immenso amore*; can you and will you say the same?—Yours very truly.

And so she passed through the third great love of her life. She did not exactly wish to marry him, but when she found the summer after she got home that his volatile nature had already changed, she was bitterly unhappy. She felt

humiliated that in thought she had been inconstant to my father's memory, and with her ideas of the resurrection of the dead, this caused her infinite and bitter suffering for years to come; but really it was love for the living, not loyalty to the dead, which made any thought of re-marriage impossible to her. But she had many friends, and I, not understanding, as I grew older, used to cry with terror at the thought that she possibly might marry again, as my Aunt Theresa had done. Even from very early days she confided in me and treated me more as a younger sister than a child.

It was during this winter in Rome that my mother knew Mr. Herbert of Muckcross, to whose beautiful place in Ireland we went in after years. He left Rome early in the spring, to look after his own tenants, as the famous famine had already set in. It was also here in Rome that we first knew Lord Ward, afterwards Earl of Dudley, who for the next ten or twelve years was the kindest of friends to us all. At the beginning of May we left Rome, and on our way back to England stayed with the Normanbys, Lord Normanby having been appointed Ambassador at Paris.

As my mother grew older she offended many people by seeing too clearly the mote in the eyes of her friends; this would not have mattered, only unfortunately she told them too plainly what she saw. We none of us can do this and keep the friends of our youth. Dean Stanley says, 'Make the best of one another, every one has his weak points, but fix your attention on his good qualities.' The good Sir Henry Taylor was like the best of relatives, he never wavered in his affection through good report and evil report, and while others grew cold he warmly welcomed her return home. When we were settled at Grove Mill he wrote:—

From Henry Taylor to Mrs. Edward Villiers

Addiscomb Farm, Croydon, May 23, 1847.

Dearest Mrs. Edward,—If you have arrived, pray send me a line to say so to Lord Montague's,¹ 37 Lower Brook Street, to

¹ His father-in-law.

say where I shall find you and what you are going to do. I am going up to town to-morrow to Brook Street, and if I could see anything of you by staying I would defer my departure to the north for two or three days. If welcomes would make you content with England after all your Roman peregrinations you should have a thousand, and at all events there is weather to make you content.

And again later :—

Athenæum, London, August 5, 1847.

Your letter came to me at my office at five o'clock, in the midst of a West Indian mail, and now it is close upon post-time, but I must write you a line. Neither Aubrey's¹ sympathy nor mine is removed from you, nor ever can be; it is with you now and for ever, and you shall not have a morsel the less of it because we are here and you there. And as to Alice,² I was more hurt for her than she for herself at your letter, and if she was hurt it was in as gentle and loving and forgiving a way as any woman could be hurt in, that had any feelings or affections, and this comfort I have in regard to her, and in regard to you, my next dearest, that whether you cherish her love, or whether you throw it away, you will find her always remembering you as you were, and always generous and tender and true. And now I wish I could send all the love that is in my heart for you. But neither that nor anything else out of yourself will console you, and yet that you will find consolation before long I will not and could not dare to doubt, nor is there any reasonable ground to doubt it. God bless you, dearest, and endow the best part of you with the most strength. Write to me often and tell me of all your sorrows and cares.

In a letter of Henry Taylor's, written from Kelston Knoll, Bath, at this time, he illustrates the casual way that Colonial Office work was allowed to be done by him away from the office in those days.

My visit here is a very pleasant one. I get on with my work, having my fire and breakfast laid over-night for me to light and eat, so that I get up at six or seven as I feel disposed, and work till luncheon time without interruption, then come forth and ask people how they are. And the people here are very

¹ Aubrey de Vere.

² His wife.

much to my taste, as well as everything in the house, and about it, and that glorious Titian in the drawing-room makes me feel as if the greatest woman of times past had come to live with the greatest of the present. At Walter Savage Landor's in Bath too I saw an admirable collection of pictures, and I saw the Savage himself. He is one proof more of the fact that great writers are best seen in their books. He is not nearly as striking in appearance as I had been led to suppose. Perhaps age has abated him in that respect, though certainly not at all, or but very little in others. If there were any Dr. Beton in morals who could make the mind straight, what a great man he might be; as it is, he is the greatest of the crooked.

I was considered a very delicate child, and was certainly a victim to the ordinary medical treatment of the day, curing by drugs. The relief came between the ages of twelve and fourteen, when I was put under a homeopath, and the same benefit occurred with me as with so many others, from the stopping of all strong medicines; whether the infinitesimal doses did any good or not, I am unable to say, but I am inclined to believe that the benefit of homeopathy, like the water cure, was from allowing nature to have full play, and do her best for herself; rest, fresh air, and a healthy life, above all no tonic nor alcohol nor stimulants of any kind. Differences as regards treatment in illness seem to have been as active then as they are now, and my kind uncle, Sir Cornwall Lewis, wrote the following letter to my mother against the treatment which I believe helped so immensely to improve my health.

Kent House, November 3, 1849.

I cannot forbear writing to you on the subject of little Theresa's medical treatment. You know I am not much in the habit of interfering with other people's domestic affairs of this kind, but having once consulted Currie myself, and having heard something of him from others, I cannot resist conveying to you my strong conviction that he is a perfect imposture, a mere quack, a mountebank, who flourishes by nothing but deceit, and deliberately dupes his unhappy patients. Everybody, in my judgment, of sound mind and who has arrived at years of discretion, has an undisputed right to play what tricks he pleases

with himself. He may mesmerise, hydropathise, chronologise, or commit any other medical folly he may think fit, just as he may drink gin or eat opium, if such should be his inclination. But I think that this right does not extend to others, and with regard to children and servants or dependants, the poor, &c., in short, any persons for whom he acts as a sort of guardian or trustee, I hold that he is bound to employ persons who practise the accredited and authorised system of medicine. If he ventures to set up a system of treatment upon his own private judgment, and against the decision of the orthodox Catholic Church, he ought not to try his experiments upon others. The moral of all this prose is that I strongly object to leaving little Theresa in the hands of that very unscrupulous charlatan to whose care she is now entrusted, and I urge you to call in the advice of some person who practises the system of medicine which the great majority of professional men agree in considering sound. I recommend nobody in particular, but in a case of this sort no parent who can afford to procure proper attendance is, I think, justified in placing a child in the hands of a homeopathising quack. As you would not wish me to appear again in the Queen's Bench, I take for granted that you will not impart this letter to Currie.

I think my uncle's judgment was at fault, and not my mother's, as from this time my health steadily improved, and I grew up with a fair amount of ordinary health. I never got really strong till when in old age I adopted of my own free will another system dubbed quackery by the profession.

Dr. Keith says in his 'Plea for a Simpler Life' the use of homeopathy was in teaching people that they could go without drugs; the treatment by bleeding was in full swing in Edinburgh in the thirties, and in 1842 Bouilland was still carrying out his plan of venesection *coup sur coup*.

As every one knows, Europe in 1848 was in a state of great commotion, and in Paris the King Louis Philippe was turned off his throne. England did not entirely escape, and there had been a considerable outbreak in Ireland, headed by the Young Ireland Party. Fergus O'Connor, who was still the principal leader of the Chartists, thought that this was a good time to try to gain his ends by violence

in England itself. The Chartists assembled in thousands near London, and resolved to march in a body to Westminster. There is, however, an Act of Parliament which forbids large crowds to assemble or to hold meetings close to Westminster while Parliament is sitting. Arnold-Forster says in his excellent little History of England, 'the Government found, however, that it is one thing to forbid a great body of determined men to do a thing; it is another to prevent them doing it if they have a mind.' Clearly, if force were used on one side, force would have to be used on the other. A number of soldiers were brought into London under the order of the Duke of Wellington, and placed in houses and courtyards, where they were out of sight, but where they would be useful if wanted. The Government did a wise thing, and called upon all good citizens who were opposed to violence and who wished to see the laws of the country made or altered in a lawful way by Parliament to come forward and resist the Chartists. A call was made and soon answered. No less than 200,000 citizens enlisted as special constables. The Chartists were wise enough to see that against such a force as this they were powerless. The great procession which was to frighten Parliament broke up, and never reached Westminster, and the great Petition was finally driven down to Westminster in a four-wheeled cab, where it was examined and found to bear not more than 2000 signatures that were genuine.

How large and important do passing events seem at the time, and how small when buried in the pages of history!

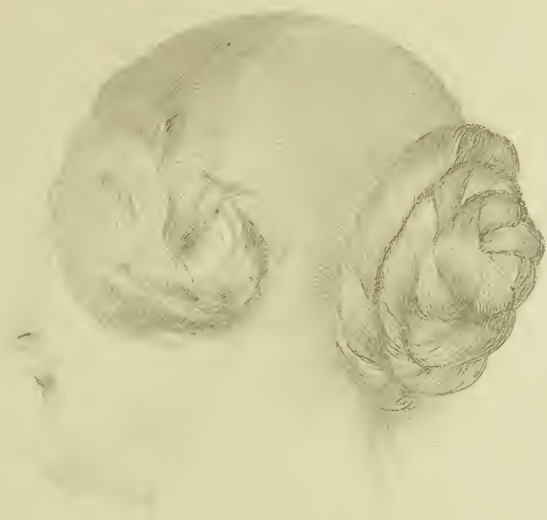
Anything private which casts a sidelight on interesting passing events seems to be worth saving from the flames, therefore I give this letter of my aunt.

From Lady Theresa Lewis to Mrs. Edward Villiers

Kent House, April 11, 1848.

My dearest Elizabeth,—How can one ever be thankful enough for the blessed termination of the threatened disturbance of yesterday! The preparations were most complete, and the

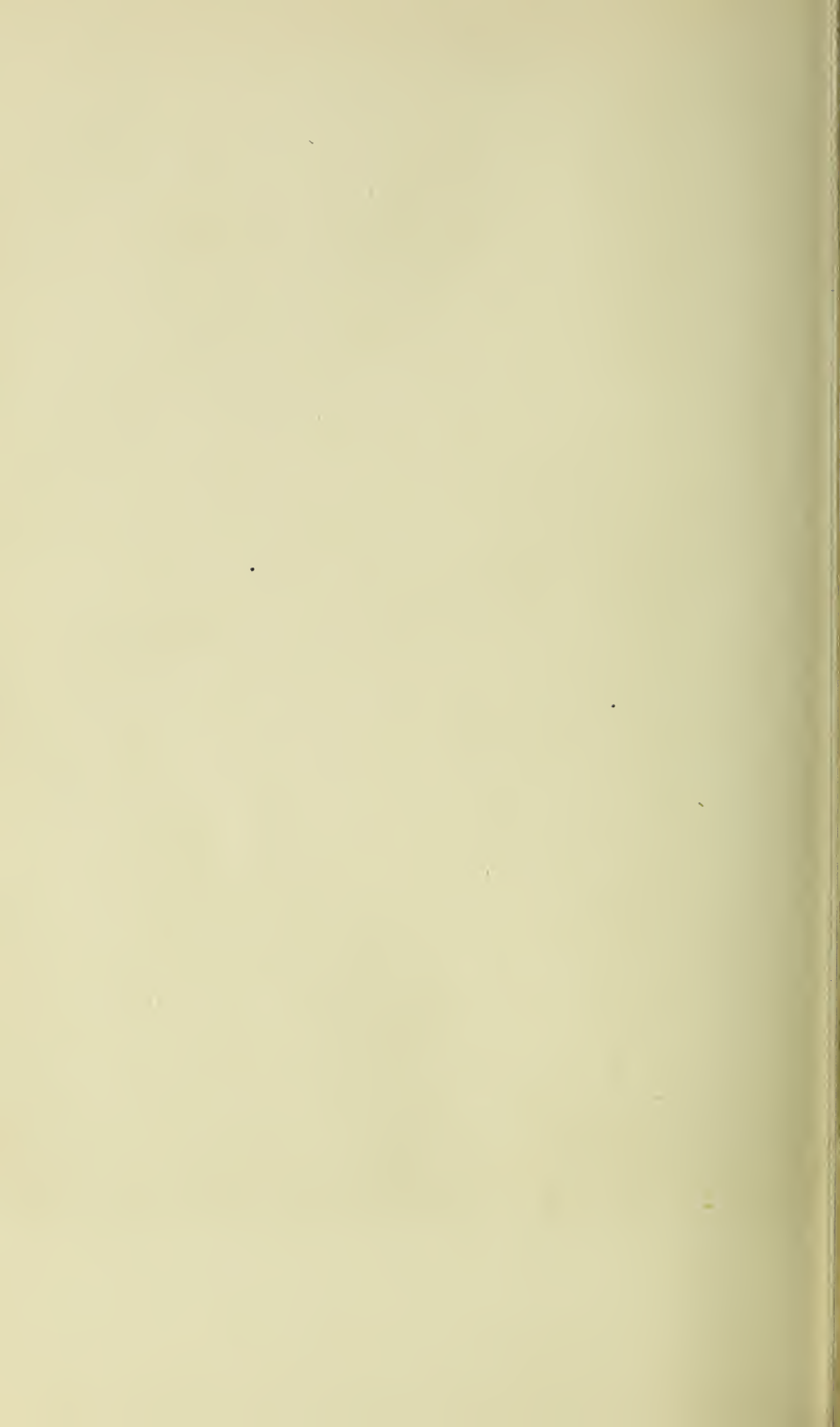
whole of the military arrangements were under the Duke of Wellington, who showed his usual skill and science in disposing and concealing his forces, but on the Sunday there was not a soul in London, unless from a profound state of ignorance as to the expected events, that did not go to bed with a dread of what the morrow might bring. Nobody thought that the mob would get the better eventually, but every one who knows anything of the matter fully expected collision, and of so serious a nature as might cost many lives, and with the thought of George and Charles both obliged to be in the House of Commons, Lord John Russell, the most marked man, Morley a special constable, every friend, relation and acquaintance in some way engaged in the defence of the town, how could one dare to hope that either in our own home or that of some friend, some cause of sorrow might not occur. The public reputation of the political friends with whom one's husband and brothers act was greatly at stake in making no false move on so important an occasion, and the very serious consequences to Ireland that might follow on the slightest encouragement that might be gathered from the effects here of the combined forces of Chartists, Irish rebellers, Irish Demagogues and Republicans, French propagandists, treacherous Poles (who have lived on English bounty), London thieves, disorderly characters, men out of work, and the tribe of vagabonds that wait on such mobs, having nothing to lose and a disinterested love of mischief. The preparations made by the Government were such as have never been made in our generation, and were never made in the last century, when they ought to have been for the Lord Gordon Riots in 1780; they speak volumes for what the Government and the Duke of Wellington knew would be attempted, and the Government made no mistake in the difficult game to be played. On Friday and Saturday, as things grew more and more serious, and the procession was most wisely forbidden, people asked each other if it was right, if it was wise, at the same moment that they felt an enormous weight was taken off their spirits in knowing that it was to be resisted. When on Saturday night and Sunday it was known that the Chartists declared they would persevere, it became very serious again as to the certainty of collision. It is one of those days that must in some degree be judged of by the events, and that event, with the help of God's mercy, shows that human judgment did not err. Every Public Office, those they knew it was planned to attack, the Bank, the Stock Exchange, &c., were all garrisoned, armed and provisioned, not by soldiers only, but by every clerk



My mother
The Countess of Cornwall
at the age of 4
from a drawing by F. Childs. Pl. 4

G. F. VIGGS





and servant of the establishment. On Sunday one felt that England might be going to tarnish the glorious pre-eminence she had held in Europe with her free institutions, by following the example of those who were driven to rebellion to get but a fraction of the liberty we enjoy, and what was the spectacle she exhibited—every gentleman, every man of property, the whole of the middle-class and the majority of the honest and industrious working class of her great metropolis enrolled themselves in defence of their homes, their families, their property, and in good order, against the threatened invasion of a lawless mob. Every civil servant became an armed soldier in defence of the public office to which he belonged. Political differences were laid aside, every shade of party (but those who represented the Irish Interest, the Wakeleys, Fergus O'Connors, &c.) rallied round the Government in the House of Commons, whilst the country had the benefit of her greatest hero's counsels in the hour of danger when he is most needed. A lawless mob meeting for an illegal purpose and suffered by those who have objects of plunder is defeated without a blow, frustrated without resistance, baffled, over-awed, without a grievance the Petition lies like any other in the House of Commons, and the wretched wicked leader who has beguiled his followers and managed this dangerous meeting goes pale and trembling to the Home Secretary to thank him for having allowed the meeting on the Common, and to thank him for the forbearance he has shown! It was indeed a most exciting day, and one may feel prouder than ever of one's country when one looks round and sees one capital after another warned but not prepared, filled with soldiers and undefended by its inhabitants, falling into the hands of those who will not be governed, and are still more unfit to rule. The spirit shown on this occasion should make the writers on such matters, as Lord Ellesmere, blush at their ignorance of the feeling of Englishmen when in danger of attack. There, I have spun you a long yarn, but volumes could not express all the feelings one has felt in these few days.

Nearly all the springs and summers of our youth were spent at our much loved little home, Grove Mill. We all remember the excellent bread we were brought up on. So different from modern bakers' bread, and the reason of it seems worth recording. When the navvies were making the London and North-Western railway, they declared they

could not do their work on the wretched white south-country bread. So they imported a baker from Yorkshire, and he established himself in our little town of Watford, and we used as children to look forward to coming back to his loaves. Bread is the best food of the poor. How I wish all over the country it could be better than it is to-day! I often wish bread and water could be supplied municipally everywhere, and then no one could die of hunger, as it would be free to rich and poor.

I believe it was in the spring of 1848 that Mr. G. F. Watts, the great painter, came to Grove Mill. He naturally brought no drawing materials with him, but appears to have been so impressed by the good looks of my mother and sisters that he expressed the wish to draw them, and I remember flying upstairs and bringing him down a sheet of cardboard and some pencils, proud to be able to provide him with something he could use. With these he made two lovely pencil drawings, which my mother left to me, and which are the chief ornaments in my little sitting-room to this day. The drawing of my mother shows well the beautiful shape of her head, the face somewhat turned aside, in fact what the French call *profile perdue*. Two little delicate profiles, one laid over the other, represent my twin sisters, who were so much alike that few people knew them apart.

Next to our own home, no house is so engraved in my memory as the one called Kent House, which used to be in Knightsbridge, just opposite the barracks, where my grandmother and aunt, Lady Theresa, lived. The latter spent her youth there, her married time with her first husband, her widowhood, the twenty-one years of her second marriage, and her short second widowhood; she died not there but at Oxford, while staying with a relation of her first husband's. Kent House was one of those old-fashioned Georgian houses, like those still to be seen at Richmond and on the main roads out of London, though these are fast disappearing. It was a large house, but only half of it belonged to my grandmother; the other half of



4

*The [unclear]
[unclear] and [unclear] [unclear] of [unclear]
[unclear] the [unclear] [unclear] of [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]
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it was inhabited by old Lady Morley, the widow of my grandmother's brother, and her son, Lord Morley, his wife, young Lady Morley, and her daughter, Miss Coryton, by her first husband. Miss Coryton afterwards married Villiers Lister, Lady Theresa's only son. The house was completely divided, but had a communicating door; the two families had quite different establishments. The witty, clever old Lady Morley used to pass through the door very constantly, and cheer every one with her entertaining talk. On the ground floor was the large dining-room, and through it the study where in my time Sir Cornwall Lewis sat and worked. The garden was very large for a town garden, divided in the middle by walls and a raised road; the lower garden could only be reached by a tunnel under the road, which tunnel was a great delight to us children. When we were living at Rutland Gate, in fine weather, we spent a great deal of our time playing in this garden with our cousins; these games were dreaded by the nurses, as the dirt of this London garden had a most evil effect on our clothes. After the death of my aunt the whole place was sold, and nothing remained for many years but one post of the Morleys' entrance gate, upon which in very white letters was inscribed the words—associated with so many memories to us—Kent House. The Kent House of to-day received its name from having been built on part of the site of the old one.

When we did not go abroad we used to spend our winters in my mother's house, 22 Rutland Gate. We came there early in the autumn of 1851, and so had full opportunity of seeing the somewhat faded glories of the first great exhibition in Hyde Park. The poor glass-imprisoned elm trees looked dying, but they made one realise the size of Sir Joseph Paxton's gigantic conservatory. I do not remember feeling that any one really admired it, or indeed the various exhibits. It was a peculiarly ugly time all over Europe for dress, for furniture, china, glass, &c. All this was so marked in every one's recollection that 'Early Victorian' has become synonymous with young people for

bad taste and vulgar ostentation. I have an old bound *Illustrated London News*, with its curiously bad illustrations of that time, and it is not uninteresting to note that, as late as 1851, evening dress, with low necks and short sleeves, and diamonds were worn by Royalty and their suite in the daytime at such functions as this one of opening the exhibition. This must have been peculiarly trying in the glaring light of the glass house. It was fortunate that the young Queen was only thirty-two. The excessive fatigue and weariness so stamped on the face of everybody who wanders about huge exhibitions became at that time a source of amusement for the London street boy, and took the form of calling out as they passed, 'How's your poor feet?' I imagine that this exhibition did a great deal towards levelling luxury and spreading a certain kind of civilisation throughout Europe. Telegraphs and railroads have done the rest.

In the year 1851 my mother had been greatly distressed, first at the marriage of her great friend, Lord Ward, which every one deprecated, and then at its failure and the young wife's death. My distress, young as I was, was also very real, as I was very fond of Lord Ward. From this time we saw a great deal of Lord Ward, and in 1860 he was created Earl of Dudley, a revival of a title which had become extinct at the death of his uncle. This was given him for services to the Liberal Party, which he joined when his chief, Sir Robert Peel, did the same. We all had a great affection for Lord Ward, though, from my being older, as time went on, I realised more than my sisters did the blots on his kind and brilliant nature. I asked my sister, Lady Lytton, what her youthful impression of him was, and she wrote me the following:—

Homewood, January 1910.

Mother brought us up to have an enthusiasm for the friend who had helped her with such kindness and tact to live again three years after my dear father's death in 1843. He used often to come and see us, and always took a very great interest in us children. Then from the year 1860 till I married in 1864, Lord

Ward used to invite us to Himley and Witley, and I have still the most lovely photographs of that place after it was done up and the fountains were put into the gardens. The sight of it all filled me with enthusiasm. The good host showed it off without ostentation, and touched us by coming to our little homes at Rutland Gate and Grove Mill, where he loved the fishing in the trout stream, and was always quite satisfied and happy with us all. He helped my mother with advice about our education, he lent us his horses to ride, often took us to the opera and the play, and filled our lives with occupation and pleasure. His manner was most reverential and courteous. He took us all to Scotland, where he taught us to fish and to ride. I used to say he was the giver of all good things ; he really was so generous and helpful to us, and I wish I could describe the great devotion and gratitude I felt to him for it. The last thoughtful kindness I received from him was the offer of Dudley House for the farewell family dinner that was given to my husband and myself when we were going to India, but previous arrangements obliged us to refuse. Certainly if we had never known him we should have lost not only much pleasure but much cultivation that fitted us for our various lives.

About this time my mother's most intimate friends, and those she saw most of, until they went to Bombay in 1853, were Lord Frederick FitzClarence and his wife, Lady Augusta. He was one of the sons of the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV, and Mrs. Jordan ; and Lady Augusta was a daughter of the Earl of Glasgow. He was a most handsome, kind, affectionate creature, very fond of my mother, whom he had known from girlhood, and of all of us. I think it was in 1850 that he was appointed Military Governor at Portsmouth, and so during our yearly visit to Ryde, where the kind old Mr. Blakeney always took a house for us, he contributed much to our amusement. We used to go over to Portsmouth for reviews, bazaars, band-playing, and all the usual terrors of life, but as we were very young we immensely enjoyed all this, and when he came up to town in the winter Lord Frederick used to take us to the play. Children were not taken early to the play in those days, as they are now ; a play for children was unheard of, except of course the Christmas pantomimes,

of a very inferior splendour compared to those which delight the children of the present day, and hardly a play was without a drunken man as a joke ; that is gone now. I am thankful to say in nearly all classes drunkenness now-a-days is looked upon with shame, not amusement, and is seldom seen on the stage. To return to the gaieties of Portsmouth ; at a bazaar a novel idea was started by one of the party, who suggested that every one should write to every one else anonymous letters in verse, verse receivers having to buy them at the post-office at the bazaar. I, never having had the smallest tendency to write verses, thought these very wonderful.

Lord Frederick lived in the time of the long peace ; he never saw anything of actual warfare, but as a young man he showed great courage when he was sent with a small detachment of the Guards to arrest the famous Cato Street conspirators ; Cato Street in those days being a narrow slum off the Edgware Road. This he succeeded in doing, but risked his life climbing up a narrow ladder to reach the attic where they were assembled. This Cato Street conspiracy was, I think, the last of the kind that occurred in English history. It was a very serious plot of a gang of low and desperate politicians, whose object was the overthrow of the Government and the assassination of the ministers of the Crown when they were assembled at a political dinner in Grosvenor Square. Green, in his ' Short History of the English People,' says :—

The movement against machinery which had been put down in 1812 revived in formidable riots, and the distress of the rural poor brought about a rapid increase of crime. The steady opposition too of the Administration, in which political progress created a dangerous irritation which brought to the front men whose demand of a radical reform in English institutions won them the name of Radicals, and drove more violent agitators into treasonable disaffection and silly plots. In 1819 the breaking up by military force of a meeting at Manchester, assembled for the purpose of advocating a reform in Parliament, increased the unpopularity of the Government, and a plot called

the Cato Street Conspiracy threw light on the violent temper which was springing up among its more extreme opponents.

The conspirators were executed after the then horrid manner of traitors, in the May following. These would now be called political prisoners, according to the trial of the Jameson raiders, who were intending to make war in a friendly country.

Lord Frederick constantly came down to Grove Mill, and we were almost as excited as the housemaids at his bath being strongly scented with eau-de-Cologne, which we thought frightfully extravagant—this was the remains of his royal training. It used to be said that at the time King Edward when Prince of Wales visited Canada, the Canadian young ladies bottled his bath water.

Lord Frederick and his wife and daughter left England to take up his appointment as Commander-in-Chief at Bombay in the autumn of 1852. Space forbids my inserting two letters which throw a considerable light on his warm-hearted nature and gentle, affectionate disposition. The first describes how sorrowful he felt at leaving his home at Etal in Northumberland, and the other is written towards the end of the first year of his command at Bombay.

Another great friend of my mother's, whom I have not yet mentioned, and whose letters she did not keep, was Mr. Cooper of Markree Castle, Sligo, Ireland. I find a letter of my mother's, written from Nice in January 1851, to him, which perhaps she never sent. It is an interesting illustration of how her mind had grown and changed, especially on religious questions, she combating his views, which were those of a Low Church Orangeman.

I think in my youth, religion was very much more discussed than it is now; certainly family feuds about High and Low Church were far more bitter than anything one hears in these days, except on the subject of politics. The rise of the Oxford Movement was a source of great sorrow to my mother for many years, though she came round to it in spite of the fact that many of her friends went over to Rome, and her brother, Robert Liddell, rector of St. Paul's,

Knightsbridge, was considered a very High Churchman. One of my friends reminded me the other day of a conversation which took place at a breakfast table when she was a child, about thirty years ago. A brother and sister were at the table; the poor brother had come down feeling ill and depressed, which happens so often in gouty families; his sister attacked him across the table: 'Now, George, you think yourself very religious, but I tell you I am sure you are afraid to die.' He meekly expostulated, but the accusation was again repeated.

In the spring of 1852, my aunt, Lady Theresa Lewis, brought out her book under the rather too comprehensive title of 'Lives of the Clarendon Gallery,' and dedicated it to her brother. We all thought it rather dull at the time, but biography is rarely attractive reading to the young. The book contains a long introduction about the Lord Chancellor Clarendon and his possessions.

The Duke of Wellington died in the autumn of 1852, when we went to Brussels, and I felt very sorry not to see his splendid funeral; my brother, who was at school, did see it. Besides being the great hero of the past, we had always looked upon him with extra interest as a kind of connexion, from his two nieces having married my mother's two brothers, and we heard various familiar anecdotes about him. One was that he hated fresh eggs, because he said they had no taste! Another story was of some lady in society having written to ask him for a subscription for her church, which she was restoring; his answer was excellent: that he hoped shortly to restore his church at Strathfieldsaye, and as he was quite sure that what he would give her, she would give him, no money need pass between them; an answer which might be applied to many such requests now, and seems to me full of a very superior kind of good sense.

Another story was very characteristic. When Sir Edwin Landseer was painting the Duke's portrait, hoping to save him the trouble of much sitting, he wrote and asked if he could let him have the trousers belonging to the uniform. The Duke wrote back, in all solemnity, 'Field Marshal the

Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Sir Edwin Landseer, and regrets that he cannot send him the trousers as he has but one pair.'

An old aunt of his had apartments at Hampton Court ; those charming rooms on the ground floor, with a small private garden looking south, and just where the old Tudor building joins Wren's. The Duke often used to visit her, and he christened the seat where the old lady and her friends used to sun themselves 'Puss corner.'

This reminds me of a conversation my mother once had with Sydney Smith. She said she was going to Bath to see an old aunt. He said, 'What, you've got an aunt at Bath ! I have an aunt at Bath. Every one has an aunt at Bath. It's a perfect ant heap.'

The winter of 1852-3 we spent in Brussels. I was sixteen, and my mother thought foreign masters, drawing and dancing lessons, &c., would be an advantage to me before coming out. It was that winter that old Mr. Blakeney, whom I have mentioned before, was making his will. He wrote to my mother, as she thought very unfairly, saying he wished to leave her his money after the death of his sisters, but he wanted her to give him her word that she would never marry again, as he could not bear the idea of his money going to some unknown man. This immediately roused her proud spirit, and she wrote and said, so far as she knew she was not at all likely to marry again, but that she would certainly make no promise to any man which her own husband had never asked, though he left her everything he possessed. The old man wrote that he had cut her out of his will and left the money to her three daughters. This money came to us through the death of his last surviving sister in 1865, and the certainty of its coming (it was about £6000 apiece) no doubt helped us all to marry. Perhaps this engraved on my mind what I have thought all my life, that the French practice of giving portions to girls as well as boys is a most desirable one, and one far too little practised in England to this day. The continual youthful chaff of the husbands

was, that we should have had no chance of marrying without it!

In the spring we went on to Berlin to stay with the Bloomfields, and here, as I was living in the house, though I was only sixteen, I was allowed to be at the ball when the King and Queen of Prussia were present with all the Court, Lord Bloomfield being British Minister at the time. I wonder if most girls feel the same intense joy that I did about growing up—being a woman, not a child; this feeling gave me far more pleasure than the actual society and show.

CHAPTER VIII

MY GIRLHOOD

It is good to have been young in youth, and as years go on, to grow older. To travel deliberately through one's ages is to get the heart out of a liberal education. Times change, opinions vary to their opposite, and still this world appears a brave gymnasium, full of sea bathing, and horse exercise and bracing manly virtues.—R. L. STEVENSON.

THE winters of 1853-4 and 1854-5 we spent in Paris in a little house in an old-fashioned lane that branched off from the Champs Elysée close to the Arc de l'Etoile. With her usual courage, when remonstrated with for living so far away in what was then considered quite a suburb of Paris, my mother always answered it was cheap and she did what she could afford. She and I had a very happy time. I loved going out, and she enjoyed it with me. Paris was gay and bright, and the climate I thought delightful. The Emperor had just married the beautiful young Countess de Montijo, and they gave parties and balls. Lord Cowley was at the English Embassy, and his own daughters were just coming out. The alliance with England, and the fact of my uncle, Lord Clarendon, being at the Foreign Office, made everything in Paris very smooth for his sister-in-law and niece.

On one of our journeys out to Paris we went straight from Southampton to Havre, sleeping at Rouen. I see in an old journal, which is only a scrap, for I never succeeded in keeping a journal longer than for a few days in succession, the guide told us that inside Rouen Cathedral, only fourteen

years before, they had found a buried statue of Richard Cœur de Lion, and fourteen feet below the statue they found the heart in a lead and silver box, with an inscription upon it to this effect in Latin, 'The heart of Richard, King of England and Duke of Normandy, surnamed the Lion-hearted, died in 1199.' The tombs of the ancestors of William the Conqueror are also there.

The last Sunday before we left Ryde, October 1, 1854, was the harvest festival after an abundant harvest, and the same day the shouts of victory from the Crimea first reached our land. I hated war then, as I have done all my life, and its terrible realities were burnt as with a hot iron on to my memory. The 23rd Welsh Fusiliers had been quartered that year at Parkhurst, in the Isle of Wight. Just before they went out to the Crimea, they gave a ball, and all Ryde society went. I danced all night with young officers full of joy and military ardour. A few weeks after came the detailed accounts of the battle of the Alma, and the poor 23rd had suffered the most of any regiment. One of the officers, a Captain Evans, whom we had known better than the others, and who was full of the love of life and plans for his future, was one of the first to fall. The following letter was sent to us to read, written by Brigadier-General Torrens, and addressed to Mr. Delmé Radcliffe.

September 21, 1854.

Your poor dear boy fell yesterday at the head of the Company which he commanded (No. 1), while gallantly leading them to the attack of a Russian entrenched battery, heavily armed and most strongly occupied. Never was a more noble feat of arms done than the capture of this battery; and in that capture the poor dear old Welsh were foremost. Their loss has been frightful: Chester, Wynn, Evans, Conolly, my poor sister's boy, Harry Anstruther, Butler, Radcliffe, Young, were all killed at the same moment and within the space of 100 square yards. Applethwaite (it is feared mortally), Campbell, Sayer, Bathurst, Hopton wounded; only six officers remain untouched, and nearly two hundred men are *hors de combat*. The exploit was noble indeed; but what a sacrifice! The position of the Russians on this river was most formidable; it was defended by 40,000 men, and it

was carried in two hours and a half. They lost great numbers, and the conduct of our army, on whom the brunt of the thing fell, was equal to anything it has ever done. The French behaved admirably. I am heartsick at the loss of so many dear and valued friends, and at the thought of my poor sister's anguish. God alone can comfort us in these overwhelming calamities, and to His almighty will let us humbly bow. Your poor dear boy died instantly, without pain, and lies buried in a deep grave along with his brave comrades, close to the spot where he so nobly died. God bless you, Delmé. May He comfort and support you both is the prayer of your old friend and comrade,
(Signed) Arthur W. Torrens.

How simple and touching are these soldiers' letters, and on the battle-fields how thoroughly they seem to understand the horrors of war, and put down all the calamities to the will of God! But how soon it is all forgotten, especially by politicians! I wonder if some day the people will rise and declare they will not kill the brothers they have never seen, and who have never done them any harm.

This is an account of young Torrens' visit to us and of what he told us, written by my mother to my brother. He was in Berlin with the Bloomfields at this time, working at German, &c., as he had decided to go into the army.

*Extracts from Letter from Mrs. Edward Villiers to her Son,
Mr. Ernest Villiers*

43 Avenue Ste. Marie, Christmas Night, 1854.

The best and most cheerful news is that young Torrens arrived at five o'clock Friday morning. He had the coat and blue *surtout* he fought in at Inkerman. Poor boy, his young hands are still unstained with blood. He says he is very glad that he has killed no one yet, but he risked his life to the uttermost. As an aide-de-camp he was fully exposed, and the marvel is how he escaped! He was close to his uncle, the General, in a very exposed open position, and the Russians, seeing they were officers, kept aiming at them like a target. The balls rattled round them like hailstones! Both horses shot under them. General Torrens' horse stumbled, and he spurred and hit him. When he saw the poor beast bled (a ball had entered just behind the saddle), he alighted; the poor dear beast crawled back to

the camp and died. The General was shot through the body—his nephew received him in his arms—then he said, 'I think I could walk,' and he helped him ten paces up the hill, and laid him under a bush. There was no blood, only a great hole. Harry ran off for a surgeon, met the Duke of Cambridge cantering, and stopped him with 'Beg your pardon, your Royal Highness, but can you help me to find a surgeon?' 'No, my poor boy, I can't.' So he sped on three-quarters of a mile, got one, and was back in about twenty minutes. Then he saw his uncle carried off on a stretcher.

He might have stayed with him, but he rushed back to the battle and offered his services to General Cathcart. 'Can I be of any use, sir?' 'Yes, get some ammunition.' He went off for it, when a ball hit him in the eye and cut his eyelid. Torrens was stunned, but when he came to, his first care was to see that he was not blinded. Finding his eye safe, though very sick and faint with the blow and agitation for his uncle, he staggered back to the battle. This blow probably saved his life, for you know General Cathcart and his aide-de-camp, Colonel Seymour (Horace's eldest son), were both killed. When Torrens recovered, the 91st had already marched off, and he, on foot and faint, could not catch them, and he went off and offered his services to General Pennefather. In De Lacy Evans' division there he stood uselessly for two hours, his wound bleeding and deadly white, till the Duke of Cambridge ordered him off the field back to the camp. Now here you have the history of a brave heart and an honest good fellow sparing himself in nothing. If he had been in the heat of the affray, fighting for his life, it would have required less cool courage and resolute self-denial than all he willingly did. We did not hear this from himself—he is very modest and not boastful—true merit never is.

If you wish to be courageous, enlist as Christ's soldier without delay. He is pointed out as the 'Rock of ages'; it is written 'I am sufficient for thee,' and depend upon it, all the brave men turned to God with all their hearts. For instance, Lord Cardigan, who performed prodigies of valour, ere he left England prepared himself for the worst; he knew he was a sinner and had fallen short in many ways of what was required of him. He went the round of all his cottages, whence he drew many of his best troops, and promised to befriend and provide for the widows and mothers whom the war might leave helpless. This was practical Christianity and no empty self-deceiving good wish or thought. He further sought out everybody he ever offended and shook hands

cordially with them. Thus having made his peace with God and man to the best of his poor ability, he went out prepared to die, and fought like a hero with perfectly supernatural courage. The Charge of Balaklava is something quite unheard of in the annals of war. Lord Cardigan led on the charge to certain death as he thought, far ahead of his men, leapt into the enemy's battery, fell with his horse, brandished his sword right and left, remounted, and was among the very few who got back, horse and all! What made his courage far greater was, that he is a capital officer, quite aware the order was a mistaken one, remonstrated firmly with Lord Lucan, then lowered his sword in token of submission to orders, and made gallantly off, cheering on his men in front of the cannon's mouth, as he thought to certain destruction. Yet God preserved him; so true is it that where the Lord is there is safety, and without Him none. . . .

I put this letter in as it stands, but the point of view as to the part played by Providence seems to me an amazing one. Surely, whatever may be the reason of the death of one man and the survival of another, it has not, as she implies, any direct reference to character, faith, or mode of life. How, I wonder, did she adjust this view of hers with the dogmatic way in which the great teacher Christ settled the question about those on whom the tower of Siloam fell? 'Think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem. I tell you nay.'

In Paris I first felt I got to know my uncle, Charles Pelham Villiers. I was seventeen and a half, and he took notice of me, which a young girl so appreciates. He offered to take me to a French *jeune fille* play; this my mother would not allow. She said no one would know he was my uncle; this seemed to me very hard then, and I think now it was certainly conceding too much to the fashion of the country we were in; we do not bind up the faces of our girls if we take them to Constantinople.

From this time I took great interest in this uncle and his distinguished political career, and swelled with pride as I realised the part he had taken in wringing from a reluctant legislature the repeal of the Corn Laws. Disraeli said of

him that, under circumstances of infinite difficulty, the cause of total and immediate repeal was first and solely upheld by the terse eloquence and vivid perception of Charles Villiers, though Bright and Cobden later on gained the most credit. He was elected Member for Wolverhampton in 1835, but it was not till the election of 1837 that he pledged himself in the House of Commons for the total repeal of the Corn Laws. All my youthful sympathies were then and have been ever since with the extreme Liberal party, and my Whig relations at the Grove chafed me unmercifully for taking in Bright's *Morning Star*, the most radical paper of the day, out of my pocket-money, at eighteen.

In Mr. Disraeli's letter to Queen Victoria, written in November 1852, he describes how Mr. Villiers' resolution on Free Trade was defeated in a House of nearly six hundred members by a majority of eighty; but Lord Palmerston's amendment was carried instead, and protection was henceforward abandoned by Mr. Disraeli and his followers, and never revived till Mr. Chamberlain returned from South Africa in 1903.

In 1882 Charles Villiers' political speeches on Free Trade were published with his consent, edited by a member of the Cobden Club, and prefaced by a very interesting political memoir, which gives an account of the struggle that went on for the repeal of the Corn Laws, and the sufferings of the people in what have since been known as the 'hungry forties.' There can hardly be any reading more interesting for those who have wavering convictions on the subject of Free Trade (or the contrary). The political memoir ends with the following sentence, dated 1883:—

The great political events of the early part of our century are fast receding into that distance whence they assume to the eyes of all men their due relative proportions, whence those who have taken the lead in them are estimated with a judgment that cannot be biassed by the prejudice of party, nor destroyed by the glamour of self-interest. When in the fulness of time history shall be so revealed to posterity, the figure of Charles

Pelham Villiers will stand out from amongst his contemporaries with a clearness greater even than it does now, as that of the far-seeing statesman who, with rare singleness of purpose, forgot himself in his zeal for the welfare of the people.

A great-niece of only twenty, who knew him well and admired his brilliant old age, wrote this little personal recollection of him, which appeared in the *St. James's Gazette* the day after his death.

A Personal Recollection

'There is no such thing,' said Swift, in his decline, 'as a fine old gentleman; if so-and-so had had either a mind or a body worth a farthing they would have worn him out long ago.' At first sight one is inclined to agree with these words, quoted by Mr. Leslie Stephen in his life of Swift; but the exception steps in, as it invariably does, to destroy the rule. What an exception we have before us to-day! There are few people in Great Britain who will not feel sorrow when they read the announcement of the death of Mr. C. P. Villiers. For some years he has lived in retirement, seen only by a privileged few. Most of this generation only know him by name; but with that name they have been taught to associate all that is honourable in politics, all that is most to be respected in a gentleman. The minds of the old travel back to the times when they were young and the venerable 'Father of the House' moved among them.

Of his political life much has already been said, and how much more does there not remain to be written of his unprecedented career; his sixty-two years as Member for Wolverhampton; his untiring energy and patient perseverance in the passing of his famous Corn Law Bill; his brilliancy as a speaker; his suavity as a persuader, treating with courtesy the obstinacy of his opponents, but never swerving for a moment from the cause he had at heart—a cause always inspired by his love of England?

Of all these things one cannot write here, nor even can one speak of the social life in which he figured so constantly as the wit and the adornment. A great man is public property, and there must be many memories rich to overflowing with anecdotes concerning him. These things will be dealt with by those most competent to speak; but sometimes in the record of a man of genius—if the word be not misapplied—the more domestic qualities are apt to be overlooked; and we would not have it

forgotten that with the man who has just left us there has gone a great heart as well as a powerful brain, and we cannot forbear to say a word of a more individual character.

Always a great reader of the newspaper, Mr. Villiers could have been seen day after day seated in his hard straight-backed chair—the one of his choice—surrounded by newspapers of every variety. Every article of interest was perused, every debate followed to the letter, and the sum of things discoursed upon afterwards with that rare brilliancy which characterised his speech and an accuracy of memory balanced by a soundness of judgment not often to be found in the children of his third and fourth generation. Until within a few days of his death, politics were the chief topic of conversation with him. Interest in his beloved country never flagged. When the end marked its approach, it was to politics that Mr. Villiers returned in the moments of consciousness. To the last his country was his concern—England, which he had held so long in interest, which, it may be affirmed, justly appreciates the debt of gratitude to her aged servitor. And then to speak of the heart which lay behind this solicitude!

In early life he was a little caustic, perhaps, and apt to sharpen his wit on the edged tool of sarcasm at the expense of his enemies; but this gave place, as years increased, to a quiet humour. 'Grey hairs bring milder moods,' and no one could have talked to Mr. Villiers latterly or have listened to his comments on a national or individual error without being struck by their leniency. In the privilege of having repeatedly visited him the present writer cannot dwell too long nor too lovingly on this aspect of his nature. As his great-niece she enjoyed many advantages which the tie of relationship alone can bring. It was a liberal education in itself to hear him speak of the men and manners, the changes and chances of nearly a full century; of history and biography, and matters both private and public—all things were touched upon, treated and disputed by his master-mind; and the readiest wit illumined the driest topic. Before everything Mr. Villiers was a humourist; and that subtle sense of fun which underlay so many of his sayings, and was so much enjoyed by the sayer, can never be forgotten by those who have been privileged to share it.

How many are there alive now who could speak as he spoke and review the story of the century as he did? It saddened him to see how the friends of his ancient family fell away and left him alone in his generation. No one who had been with

him in the beginning was left to follow him to the end. Some of us die hard ; we cannot let go our hold upon life ; the love of living fills us still in our old age ; and interest always increases to those whose heart and brain were ever active. And so it was with him—keenly observant of all that surrounded him, tender, considerate, with that courtly charm of manner which his growing frailties could not diminish and great age had no power to kill, clinging to life as it ebbed slowly—how slowly ! from him, as if reluctant to leave the grand old frame it had animated so long !

Like all the Villiers family he was an immense hoarder of old papers and letters, all of which he left to his house-keeper, who destroyed them after his death. I remember so well calling one day at his house in Sloane Street to inquire after him, and his housekeeper saying, ‘ Mr. Villiers is quite well and much more comfortable, for he has hired a house opposite for his letters and papers.’

In the spring of 1854, on our return from Paris, I was presented. We had, my mother and I, a humble lodging over a baker’s shop in Pont Street. This house was afterwards bought by William Vernon Harcourt, and the shop turned into a dining-room. It became his first home after he married my cousin, Thérèse Lister. From this lodging I went to my first ball in London, a fancy dress ball at the Waleskis. Count Waleski was Ambassador of France at that period of the reign of Napoleon the Third, and the acknowledged son of Napoleon the First and the Polish Countess Waleska. She alone of all his friends visited him in Elba, with her little son. This to me added great interest to the fête, which was a brilliant one, as the Queen and Prince Albert were there, though I heard much mourning at the absence of the Guards, then in the Crimea ; but as I knew none of them this did not affect me. I was proud of my Paris clothes, and my dress on this occasion was the same that I had worn at the fancy ball at the Tuileries the previous winter. I always wished to be smart and in the fashion, and I think I was the first young girl that ever wore in London the real crinoline, the horrible fashion

which lasted all the years of my youth. The one thing in its favour was that it was not uncomfortable to walk or dance in, and gave dignity to people whose legs were rather too short for their bodies; a defect that was terribly noticeable in the graceful dressing of the Burne-Jones period.

The second winter in Paris seems to have gone rather less flourishingly. I suppose my mother was ill, as my aunt ¹ writes of her being less well, and adds,

I am so glad that you both made your *début* at the Tuileries with such success. It was funny the Empress talking of George.² I, who see him night after night surrounded by piles of red boxes, and working deep into the early hours of the morning, cannot imagine his setting off for a pleasure trip to Paris; he did not do so even to see his chicks at the Grove except upon rare and short occasions. The balls must be pretty fatiguing work for you, but I dare say interest in your child makes it feel less so. I am so glad to hear your good account of Ernest's start at Harrow; when a start is once fairly made, I think the coach almost always goes well. Since I wrote there has been a terrible case of monitorial cruelty, where thirty-two cane blows were inflicted, and pamphlets published, and the whole thing has made a great and deservedly great noise. I hope it may end in some useful limits being put to those punishments and improving the discipline of the school, which certainly requires some looking after. Lady Bloomfield's proposal is very kind and well worth thinking about, but requires deep consideration—for George says that diplomacy as a profession is a most heart-breaking one—ten years as an unpaid *attaché* by no means uncommon, five or six the rule; in short, professions for our sons are becoming now terribly puzzling. Well, we have begun our session most prosperously. George made a fine speech on Tuesday, for of course the very first day the Eastern question was the subject of attack and discussion.

A few years ago, when I went to see the Empress Eugénie at Farnborough, she spoke of my uncle, Lord Clarendon, whom she knew well at Madrid as a child. She gave me the following account of an armchair. When George Villiers, as he then was, left Madrid, the Countess Montijo bought at his sale an English leather library chair, a rare curiosity

¹ Lady Clarendon.

² Her husband, Lord Clarendon.

in Spain at the time, and gave it to her young daughter. This chair remained in her rooms all her youth ; after she was Empress of the French she sent for it to Paris, and placed it in a house she had furnished for her Spanish relations ; this saved it from destruction at the burning of the Tuileries after the Commune. She has it still in her possession to this day.

After the usual Christmas festivities at the Grove, we being that winter of 1855 at Grove Mill, our grandmother, Mrs. George Villiers, died, and shortly afterwards it was decided by the kind uncle that, as my aunt Lady Theresa preferred spending the time she could give to the country at her husband's place, Harpton Court, in Herefordshire, Grove Mill House was to be my mother's for as much of the year as she liked to occupy it. This was, therefore, our most permanent home till Lord Clarendon died in 1870, and I described, in my first book 'Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden,' how we all loved it. This was a greater delight to us young ones than to my mother, as she did not think the place suited her, especially in the winter. Our devotion to our three cousins at the Grove bored her and, she thought, took too much of our time away from her.

In the spring of 1856 the dear, kind old Mr. Blakeney died, and my aunt, Lady Bloomfield, writes from Berlin about his death to my mother.

I must write you a few lines to say how much I feel for you, in the sorrow which has so unexpectedly fallen upon us all, for much as we must all mourn for our dear, kind old Friend, you have been of late years so especially his companion and chief interest that I feel his loss will be most keenly felt by you and your dear children. Dear, dear old Bakie, it wrings my heart to think we shall see his fond, affectionate smile no more ! And I do mourn for him as for a dear parent, for indeed he was always like one to me, and he is connected with every thought of my home and my childhood ; now that he too is gone, it does indeed seem as if the last link with the past was broken.

The season of 1856 saw us again in London. My mother's house in Rutland Gate being still in the possession of tenants,

she took one in Wilton Crescent, so that we should be near the much-loved cousins, and Lord Dudley having lent me a lovely horse, I used to ride with them most mornings in the Park, and as I was out and they were not, they used to think it rather fast of me if I bowed to men I knew. The famous Miss de Horsey, so soon to become Countess of Cardigan, was often there too, in a flowing light blue habit and a hat covered with feathers, so different to the stern riding costume of to-day, and conspicuous even at that time.

My mother's health was very ailing that year, and my aunt, Lady Clarendon, took me out a great deal, but though she was most kind, I was tired of balls and not in very good spirits, oppressed with that feeling of failure that many girls experience when they have been out a few years and the novelty has worn off. One day my aunt sent for me and told me the Queen had asked her if she would like me to be one of her Maids of Honour. Of course this was from her wish to please my uncle and aunt, and was most kind. It took me very much by surprise, and I went home and told my mother, and I think she was rather pleased, and quite ready to believe that £400 a year and being given the rank of a baron's daughter might be some real use to me in life. So then I asked her what would father have said—would he have liked it? And she said, 'No, dear, I don't think he would,' and so I decided there and then I would decline the offer. I did not believe I was fitted for it. I think what made me so quickly make up my mind was Macaulay's article on Madame d'Arblay, which I had been lately reading, little understanding how entirely different was the Court of the young Queen Victoria from that of Queen Charlotte, wife of George the Third. Amongst my father's papers, only lately turned over, I find this letter of his. It was written to my mother's youngest sister, Georgina Liddell, afterwards Lady Bloomfield, when she was appointed Maid of Honour in January 1842, and for the first time going into waiting at Windsor. This she describes herself in her 'Reminiscences of Court and Diplomatic Life' (Kegan

Paul & Co.), quoting a charming letter of advice from her mother, Lady Ravensworth. My father's letter curiously confirms the impression I had that he would not much have liked me to accept a Court appointment.

From Edward Villiers to Georgina Liddell

January 20, 1842.

My dearest Georgey,—I begged Elizabeth to write you word what sorrow it gave me not to keep my engagement with you to call to say goodbye this morning. As the sorrow was very sincere I must write you a line to make sure you hear of it. I had looked forward to seeing you with much pleasure, and fully intended up to the last moment to go to you. At the time I am writing (six o'clock) you are settled in your new quarters, and I dare say they have almost ceased to be strange to you. You will probably find your life neither as agreeable nor as disagreeable as it may have been represented by different persons, according to their tastes and views. The great danger into which in my opinion the inmates of a Court may run, is the idolatry of a fellow creature, the most debasing and least rational of all idolatries. That you may be wholly preserved from the evils and the temptations to evils which may beset you is my most affectionate wish and prayer, and I must add expectation.

Yours very affectionately,

E. E. Villiers.

My mother, dreading a return to Grove Mill on account of her health, decided to take us all off abroad again in September 1856, through Germany, by Frankfort, Munich, Austrian Tyrol, and by Trieste to Venice. At Salzburg, after the church service at the hotel, we met Hamilton Aide, whom we had known in London; he was travelling with the Richard Boyles. Mrs. Boyle became in after years a real friend of mine, and I had the greatest admiration for her artistic work; she always published under the initials of E. V. B. 'The Story without an End,' translated from the German by Sarah Austin, was one of the first of the beautifully illustrated colour printed books; it came out in 1868, and is, I believe, now very rare; it cost a thousand pounds to produce, and this kind of illustration was absolutely

new at that time. Mrs. Boyle sat by Millais, the painter, at a dinner-party one night shortly after its publication, and he, not knowing who she was, praised the book up to the skies, and asked her if she had seen it !

At Venice my poor mother spent most of the week we were there in bed, and had we not met Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Wilson, who were on their wedding tour, we should have seen nothing of Venice. They were most kind to us, taking us about, forlorn little maidens three, showing us all the sights of Venice, explaining the pictures, and giving me sketching lessons ; he was an artist, and quite the handsomest man I ever knew.

So far as I remember, the railway from Venice to Padua existed at that time ; but all the rest of the journey was performed in a carriage which took us to the Normanbys' villa on the Bologna road outside Florence. I am sure the only really luxurious way of travelling abroad now would be in a shut motor. The carriage travelling, though slow, was far easier and less agitating than rushing about Italian stations and getting into crowded trains in the middle of the lines, as one often has to do. We slept at Padua, and this year, when I was there, I recognised the same inn at which we stayed fifty-four years ago, in consequence of having sketched an archway over the street from my bedroom window. One never forgets a place one has sketched. From Padua we drove by slow stages, crossing the Apennines after sleeping at Bologna, and so arrived at the Villa Normanby, two miles out of Florence on the Bologna road. We stayed a week or so, and then moved to an apartment of our own called *Casa Pegna*, in the newly built Piazza Maria Antonia. After the turn of the year the climate did not suit my mother as well as she expected, though she was better than when at home at Grove Mill.

In the spring of 1857 Henry Taylor wrote a long letter about the letting of 22 Rutland Gate, containing at the end this appropriate story : ' Winter is a wicked thing all the world over—at least all over that part of the world

where there is one. I confess that I like it no better for a bright sun and a stimulating air. That suits me worse than my native atmosphere of dullness and cloud.' He thought where we lived at Grove Mill did not suit my mother, so he writes—

I will tell you a story. Last summer Professor Owen and his wife were sitting at breakfast in their cottage in Richmond Park with the window open and a jar of honey on the table. A wasp flew in at the window and settled on the honey and stuck fast in it. The Professor and his wife, with infinite pains, disentangled the wasp from the honey, washed it and cleaned it and let it go. The next morning they were again seated at the same table at breakfast with the same jar of honey. A wasp flew in, settled on the honey, stuck fast in it, was disentangled, washed and cleaned and dismissed as before. A third and fourth morning and the same thing happened. Then the Professor said to the wasp, 'My friend, I should like to know whether you are that identical slave of the honey-pot whom I have already three times over rescued from a glutinous grave; and having now rescued you a fourth time I will snip a bit out of the corner of your wing that I may know you again.' The fifth morning a wasp flew in, stuck fast, was disentangled, washed and cleaned, and on inspection he was found to be a wasp with a piece snipped out of the corner of his wing. 'Go,' said the Professor, 'one thing is clear,—that you are not one of those fools whom experience is said to teach.'

God bless you dearest, wheresoever you are and whithersoever you go.

Ever yours affectionately,
Henry Taylor.

What a kind and pretty reproof to a friend who would live in a place that she liked, but which he thought did not agree with her health!

This winter at Florence was a gay and happy time for me. I loved the place and its beauty, and the galleries. My sisters were only fifteen, so I had all the going out to myself, and acted as Legation young lady, my uncle, Lord Normanby, being Minister at the time. His professional career would have been at an end when he ceased to be Ambassador in Paris, but he wanted to live in Florence,

and requested to be appointed to the Legation there, although this was a professional come-down. The Tuscan Court was gay that winter, the Grand Duke's eldest son having lately married. Towards the end of the season I lost my heart completely to a man who had no money and not much prospect of advancement in his diplomatic career. At the end of the Carnival the Normanbys gave a ball at the Legation, the old Palazzo San Clementi, which I had looked forward to, as I was to lead the cotillon with the man I liked. He was taken from me officially, to dance with the young Duke's bride. As I was dressing for this ball, in a new pink and white tarlatan, I laughingly said to my mother, 'Well, I shall not meet my husband to-night,' as I could not bear myself in pink; but I thought it affected to keep to sky-blue or white, which did suit me. In consequence of my mother's teaching I spent much of my youth in hair shirts and with peas in my shoes—not by any means a bad training. At this ball I was introduced to Captain Earle,¹ of the 60th Rifles, who seven years afterwards became my husband; he was very good-looking, and my mother took a great fancy to him. He was staying with Sir Hedworth and Lady Williamson—she being sister to Lady Normanby and my mother—and was the friend and brother-officer of Captain Williamson in the 60th Rifles, with whom he came out to Florence. In consequence of this, Captain Earle soon became a member of our family party, and this intimacy naturally helped the situation. He had come home the previous year from the Cape to Holland in a Dutch barque called the *Fop Smit*, and the voyage lasted seventy days, from May to July—the world moved slower in those days. On board the *Fop Smit* was a family called Drew, whom he liked, and many years afterwards the young lady of the party, who had caused the long voyage to pass most pleasantly, wrote me a short description of it, adding this note from her journal about his looks.

¹ Captain Charles William Earle was the eldest son of Charles Earle, whose father, William Earle, had belonged to the well-known Liverpool family; but Charles had been educated at Eton and Cambridge, and never lived at Liverpool after he was a boy.

Description of C. W. E. on his 28th Birthday

July 1, 1856, at sea.

Sweet smile, grave kind eye, resting steadily upon the one spoken to. Hair dark brown, thick, close and curly. Small moustache growing down to meet the whiskers, which are dark brown and luxuriant. Eyes dark grey with a charming expression in them; nose quite straight, and well-cut mouth; well-shaped, close-shut red lips. Face brown and tanned, with a broad full white forehead. Shoulders and breast powerful and fine, lithe well-knit figure five feet eleven and three-quarter inches, but not looking so much. Has a slight halt in his gait from an accident. Hands small and beautifully white and cared for, with flat-tipped capable fingers—a fine picture of a soldier and a gentleman. This is a person I should like to know well and have for an intimate friend my life long.

My cousin Atholl Liddell, afterwards Lord Ravensworth, also a brother officer in the 60th Rifles, sent me after my husband's death this account of their life in Kaffirland.

October, 1900.

I started from Cork, to go out and join the service companies of my regiment in October 1852, forty-eight years ago, the battalion having gone out in the summer of 1851. I was about ninety days going out to Capetown, and did not join the battalion till about the April of 1855. Charlie Earle was commanding the escort of the Governor and Commander-in-chief, Sir George Cathcart (who, together with my cousin, Charlie Seymour, who was on his staff, was killed at Inkermann). Charlie, I think, was in the expedition which marched up the country and crossed the Orange river on a punitive expedition against the 'Basuto' tribes, who had a very powerful and exceedingly clever chief called Mosesh at their head. Mosesh inflicted a severe check and heavy loss on Sir George, and he had to retire, leaving his dead upon the ground; it was a serious state of affairs. Sir George was miles away, he had no supports, or reserves of any kind, and no base; but fortunately the Basutos, who had probably suffered pretty heavily themselves, came into our camp the next day, and after some discussion peace was made, and Sir George returned into 'Kaffraria,' as it was then called, and the war was concluded.

Sir George gave up his appointment and returned to England that year, and Charlie with his company rejoined the regiment, which had its headquarters at King Williamstown, the capital of Kaffraria. Soon after that I was sent to do duty with Charlie's company, and we were sent as a detachment to build a small fort seven or eight miles from King Williamstown, at a place called the 'Iseli,' on the lower spurs of the 'Amatola' mountains, in such a lovely country. We built the fort, or rather completed it; a small square, with two bastions at the angles, with earthworks and a ditch, and mud huts with thatched roof with verandahs inside. The Kaffirs had no artillery, and were armed with old flint and steel muskets, assegai and knobkerries (sort of clubs). We were very happy and comfortable for some time, till I was sent away to take command of another similar small fort (we had a multitude of them all over the country) about twenty miles away. When with Charlie at 'Iseli' Post it was quite delightful; the country was settled and peaceful; we had but little to do, as our men were always employed in building, so we used to shoot a good deal, on horseback always, so it was not fatiguing, although of course very hot, and the country quite lovely. We used to start away soon after daylight, and about eight o'clock our servants would come out and meet us at some appointed place, generally near a small stream, and we used to cook and eat our breakfasts after a swim in the stream, and then lie under the trees in the shade, smoking and reading during the great heat of the day, and then shoot our way home to the Fort about nightfall. Those were indeed the happy days of our youth; the only thing against it was that we were always longing to get away to get out to the war in the Crimea. Charlie got away, I think, about the end of 1855, and went home, and soon after got appointed to the Rifle Brigade, and shortly afterwards I had a letter from him dated from on board a Transport lying in Table Bay, on his way out to India for the great Mutiny. I was sent on about six months later. Charlie saw a good deal of fighting. After the Mutiny was over, he was appointed to a Staff appointment, Deputy Judge Advocate at Bareilly. I left India the end of 1859, but Charlie stayed out there for some years. South Africa in our day was a very rough life; very bad food, no milk or butter or vegetables, mostly in camp, and much exposed to weather; no regular mails, mostly by sailing ships; no books, no papers, no clothes, no anything but joyous youth and splendid health, so happy.

I do not think my husband ever felt again the same happiness in the army after he left his first regiment. On arriving in England on his way to join the Rifle Brigade, which was in the Crimea, his military ardour was checked by finding the war over, and himself on half-pay.

The season went on at Florence, and my thoughts were occupied, and I took Captain Earle's frequent presence in our house as representing no more than the friendliness of one of my cousins.

The summer of this year was divided between Grove Mill and London, and after his return to England with Charlie Williamson we continued to see a good deal of Captain Earle. The acquaintanceship took a more serious turn from his being ordered to join the Rifle Brigade, which had been sent to India from the Crimea, in consequence of the outbreak of the Mutiny. These circumstances naturally led to greater frankness with regard to his feelings for me. He remained in India six years, during which time he corresponded very regularly with my mother; extracts from some of his letters had best perhaps come in here, as well as the only letter I wrote to him till he returned from India in 1863, and we were shortly afterwards engaged.

From Captain Earle to Mrs. Edward Villiers

SS. *Lady Jocelyn*, Hooahly, November 3, 1857.

My dear Mrs. Villiers,—We landed here on the afternoon of the 1st, after a good passage of eighty-four days. We passed six days at the Cape, but did not touch Point de Galle. The news from the interior is very bad, but we know little of particulars here, as the Government will not publish unfavourable intelligence; but it is certain, as you will see by the English papers, that the troops at Lucknow are in a critical position, having lost a thousand men in getting into that town to relieve the Europeans there, and are now blockaded there themselves. We are to be pushed on before other regiments who arrived before us, though between ourselves we are not as fit as other regiments; but there is a great deal in a name. There are two ways of going up country: one by the river in boats, and the other by bullock waggons, but these means are very inadequate to the progress of the force now daily arriving; in fact they can only forward

one hundred and fifty men a day, which hardly fills up casualties in the army. It take twenty-five days going to Allahabad, and from there detachments are detached to the different divisions. They say Sir Colin Campbell and Lord Canning have differed much in their opinions. The General is now on his way up, and was nearly captured on the river ; he was travelling Dak without escort, and suddenly perceived before him on the road the 33rd Native Infantry, who have rebelled, and was near enough to them to count the elephants they had with them. They fortunately did not see him, and he had time to turn back to the station he had left. The rebels have offered £20,000 for him dead or alive. General Campbell cannot get back to within four hundred miles of the division he is to command. I anticipate a hard time, for we are only allowed to take one hundred and sixty-two pounds weight of luggage, which is to include bedding, cooking things, &c., but I am full of hope and confidence, and look forward to seeing an Indian campaign with pleasure. The waters we float on now do not deserve the term sweet waters, five bodies have been seen to float past the ship to-day ; it is a curious fact that the women only float on their backs—I suppose looking towards heaven where their souls have gone to—the men hide their faces in the water, as if ashamed of their misdeeds during life.

December 1, 1857.

I was interrupted by an order to get under arms, as the enemy was approaching, and out we went, leaving our camp standing ; we were soon in it, and catching it from grape and round shot. I have not time to describe the fight, which might be tedious into the bargain. However, we, the Rifle Brigade, saved the fort, which the other regiments ran from, and covered the retreat of the division, though we lost our camp. Two of my subalterns were shot down, one I was speaking to at the time. We retired into Cawnpore, where there is an earthen fort containing magazine and hospital and covering a bridge of boats over the Ganges. Our lot was to hold a house with three camps under Colonel Woodford ; here we passed the night in the compound, and bitterly cold we found it, having nothing but what we had been fighting in ; fortunately for me I found that my excellent black servant had saved my luggage, but I could not get at it to get a blanket. We were not attacked, and the next morning were relieved, and marched into the fort. Here we found three more companies who had arrived the day

before ; but as they had got at the liquor in the fort during the night, they were all half drunk, and I was rather afraid would be mutinous.

Lucknow, March 29, 1858.

Your letter of February 2 arrived two days ago, and gave me great joy to read. I am indeed fortunate to receive such letters in this burning land, where one is dependent on the ties and the hopes connected with home. Were it not for these I fear I should be very low spirited at the prospect of a campaign in such a climate as we now experience, though we are far from the worst of it. The affairs I have been in have produced, if anything, an effect very opposite to recklessness ; on the contrary I think that fighting and seeing men killed and wounded about you produce a more serious way of thinking in most people. It probably wears off again with many in time, but I have observed that the usual effect is to sober. This is a cruel war, in which no quarter is given on either side, but though I have seen many brutal acts of cruelty committed by our men, I have always saved prisoners' lives if I could, as I have a horror of anything like murder in cold blood. I do not wonder at our men, for many of the natives are such fanatics that they will rush upon them single-handed with only a sword, and perhaps do much damage before they are killed, to say nothing of their brutality to our people and the trouble prisoners give. I am glad to think no women have been killed by Riflemen except by accident, which in street fighting will occur sometimes. They say some regiments have not spared anybody, but they say that women fought at Lucknow, and the men sometimes put on women's clothes when they are escaping. We are now encamped about three miles from Lucknow, on some ground near where the Cantonments used to be. It is sad to see so much devastation as there is here. All the nice houses are destroyed, nothing is left but the ruined walls and their gardens full of roses and orange blossoms. We have four officers seriously ill, and more are beginning to be so. I am very curious to know what the people at home will think of Lucknow.

Bareilly, May 15, 1858.

I am very much touched when you tell me of the sympathy that exists with you all for me. It is rather curious that the very day the dear twins said I might be dead at the time, was the day on which we attacked the suburbs at Lucknow on the banks of

the river and obtained possession of the end of the iron bridge, the 11th of March, and I dare say at the time you were talking about me I was many a time within an inch of being dead under a rain of *mitraille*, I think the heaviest I have ever seen. Poor Thynne, Lord John's son, captain of our battalion, was killed there, a round shot smashing his right arm and leg, and another officer of ours was shot through the chest and died afterwards. Thynne was sitting on a bed in a house, the enemy was driven across the bridge, but kept firing from their batteries on the other side of the river—another officer gave him a letter to read, and while doing so the shot came through the wall. I hope you got my letters that I wrote from Lucknow. I am glad to have left; the numbers of men killed there during the siege, Havelock's and Sir Colin's reliefs, and the final capture of the place, have rendered it very unhealthy, and there is a great deal of small-pox and fever. What a loss Captain Peel is! he was such a brave man. Sir Colin has not got a single *aide-de-camp* out of the four he brought out with him; two have gone home ill, one to the hills ill also, and the fourth has caught small-pox at Lucknow and his life is despaired of. We have frequent deaths from sun here, the men are so imprudent, but otherwise it is very healthy.

Bareilly, July 19, 1858.

I wonder what you will say at home to the Rohilkund proclamation, which offers everything to the inhabitants, who had been our subjects for fifty years, and therefore many degrees more deserving of punishment than the people of Oude, which had been annexed without conquest or treaty, and that only two years ago. I don't understand why such a difference was made between the two provinces, though most people approve of the Rohilkund proclamation, as compared with that of the province of Oude. The affair at Rooja shows what we may expect from a policy which leaves no alternative but resistance. There is no country so quiet as this province. The civil power is established; at this station they have erected three gallows in a row, to accommodate about ten rebels at a time, to assist in carrying out the measure. I am sorry to say the report concerning Khan Bahadur being taken turned out false. These people being still at large, will ensure a winter campaign in Oude, where they all are, and I don't think they can escape. As soon as I have passed the language examination, which I hope will be in about six months, I shall set to work to prepare

for the examination required for the staff at Sandhurst. This might take me two years, and if I could pass, they would give me a free passage home, and I should have a staff appointment ensured. I have no ambition to be always in the Judge Advocate's Department; there is no advancement in it, and it is one of those branches of the service of which the members are not supposed to go under fire, therefore you get no thanks for anything you might do, and if you are hit everybody says what a fool you were to go. You ask me if the rebellion is of the people or of the army—decidedly of the people, more or less everywhere—here the whole Mussulman population are against us; the Hindoos were for us, they said, but we could get no information from them respecting the enemy's movements when we marched on Bareilly; lower down in Bengal they appear to be all hostile in the neighbourhood of Azimgurli. The Nawabs and Rajahs who sided with us were probably the most far-seeing and did so from motives of interest, and very wise they have been, having had enormous additions to their wealth in consequence. The Rajah of Patiala has just been gazetted to an increase of his possessions which will give him £20,000 a year more than he had before. The people at home have been quite misled as to the nature of the rebellion. I suppose it was from policy that it was always stated to have been only a mutiny. It is quite provoking to hear that the people at home believe that there have been no mutilation or cruelties. Six months ago they were clamouring for vengeance, revenge was preached in the pulpit, and advocated in Parliament. Any man who had followed out the views of the people at that time would now be a sacrifice to the reaction of clemency which has ensued.

When we were here three days ago another officer and I were fools enough to ride over to Bethoor, four miles, where Nana Sahib's house was. It is now in ruins, having been completely destroyed by our forces, who were employed there some time in digging for his treasure in wells in his grounds, in which they were very successful. I am glad I have seen the place, which I believe was very fine and magnificently furnished, but the ill looks of the inhabitants made me rather wish I was out of the place, as we were quite alone with our pistols and no troops nearer than our own camp, and the neighbourhood, from being the headquarters of the Nana Sahib, is the worst disposed towards us. They say at Cawnpore that the rebels have fortified Lucknow considerably. They throw up earthworks in the streets, which are infinitely worse, I think, than ordinary works

outside, for you don't know of their existence till you are on them, and grape fired down a street must be very murderous. However, I think they will be too frightened to fight much when they have the sixty-eight pounders opening on to them. I only wish the soldiers were better. The Crimea and Aldershot has ruined our infantry, they dodge behind cover and let their officers go on by themselves. A captain in our battalion was bayoneted in this way, and I myself have had to take hold of them by their necks and drag them on. Never believe what they say in the papers about soldiers' battles; if it were not for the officers, and the most rigid discipline, the men as a body would never face fire. Of course there are some grand exceptions, but what I state is the rule. How gallantly the 60th have behaved at Delhi! everybody in India is full of it.

The Letter I wrote to Captain Earle after he decided to remain on in India

October 16, 1858.

Perhaps, after all the indirect communications that have passed between us during the last few months, you may think it rather strange that I should write to you, but I have been wishing for some days to thank you for the curious and pretty rosary from Lucknow, which arrived quite safely last Sunday morning; though directed to mother, you meant it for me, did you not? She says you did. I like it very much and thank you for sending it to me; it gives me real pleasure to have curious things no one else can get. It is easy to trace in that sentence, I think, the origin of my name of 'grab-all'!

How curious is the fate of inanimate objects! from the hands perhaps of some fanatical Mussulman, under that burning sun, to the cool and calm of my room in peaceful Grove Mill.

Your letter of the 7th of September arrived yesterday, and I must tell you how I like the manly straightforwardness of its tone. I think you have judged wisely for your own happiness, and may you never regret your present firm decision is my sincere desire. Its contents did not surprise me as much as they did the others, for I have for months foreseen (partly from your own letters, and partly from what I heard your father say in the summer) that fate had fixed your future in India. But the knowledge that it would be years before you would even see England again gave us all pain. Still, I repeat I believe

you have done well and wisely not to give up that ¹ which under other circumstances I have almost heard you pray for, as it would sow a seed which in after years might bring forth a bitter fruit, and cause you to regret that which you had wilfully thrown away. No doubt, like others, you have often thought me hard and ungrateful; perhaps I was, still if you had your reasons for sending no message, I was determined that while half the world was between us, I would sanction no word being said which could convey more than was felt by a heart and mind as full, I fear, of inconsistencies and contradictions as an April day, and that might, had fate so willed it, have completely altered ere the letter reached its destination, and this determination was right, and not a selfish one, I hope.

You have succeeded in gaining the sincere friendship of one of the four, if not of all, for I can assure you mother feels for you that which I know she will find it difficult to give to another. Prize and keep this friendship, it is better worth having than that which you once sought to gain. You will find the latter wherever you choose to seek it, but her friendship is another thing; strive ever to prove yourself worthy of the high opinion she has of you, and your life in India will be neither joyless nor loveless, as you at present anticipate. Thank you, too, for the shawls. We all exclaimed at once, 'I will not give mine away,' so no higher fate awaits them than to keep our shoulders from the summer wind or winter blast. Will that content them? This letter requires no answer, and I would rather receive none.

From Captain Earle to Mrs. Edward Villiers

Bareilly, January 10, 1859.

I have been made immensely happy by your letter of November 13. I was in camp at a place called Madho Tanda when the mail arrived; at first it only brought me a letter from father, I thought you had given me up; the next day no letter, and the day after I had to start for Bareilly, having some work to do here. My first day's ride brought me to Pilebeel; I had written to have my letters stopped there; but found none; the next day I rode on thirty miles. On arriving the servant put only a bundle of official letters into my hand, but on going to my desk of office, I saw a little document directed not in your handwriting lying in a pigeon-hole, looking as important as if it had come on Her Majesty's service direct from the headquarters of the

¹ A good staff appointment at Bareilly.

army—to me it was of much greater importance than any of those dry despatches that find their way into that very business-like article of furniture into which in my absence your letter had contrived to ensconce itself. Every word of it was happiness and glad tidings to me. I almost guessed it would be so when I saw who had directed it. I am really glad to hear of dear old Ernest's¹ success, it is such a good thing to make an effort, and a better to succeed. I only hope he will not let his days of subalternism pass without being Adjutant of the 43rd.

Agra, January 20, 1859.

The last mail brought me your letter from Nice, with the news about the Baronet's eldest son. I congratulate you on what seems to promise so well, and if your daughter marries him I trust she may be very happy. You will not now regret that I was not able to go home, and I am very glad that my leave was not granted. For her it is well that I could not win her heart. There is no comparison between poor Captains and a Northampton Baronet, and when she has a home in a midland county she will be right to shudder when she thinks there was ever a faint possibility of her living in a lodging in a garrison town.

I am glad you like Nice, I hope it will do you a great deal of good. When your letter before the last came, I thought what intense happiness it would be to go on there on my way from India and to travel home with you; it would have been like that happy day at Grove Mill drawn out over weeks. I fancied blue skies and blue seas, pretty villas on olive-covered hills, and long days of love in that warm air of the south, and thought there might be a season of happiness to come, but now it is all over, and the scene of fancy is changed to a reality of drill and rifle practice in hot dusty Umballah. I hope you will write to me again soon, I feel rather restless and miserable. I expect the work at Umballah will soon put me on the sick list, my eyes cannot stand the least glare.

June 23, 1859.

Your reply to my private sheet of October 7 has made me as happy as it is possible to be away from all I love. You are quite right in what you say about your daughter's letter, it is remarkable, and I know how true and good she must be who can write as she did. The more I see of her the more I esteem

¹ My brother, now Colonel Villiers.

and love her. I find these feelings grow stronger in me, and do not lessen through absence, and this proves to me that what I feel for her is not a short-lived fancy. I need no encouragement to strive with all my strength to earn a position that would put it in my power to try and win her, and the smallest hope would encourage me to use every exertion. The difficulty is how to direct it, for success out here would only ensure my staying in India. However, to work hard in the profession one is called to can do no harm, and if it is decreed that she should marry another, I shall not repent having toiled to gain her. Lord Brougham says that a man's success in life depends upon himself, and not on his circumstances, and yet what a number of men have gone past me since I have been in India, and have done nothing but try to keep themselves cool, and I have worked almost every hour I have been here, till I could do it no longer. But I am not discouraged, and shall work again in hope of advancement.

Nyneer Tal, September 30, 1860.

I am going to send in an application for leave as soon as I am certain that I am not to be ordered to rejoin my regiment. It would be useless to send in for leave if I am in a state of removal to my regiment, as it would of course be refused, and it would look as if I wanted to go away to avoid the regimental work. If I get leave I shall be in England about January, a horrid time of year for an Indian to arrive. I have not wintered in England since 1851. I know Lord Skelmersdale a little; imagine a man marrying at twenty-two; at that age he does not know what marriage is. I should not like to have a thing on the chance of growing to liking it. To feel the want and the strong soul-filling passion for, and then to possess, that would be my happiness, and I could not have felt that at twenty-two.

Bareilly, October 30, 1860.

I have sent in an application for leave to England for six months from date of embarkation at Calcutta to date of return there. It is only on those terms that I can get leave holding my appointment, and I think it wise to reserve to myself the option of returning to it, as I shall have no difficulty in getting my leave extended if I decide on not returning. Of course everything in this matter will depend upon the prospect I see

of getting an exchange on reasonable terms, or employment at home while I am there. I have grounded my application on the necessity of getting rest and good advice for my eyes. I shall be glad to get the opinion of a good oculist about them. I dare not indulge too much in the prospect of going home, in case of disappointment. It will be the happiest day of my life when I am safe on the waters of the Bay of Bengal, and a happier one still when I see those that I have thought of so much during this exile, but it may be long before either happens.

December 3, 1860.

I have had troublesome eyes lately, but I must write you a few lines. I have heard from Ernest, and he is going to send me his sisters' photographs to look at. I hope I shall see him at Madras. His letter reached me the 11th of November; it takes twenty days for a letter to go to Madras, so as I answered him the day I received it; I hope to see the pictures in about three weeks, and the originals in about three months. As soon as I can use my eyes safely again, I shall study my profession as I was doing when my eyes gave way, though more prudently. I do not know if you are right in saying I should have been a mere sensualist had I been rich. I have a tendency, and a strong one, to sensualism of a certain sort, I know, but it is not a coarse sensualism. There is not much of the animal about it. I like music and poetry, and all pleasures of the imagination, and they are sensual pleasures, for I like them chiefly in connection with the one great sensualism in the love of woman, and yet I do not love women as a sensualist, to love and to be with a woman I loved is enough, I revel in no mere sensualist's thoughts. Perhaps that is not sensualism strictly speaking; I feel it is as enervating though not as debasing. Wine which a sensualist likes has no charm for me; if I were to dine alone and have no excitement, I should hardly touch it; under no circumstances do I ever exceed in the least—you don't know how more than usually moderate I am. As to tobacco, which you caution me against, I only smoke two cigars a day, and could give it up if there were any object in doing so to-morrow.

Bareilly, December 13, 1860.

I have just time to write you a note to say that my leave has been refused, and that I am ordered to rejoin my battalion. A great disappointment, but as it cannot be helped, there is no

use grieving over it. Just as my application was received at headquarters, a letter came from the General Officer commanding the division in which my battalion is, saying that I was much needed, and requesting that I might be ordered to rejoin. I fear that the drilling and the target practice that goes on all day at this time of year will throw my eyes back again, for I find I stand glare and dust worse than reading.

June 24, 1863.

You said you would never believe I was coming home till you heard I was on your side of Egypt, and now I am close to Marseilles, land this evening, and hope to be in London on Saturday. I had such a happy day with Ernest¹ at Madras; I was quite delighted to be with him, he is such a nice fellow, and we talked of course incessantly about you all, which I am sure was a great pleasure to both of us. If you will write to me at 116 Park Street, I shall know where you are, and when I can go to Grove Mill if you are there. Till then, goodbye. I am too happy to write much, and shall see you so soon, it is not much use. I trust I may find you well.

To return to the spring of 1857. We left Florence for home, going by sea from Leghorn to Genoa, and then driving along the lovely Corniche Road—the only way to see and enjoy it—and dividing the summer between Grove Mill and London. My brother had joined the 43rd Light Infantry, and was quartered at Chatham.

In the autumn of the following year we went an interesting tour in the north, staying first at Etal in Northumberland, with Lady Augusta FitzClarence, then a widow, for Lord Frederick never came home, having died at Bombay. I did a great deal of drawing that year, which I found an immense help—it gave me liberty to be alone and yet occupied my mind. Etal is situated in the Marmion country, with old border towers about, not far from Norham, and where the Till flows into the Tweed. Flodden Field was within a drive, and close to Ford Castle, inhabited then by Lady Waterford, the sister of Lady Canning. It was very inspiring to me to see Lady Waterford's drawings, and the

My brother.

frescoes in the schoolroom, and I thought then as I do now that she was the greatest amateur artist of my lifetime, though I must confess I was somewhat disappointed when I saw her drawings collected together in an exhibition. As a rule serious technical work destroys intuitive talent, but the winners in the race are those who through labour reconquer their liberty to give play to their imagination and talent. Few artists, much less amateurs, ever do this.

Besides her husband, Lady Augusta had just lost a much-loved only daughter, and all that was left her for companionship and comfort, for she was unusually alone in the world, was the man who had been engaged to her daughter. In spite of her great sorrow, she was extremely sympathetic to me, and encouraged as much as was in her power my efforts seriously to improve my drawing and my knowledge of art, my ambition then extending to the hope of becoming an artist. It meant a great deal more than it would in these days, breaking away from the home life. And though I did not marry till I was twenty-seven, I never had sufficient courage or perseverance to give up my life to art; though very fond of my drawing I remained a miserable amateur. She gave me the five volumes of Ruskin's 'Modern Painters,' with their beautiful illustrations, and I can honestly say no book so influenced my youth, or tended so much to form my ideals. I instantly got Ruskin's 'Elements of Drawing,' and tried to work on the teaching it contained, and it was a blow to me when, many years afterwards, I met Mr. Ruskin, and he asked to see my drawings, that though he was very complimentary about some of them, he said, 'Oh, but you have split on the rock so many of my followers have done, and in attending too much to detail and minuteness of finish, have lost sight of the importance of broader effects and drawing from memory.'

Looking back, I realise that this was very much owing to the influence of a girl friend, who took that careful side of Ruskin's teaching even more literally than I did. It

was that year also that I visited for the first time the other girlish home of my mother's, which she had loved more than any other; it is called Eslington Park, and lies at the foot of the Cheviot Hills, and is close to the moors.

In the late autumn we turned towards home, and Lord Ward came to visit us, and was very pleased with the way my sisters had grown up and with their budding beauty. He asked us all to go in January and pay a visit to his mother at Himley Park, his own beautiful Witley not being sufficiently completed to receive visitors. On our arrival—all five of us, for my brother came too—we saw directly by the servants' faces that we were not expected. Old Lady Ward received us with great courtesy and never alluded to the fact that her son had forgotten to tell her of our visit. However, the house was large, and when we got to our rooms we made gay of it and roared with laughter. It was rather like the old story told of Professor Jowett. One night, when a dinner-party was to take place, a guest noticed that the butler, who was helping him off with his coat, sighed heavily; he turned to ask if he were in trouble. 'No, sir, thank you,' was the reply; 'only the master ordered me to lay dinner for fourteen, and you are the eighteenth gentleman who has arrived!'

The happiness of our lives was to be at home at Grove Mill in the autumn and winter, as we met our cousins every single day, rode with them, walked with them, made excursions with them, and played croquet together. Sisters do not always remain friends all their lives, and for first cousins to remain so without a single difference and without any coolness from youth to age is, I think, not usual. The daily intercourse with my aunt and uncle at the Grove, and the interesting company they were constantly receiving at Saturday to Monday parties (now called week-ends), supplied the interest in the outside world and the higher ambition of men which was lacking in our home from the fact of our having no father. The conversation at the

Grove in those days was the most brilliant that I ever remember in my life. The *habitués* consisted principally of the Villiers family, Lady Theresa Lister and Sir Cornwall Lewis, Charles Villiers, old Lady Morley, Charles Greville, Henry Reeve, intermixed with young and old, who only came from time to time.

Unfortunately, even in the most united family, the young and the old find their happiness in different causes. My mother was ill and lonely at Grove Mill, while we had all that our youth required, and so we had always to press her to do that which she thought best for her health. The twins were presented in April of this year, and in the summer went out a certain amount in London. In the autumn we went to Scotland to stay with Lord Dudley with a party at a shooting-box he had taken called Corndaven, not far from Balmoral. We used to ride with plaids pinned round us for habits, and with Glengarry caps on our heads; we heard afterwards that the kind world said the three Miss Villiers used to ride in boys' clothes. The whole party bored me to extinction—the place was not pretty enough for sketching, and the company not at all to my mind. Of all tiresome shop talk I think deer-stalking is the worst. The sportsmen always say they just missed a royal, having brought back an infant, and the ghillies not being at the table, there is no one to contradict them. Grouse and salmon for five weeks is not the most wholesome food, according to our modern ideas, and may have been partly the cause of my depression. My sisters were very young and enjoyed it all immensely.

During this visit one of the guests showed me, and allowed me to copy, this very curious example of a Dublin playbill so late as 1793. It is now more than a hundred years old, and it is difficult to believe that such a document can have been printed seriously.

DUBLIN THEATRE ROYAL

LAST NIGHT BUT ONE

On Saturday, May the 14th, 1793, will be performed by command of several influential people in this learned metropolis

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET!

Originally written and composed by the celebrated Dan Hayes of Limerick and inserted in Shakespeare's works.

Hamlet by Mr. Kearnes (his first appearance in that character), who between the acts will perform several solos on the patent Bagpipe which plays two tunes at the same time.

Ophelia by Mrs. Prior, who will introduce several favourite airs in character; particularly 'The Lass of Richmond Hill' and 'We'll all be happy together' from the Rev. Mr. Dibbin's oddities.

The parts of the King and Queen, by direction of the Rev. Father O'Callagan, will be omitted as too immoral for any stage.

Polonius, the comical politician, by a young gentleman, being his first appearance in public.

The characters to be dressed in Roman shapes.

The value of the tickets, as usual, will be taken, if required, in candles, bacon, soap, butter, cheese, &c., &c.

No persons whatever will be admitted into the boxes without shoes and stockings.

After we left Scotland, my mother feeling oppressed by taking about three grown-up daughters, I separated from my family, and paid several visits alone with my maid; the idea of my travelling about alone would have struck everybody as impossible, myself most of all. Girls were brought up, I think, very foolishly to consider doing things alone was fast and improper. I cannot imagine a greater mistake than this. I went first to Rose Castle to stay with my uncle, Montague Villiers, who was then Bishop of Carlisle and afterwards Bishop of Durham. Those being my High Church days, I was very scandalised to find in a Bishop's palace that the chapel was not consecrated. This Uncle Montague was formerly vicar of Bloomsbury. His brother, Charles Villiers, was taken by some of the family to

hear him preach. On leaving the church he was heard to almost groan out, 'Heavens, what a sin that such a voice should be lost!' he, of course, thinking only of loss to the House of Commons. From Carlisle I went to North Wales, to stay at Kinmel Park, with my cousins, the Hughes, and from there to my aunt, Lady Theresa Lewis, at Harpden Court, then in a buzz of excitement at the engagement of my cousin, Thérèse Lister, to William Harcourt. She was nervous and excited, as was only natural, but very happy, her love for him killing all fears about the future; a serenity not shared by her relations and friends. Had I not so admired and loved her, I should have been very jealous at this great happiness which had come to a contemporary; my own affairs growing more and more unsatisfactory.

I had known William Harcourt first the winter we were at Florence. He was then recovering from a great disappointment. The first time I saw him was at a party of Frances, Countess of Waldegrave. He came into the room with his head in the air, and I thought looking most exceedingly handsome. I turned to the person I was talking to and said, 'Who is that handsome tall man?' and he said, 'Oh! don't you know? that is William Vernon Harcourt, who has just written a pamphlet which has made some sensation called "The Morality of Public Men."' It was really against Ministers patronising the Turf so much. Afterwards I met him at Nuneham when it belonged to his uncle, Mr. Harcourt, and Lady Waldegrave, his wife; they gave charming parties there. She was a daughter of Braham, the musician, and a remarkable woman in many ways. Mr. Harcourt was her third husband. She entertained in a most intelligent manner, not keeping to one set, or even entirely to one class. Her parties at Nuneham were large and very amusing for young people. We danced and played games of an evening, and were out all day. These parties lasted for a week, instead of only from Friday to Monday as they do now. I remember on one occasion the company, which was young and gay, were chaffing about a ridiculous old saying that turns on the most lucky day

for marriage: 'Monday for health, Tuesday for wealth, Wednesday the best day of all; Thursday for losses, Friday for crosses, Saturday no luck at all.' I foolishly, silly little thing that I was, turned to Lady Waldegrave and said, 'Which day were you married?' meaning, of course, to Mr. Harcourt. She answered, 'Oh! my dear, I have been married nearly every day in the week.' After Mr. Harcourt's death she married for a fourth time Mr. Chichester Fortescue.

It was at Nuneham that I first realised one of the greatest romances of my youth, Fred Leighton's attachment to Mrs. Edward Sartoris. It was a revelation to me that a man could be so devoted to a woman so much older than himself. When they first met in Rome she must have been about forty, and he was a brilliant youth of twenty-two. Uncle Clarendon came across them out walking one beautiful hot August morning, and Mrs. Sartoris at once said, 'Here I am, Lord Clarendon, enjoying nature with a child of art,' a description of the situation which would hardly be used now. The friendship between her and Leighton was a deep one and lasted until her death. It was no little puzzle to me in my young days. Youth is arrogant and believes only in itself, and the loves of the middle-aged seem ridiculous and incomprehensible. At seventeen one feels and says, 'What does it matter what a woman of thirty does?' but, as one grows older, one realises that some of the most serious tragedies do not occur until middle life, and I think this is especially the case with English women who develop late.

I was bridesmaid to my cousin, Thérèse Lister, when she married William Harcourt. Hers was the first marriage with which I had been intimately associated, and she was the first of our playmates to be suddenly taken from us by death a very few years afterwards.

CHAPTER IX

MY MARRIAGE

Falling in love and winning love are often difficult tasks, but to keep in love is also a business of some importance to which both man and wife must bring kindness and goodwill.—R. L. STEVENSON.

The world must return some day to the word duty, and be done with the word reward. There are no rewards and plenty of duties.

R. L. STEVENSON.

IN the autumn of 1857 I was separated from my mother. We were devotedly attached to each other, more like two sisters than mother and daughter. She kept all my letters written at that time, but I am ashamed to say I cannot find hers to me. I went to stay with an aunt and an invalid uncle in the north; a doctor resided in the house with them, and two or three sons came and went. I was scandalised even at that age at the wine that was drunk. This was a remnant of north-country pre-Victorian customs that I am thankful to say could find no parallel now. Nothing has improved more in my lifetime than public opinion with regard to drink; in my youth it was treated by most people as a good joke; every book and every play contained some characters who took too much.

My letters are curious, old-fashioned productions, but full of devotion to my mother and my home.

During the years 1860-1-2 I kept a fragmentary journal, not writing in it every day, and often not for many days together. It is a curious, morbid, introspective production, full of sorrow and self-condemnation, and, considering the life I led, and the people I associated with, singularly without real interest. There is an anecdote of Ary Scheffer, the French artist, whose pictures I admired, especially the

'Paola and Francesca,' which I had seen in Prince Demidoff's villa at Florence, and which, after his death, went to Russia, and to this day I have a framed photograph of his picture of the 'Improvisatore'; the young girl in this picture we all thought like my sister Edith, delicately earnest and sadly thoughtful, as was the beautiful picture done of her by Watts when she was nineteen.

The Ary Scheffer story was a curious accident to have happened to one man. He was one of two men who bore the message to Neuilly that made Louis Philippe King of the French. He was also the man who on the morning of the 24th of February 1848 walked on the left side of the King through the Tuileries Gardens, and put him and Marie Amélie into the carriage which was to bear them away for ever from their capital and their kingdom—he muttering as he went, 'Comme Charles X, comme Charles X.'

My mother was anxious, as I was the eldest and had led a quiet childhood, that I should always see as much of life as was possible, and she too enjoyed it. So this year Lord Ward took us to the Derby by road, and later on to Ascot. It is well to do such things once, and certainly it cured me of ever wishing to go to races again. I hardly looked at the horses, but I was paralysed with horror at the expression on the faces of those who stood to win or lose. It seemed to me nothing but an example of the most painful human degradation. I have the same feeling about gambling of any kind; I am in good company, for Gladstone felt about card-playing as I have always done. So many say, what is the harm? If it has no other harm, the example is bad enough, well illustrated by the old story of a bishop playing cribbage with his mother-in-law for farthing points—can anything be more innocent? Well, it is the example. Does it not justify gambling to every servant in the house, to every boy in the village school, which may be the beginning of a degrading, lowering influence on life? This is the exact reverse of what should be. Herbert Spencer says 'that society is injured, not benefited, by artificially increasing intelligence without regard to character.'

I never went again to a race, except once in the eighties, when I was in Paris, and was tempted by an invitation for my husband and self to go to Chantilly to the Duc d'Aumale's box, and lunch with him at the Castle—a too interesting historical occasion to miss. Everything was very well done, with grace and dignity, but it seemed to me formal and dull—the funereal atmosphere of a state of things that had passed away in France, probably for ever. The Château now, as I suppose every one knows, is a thrillingly interesting museum, full of unique art treasures belonging to the Government of France.

December 1861 was a sad month at the Grove. My uncle had continual messages about the illness of the Prince Consort, and then the news of his death. We all felt so acutely that the young Queen's sorrow was really magnified by the solitariness of her position, for in losing her husband she lost the only real social equal she had in England, and I think this feeling was shared by the whole country. But the impression left in my mind of the discussions amongst my Whig relations was that the death of the Prince Consort was a solution of the difficulty which had arisen between the Court and the Government, which might have led to a serious crisis, and this I think I can read between the lines in the Queen's letters. Uncle Clarendon was on the Commission for the memorial to the Prince Consort, and the committee were much against carrying out the Queen's wishes, which were that it should be an obelisk. After tremendous discussion, the architects of the day were called in, and the design chosen resulted in the memorial in Hyde Park.

Another extract tells of our cousins coming down to Grove Mill to tell us about Uncle Clarendon's visit to Osborne February 7, 1862. His interview with the Queen must have been most painful; he seems hardly to have known what to do. The Queen walked up and down the room sobbing, and at the end thanked him for being the only person she had seen who had not attempted to offer her any consolation; she liked him for knowing there was none.

The journal goes on to say, 'Lord Dufferin's speech

yesterday in the House of Lords was one of the finest I have read for a long time, beautiful feelings most beautifully expressed ; he has, I believe, the talents of a great man, but they have hitherto been strangely wasted in idleness and pleasure.' I think, for a girl of twenty-five, I was rather hard on Lord Dufferin.

We frequently joined our uncle Clarendon in his walks, and in February 1862 I note that I walked with him and Miss Mary Boyle. He read us a letter he had just received from Paris, giving the last *bon mot* going about there, and which shows the spirit which was supposed to exist between the Emperor and his cousin Napoleon. 'Papa,' said the Prince Imperial to the Emperor, 'what is the difference between accident and misfortune?' 'I will tell you, *mon enfant*,' said the Emperor. 'If the Prince Napoleon were to fall into the river, it would be an accident, but if any one were to pull him out, that would be a misfortune.'

The two orators I admired most in my youth were John Bright and the Duke of Argyll ; the former impressed on my mind more than any one what 'drifting into war' meant, and I think the famous speeches before and during the Crimean War will rank some day with the wisest sayings on the earth, and were greatly in advance of his day, and even the war party in the House of Commons felt a thrill of horror when he described the 200,000 that had fallen on all sides since the beginning of the unhappy conflict. I quote part of his speech, ending with the now famous peroration.

I should like to see any man get up and say that the destruction of 200,000 human lives lost on all sides during the course of this unhappy conflict is not sufficient sacrifice. You are not pretending to conquer territory—you are not pretending to hold fortified or unfortified towns ; you have offered terms of peace which as I understand them I do not say are not moderate ; and breathes there a man in this House or in this country whose appetite for blood is so insatiable that, even when terms of peace have been offered and accepted, he pines for that assault in which of Russian, Turk, French and English as sure as one man dies 20,000 corpses will strew the streets of Sebastopol ?

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The Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings. There is no one, as when the first-born were slain of old, to sprinkle with blood the lintel and the two sideposts of our doors, that he may spare and pass on; he takes his victims from the castle of the noble, the mansion of the wealthy, and the cottage of the poor and the lowly, and it is on behalf of all these classes that I make this solemn appeal.

I must go back now to the family history of the six years that my future husband was in India. In 1859 my sisters were seventeen, and came out, and for two or three years, until one of them married, I went out very little, and devoted myself more and more to my drawing, working at the School of Art in South Kensington, a queer building with tin roofing, which used then to be called the Boilers.

In the summer of 1860 came the first breaks in our happy family circle. My brother, Ernest Villiers, went to Madras, on the staff of the Governor, Sir William Denison, and the very night he left, Lord Skelmersdale proposed and was accepted by Alice Villiers, Uncle Clarendon's second daughter. She was very young, and the event caused a considerable flutter in the dovecot.

In the autumn of the same year we again went abroad for my mother's health. We hated going, and liked our winters with our cousins, and the society we had at the Grove. I think it was that year we got to know Henry Loch. He came to see Lord Clarendon about his going to China on Lord Elgin's second embassy. He was a very handsome and interesting man, and had the most beautiful beard I ever saw, which is saying a good deal, as it was the day of beards. He later on married my sister Elizabeth, one of the precious twins. They were so alike at that time and long after, hardly any one knew them apart. 'Daughters of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair,' my mother and I were both equally proud of them. We went back, in the autumn of 1860, for the last time to the dear old Maison Nicolas; it was afterwards pulled down, and I never saw it again. The winter was an eventful one for me, as I was very near

marrying some one who was introduced to us in Paris, and who travelled with us to Nice. I was not very gracious, as I was absorbed in one of the most remarkable books of my time, 'Jane Eyre.' I had not been allowed to read it before. Now it has become a classic, children are given it to read, which I think a pity; not that it would harm them, but they cannot understand or appreciate the wonderful lesson it is, and the strength with which it portrays the eternal struggle between love and duty. I consider it one of the most strengthening and powerful novels in the English language. Seeing more of this man during the early part of the winter, I felt I never could care enough for him to marry him, and the past still held me too strongly in its grasp, and so I refused him, greatly to his indignation; and shortly after we left Nice, in the spring, he proposed to and was accepted by some one else. A certain type of man thinks that a girl who has been friendly and wished to know him better, is sure to accept him if he condescends to propose. They should remember that that is an attitude of mind that is not very attractive to a woman; and the way this man took my refusal made me more than ever sure I had done right.

We had balls and picnics without end, and at one of the picnics in the lovely spring weather I made the acquaintance of Miss Anne Dundas, sister of Dundas of Arniston. She was exactly my own age, our tastes were the same, we were devoted to sketching, and great admirers of the writings of Ruskin, and the works of the pre-Raphaelite school. Our friendship began by our both sitting down and trying to draw a maritime pine on the edge of a hill, and we formed a friendship which has lasted without a break during the whole of our lives, and for many years we kept up an active correspondence. She was very beautiful, with a head like the young Augustus, and in every way my superior, and I was intensely proud of her affection for me; and after my marriage we went to stay with her mother and elder sister in Scotland at a place belonging to her mother, called Polton, and at her brother's place, Arniston. In the late seventies her health broke

down, and she has since paid only very flying visits to England, and has endured with great patience what would to me have been a most intolerable life. Always in hotels, the winters at Cannes, the summers at various health resorts, the autumns often sketching in beautiful parts of Italy, art became a much greater factor in her life than it was able to be in mine, and her great consolation for all she had to give up. This is how she herself writes of the disadvantages of the life she had to live.

Aix, May 19, 1887.

Life here is exceedingly dull—it always is dull to my thinking at these places. Since the 11th I have not touched a pencil. One has few books, and nobody else ever seems to open a book, or to care for anything but killing precious time. I feel myself dullified by the company I keep. A long course of years of intercourse chiefly with very commonplace people whose intellects are narrow, and with whom you cannot speak of what you feel to be highest even among your own dull thoughts, does tell on one's mental status, and I feel dwarfed by the process. Yet if you are a swallow you must accept the fate of such, and make the best of your neighbour; he is not so bad a fellow after all. Perhaps I feel the contrast more because in my days of health and liberty I lived at high pressure intellectually in that clever university world at Edinburgh, and among the studentesses and professors.

Annie Dundas generally wrote to me about art and books, and especially about Mlle. Ruth Mercier, a very clever artist, who was her friend, guide, and artistic teacher for many years. Here are a few extracts from some of her letters, which seem to me as good and useful now as when they were written.

French amateurism is more knowing than ours, and its defects are different from ours. A girl here who has less *technique* than I have has a better notion of how to put a picture together. Her talk about it is as good as if she were an artist, and her remarks on my drawings are probably exactly what an artist's would be. With her the subject is all important, and the disposition of the masses the great thing. Her daubs are like mosaic work, and quite naively done. She is sure of herself in the beginning, and much *découragée* at the end. English amateurs

all need the warning not to rush into colour, but to stick to outline and black and white until they can draw and paint and understand values. Values are a new idea to the English amateur, unless he has read and pondered the American William Hunt's books, or has read his 'Fromentin' in the 'Maîtres d'Autrefois' (an illuminating French book on art in Holland), where there is a fine definition of values. . . . I had a drive towards Grasse the other day and sketched a favourite view of mine—I did it in twenty minutes, pencil outline. I showed it to Ruth Mercier (the artist), and she commended. She thought such outlines were thoroughly artistic, more so than sepia sketches, which have to be so very dark to give the proper values and effects. Well, they are less offensive, these outlines, than any other kind of so-so art. . . . Do you remember in volume one of 'Modern Painters,' what Ruskin says of merits of execution? When a thing *is* well done, he thinks it a merit that it be done with fewest strokes, as power is an element in artistic delight. He instances an ass's head by Rubens, done in what some of us would call a tricky way. In another book he speaks of a dog's coat in the Veronese in the Louvre, which is done in few strokes beyond the skill of copyists to mimic in many. I do not like labour as such, and do not think Ruskin does, indeed he does not, as any element in delight in art. If an effect cannot be got otherwise, then by all means labour hard for it,—but then there must always be a corresponding loss in freshness, power, and I think also in colour. Ruskin again says the beauty of water-colour is in its bloom and freshness, and that to retouch is to sacrifice this, whatever else is gained. Stippling, he distinctly says, is an easy makeshift, not to be enjoyed for its own sake, as he warns his pupils. Is it not an error to attach much weight to *technique*—unless in the *Atelier d'élèves*? I do not seem to care much how things are done provided they are right at last. At a few yards off you do not detect these faults of execution. Twenty-five years ago one used to enrage the British Philistine by stippling or pre-Raphaelitism of any sort. It was like a red rag to a bull. Now, I find the same Philistine (unless he is an impressionist by accident) has a certain morbid love of finish everywhere, so that a coloured photograph would be his ideal. French people insist on what they call the larger truths first, i.e. correct placing of the objects in the picture, right intuition of subject, and composition. Then come values. I suppose what in English is called tonality and outdoor lighting. Colour is easier than this most people find, or rather the enormous difficulty of colour lies

in the tonality of colours—in their relations as to lighting. Their matching of local colour apart from lighting is not difficult to most artists. It is when contrasts and play of light and shade come into question that the difficulty arises. . . . A book I want you to read is Mrs. Mark Pattison's 'Renaissance in France.' It is not very easy to the reader, and it is hard to digest, but it is a wonderfully learned book, it tells one much about the great school of French portrait engravers of the eighteenth century. It is full of interest to any one visiting Touraine. It makes names like Brillant and Philibert de l'Orme sound suggestive to ignorant ears. Econen and Anet are the places I wish to see, but I fear that little or nothing whether of Condé's Château or Diane's survives the storms of a hundred or more years ago. I wonder if you had time in Paris for the Louvre. I think when I am there again I should look with much interest at Philippe de Champagne's portraits, and at other seventeenth and eighteenth century French art I never so much as glanced at before; but Victor Cousin's and other essays have made me anxious to know whether I should care for it or not. I believe in the portrait art of the eighteenth century, and the painters and engravers of that time had such wonderful subjects that there is an interest apart from art in their works. Long absence from galleries, and much reading, gives one this kind of curiosity about certain painters one never looked at. There is a grand Bossuet in the Louvre which I never saw, and a portrait of Mère Angélique Arnauld, which reading about Port-Royal makes one wish to see. Paris is full of ideas, if one only knew how to dig them out.

I have been reading Lessing's Life, by Stahr, which is a great book, a German equivalent to Dr. Arnold's Life. I am sorry to have read it so rapidly, but once begun, it was well to go right on. Lessing was the liberator of Germany from pedantry and from blind adherence in drama to French classical precedent. He was also a broad churchman, who at once accentuated his difference from Voltaire and from the orthodox. Many of the religious views common to Liberals such as Llewelyn Davies are quoted more or less directly from Lessing, especially in Biblical criticism. These ideas he partly imbibed from Spinoza. Lessing's chief works are (1) 'Nathan the Wise,' a drama in favour of toleration of the Jews, on the ground that there is only one religion; this, I learnt from Stoke, has been acted in Turkish at Constantinople with much success; (2) 'The Education of the Human Race,' translated by F. W. Robertson; (3) 'The Laocoon,' in which he practically broke ground for art critics for ever and

a day. It also is worth reading in English, and has been well translated. He decides what *is*, and is *not* fit for plastic and poetic art. Then the man's own life, as needs was, was a conflict, always poor, always struggling, and often ill-used. A heroine is not wanting in his remarkable life. Fortunately during a long engagement they corresponded. She died a year after marriage, one of the usual victims at that date. If it is translated, you would like his life. It is well written by one of their best newer writers, a good critic too, but even the best German books are often not translated. . . . I have seen many clever amateurs make shipwreck of their too great versatility, artists who must sell cannot chop and change about. They must stick to what they can do well, because if they try a new thing, their public forsakes them. But as soon as an amateur has gained a certain power in one direction, then he seems wearied of it, and takes up a new one. You know A., who does landscapes in water-colour in a very promising way; next time you meet A., he is trying oils, and never gets beyond daubing. . . . All work needs society and some stimulus; reading and study need them, so does art.

I could make many more quotations from her excellent letters, which were of great interest to me, but space is wanting.

But all this is a digression. At Easter a friend of ours, one of the masters of Harrow, came out and joined us at Nice. He was a great admirer of one of my sisters, humbly devoted without a ray of hope, and he brought with him, from England, as the last new book, 'Lucile,' by 'Owen Meredith,' and read it to us under the olive trees. 'Lucile' spoke to me then as the favourite poetry of the day speaks to nearly all of us at twenty.

How little we guessed 'Owen Meredith' was afterwards to marry this same sister. My mother and I had known Robert Lytton those winters when we were in Paris, and he was *attaché* at the Embassy there. He was good-looking, and always charming and brilliant; if he left his smart young married ladies to dance a quadrille with me, I thought my evening a success, and he liked me because I reminded him of his much-loved sister, who had died some years before, but whose memory was very fresh in his mind and

of whom he constantly spoke ; his warm and loving heart was still in Italy, with the lady to whom all his early love poems were addressed. Later in life Robert Lytton was not proud of 'Lucile' ; he had been deeply wounded at the time of its publication, for the reviewers had judged it so severely because he had not acknowledged that the story was partly taken from one of George Sand's novels, called 'Lavinia.' His father thought it unnecessary to do this, and that the invariable privilege of the poet (or writer in verse), to take his narrative material in whole or in part, from the work of any prose writer, whether contemporary or not, could not be seriously questioned. Chaucer made narrative poems, and Shakespeare plays, out of contemporary novels.' That is his defence in the preface of a later edition, but I think his father advised him badly, as literature and the whole aspect and position of modern work is different from the times of Chaucer and Shakespeare. 'Lucile' was composed in great part on horseback in the Pyrenees, at a time of considerable coolness between him and his father, to whom, however, he wrote one of the most charming dedications which was ever penned by son to father. The book I thought charming then, and I think so still, a taste I share with Americans, who have now published it in a penny edition. The novel in verse was far more appreciated in America than in England. Mr. Joseph Pulitzer told me years afterwards that it was the first book he read and enjoyed when he learnt English, and he registered a vow that if ever he had a daughter he would call her 'Lucile.' His young and beautiful wife told me that when they came to Paris and she wanted to go to the Embassy for social reasons he refused to call, but when he heard the Ambassador, the Earl of Lytton, was no other than 'Owen Meredith,' the writer of 'Lucile,' he was most anxious to go and make his acquaintance.

Before we left Nice, my cousin and her husband, Lord Skelmersdale, arrived on their way back from their honeymoon in Italy, where she had been very ill, and our first impression of married life was a serious rather than a happy one.

Honeymoon journeys abroad are better as dreams than actually carried into effect.

This winter, too, we heard of Henry Loch's imprisonment in China, but it was not till he came home in the early part of 1861, looking absolutely the shadow of his former self, and, Othello-like, recounted all his trials and sufferings, that we knew what he had gone through, The Chinese Government paid an indemnity to both him and Parkes of £8000 each. This, and the fact that the Home Secretary of the time, Sir George Grey, made him his private secretary, enabled him to marry, and after the usual difficulties of settlements, &c., he and my sister were married in May 1862 at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and, our brother being abroad, Lord Clarendon gave her away. The following year Sir George Grey offered him the Governorship of the Isle of Man, a charming appointment. When we first heard of it, we all rushed to an atlas to see where the Isle of Man was, our education not having extended to the geography of our native isles! There the Lochs remained for nineteen years! When I hear of young people rebellious of slow promotion, I think of how the Lochs were nineteen years in the Isle of Man, and how he was afterwards appointed Commissioner of Woods and Forests, then Governor of Victoria 1884-1889, and Governor and High Commissioner at the Cape of Good Hope 1889-1905. It was not till 1869 that he published his personal narrative of Lord Elgin's second embassy to China in 1860—this contains a simple but most touching and straightforward account of all he and his companions suffered. They were taken to the most horrible prison in China; his companion, poor Parkes, who knew Chinese, said, 'This is indeed worse than I expected; we are in the hands of the torturers; this is the Board of Punishments.' The old Sikh who had remained with them when they were captured, when told by Henry Loch where they were, and that he must keep up his spirits and not fear, 'Fear,' replied he in Hindostanee, 'I do not fear; if I do not die to-day I may to-morrow, and I am past sixty, and am I not with you? I do not fear.' It is no wonder that

a religion that could bring such an answer at such a time should have come to the front of late years, and that now the East is once more influencing the morals of the West.

Early in April 1862 we came to London, to the Herbert Wilsons' house in Cadogan Place, which we hired for my sister's wedding, and I note, what is common enough, that those days were the most fatiguing I had ever known. They spent their honeymoon at Tittensor, a place that the Duke of Sutherland lent to Henry Loch's eldest brother. I do not mean to say for a moment that I was jealous of my sister's happiness, but it was a decided trial to me, a younger sister marrying first.

After my sister Lizzie married I went a great deal to Little Holland House, which was a glimpse into artistic Bohemia. In those days the artistic set were called 'Passionate Bromptonians,' and represented very much the same kind of exclusive circle as that which was afterwards called 'The Souls.' Mr. Watts made a most lovely oil sketch of my sister Edith, afterwards Lady Lytton; it was exhibited at the Watts Exhibition after his death. Leighton was very kind to me about my drawing that spring, and gave me a cast of an antique bust of Homer, and allowed me to copy some of his own pencil drawings, and in after years he never failed to ask me to the lovely concerts he gave in his house, afterwards bought by subscription for the public. Little Holland House was all decorated by Watts' frescoes, and breathed an atmosphere of Italy, which gave me intense pleasure. My mind was filled with pity for the ruined happiness on both sides of the marriage of Mr. Watts and Miss Ellen Terry. Mrs. Prinsep, Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. Dalrymple, and their unmarried sister, Virginia Patel, afterwards Lady Somers, were all handsome, charming, large-hearted women, but I think everything approaching to Bohemia is a very undesirable atmosphere in which to bring up the young. Perhaps it was well for me that I soon went back to the country, and only entered those fascinating artistic circles at rare intervals throughout my life. Ellen

Terry, in the story of her life, says : ' Little Holland House where Mr. Watts lived seemed to me a paradise where only beautiful things were allowed to come, all the women were beautiful and all the men were gifted.' She describes herself in this remarkable society as ' sitting in a corner, the girl wife of a famous painter.' All that has remained to the world are the beautiful studies Mr. Watts made of his young wife, still to be seen in the gallery he built and filled in the Surrey village of Compton. Why do not more people visit it ? Ellen Terry's book describes her life with extraordinary taste, both in what she gives and what she omits.

I have so often been asked since the publication of my first book, which I wrote when I was sixty, if I had not written before, that it is amusing for me to say that the only thing I ever wrote that was printed was under the influence of an adoring curate, who extracted from me two little articles about the Prince of Wales's marriage, and they appeared in the Watford Parish Magazine, March and April, 1863.

In these I warmly advocated early marriage, which was not wonderful, for I knew the family had given me up as I did not marry till I was twenty-seven—not from choice, but because for various reasons I was not allowed to marry the man I loved. I am a very old woman now, and have lived through many experiences with large family connexions on both sides, and am certain that I have never seen any one who would have suited me better or as well as my own husband ; but he and I differed on many points, and he was especially against early marriages, above all for men ; but I still believe that on the whole to marry before thirty is the best for both. A man who has been a good husband for many years to the girl of his choice is not likely to sow many wild oats as he gets older, or at any rate they would not be very bad wild oats, none that his wife in her matronly wisdom would not be able to ignore or forgive ; besides, to a decent man the purifying influence of growing-up children is an immense help to the dignity of life. A man would blush more in the presence of his young daughter,

and be prouder of being a St. Anthony, than in the presence of his own contemporaries.

In the spring of 1863 my mother heard from Captain Earle that he was coming home, and he somewhat raised my ire by writing 'would that her objections were the greatest of the difficulties'; and so my mother said I must well consider what I meant to do. I then insisted that she should write to the man I had so long been faithful to and find out what his feelings were, and this she did, and I found the copy of her letter amongst her papers after her death. She trusted this letter to my friend's brother, and no answer came, so I felt sure this was his rather *gauche* way of saying that he cared no more, and my pride rose and I said to myself I would conquer the old and hopeless love which had held me so long. Shortly after I married I heard he had married a beautiful and rich girl, and I felt thankful that he had done better for himself than if he had married me.

Time teaches us that oft One higher,
Unasked, a happier lot bestows
Than if each blighted dream-desire
Had blossomed as the rose.

Years after, when his children and my children were both big, he was in charge of a Legation in Germany, and my husband, who knew all the story and never minded it, as he had won, insisted on going to call; so I said 'Of course you can go; I shall not.' He and his wife came to see me. We dined with them, with our children and theirs, and the weather being lovely, an expedition to see a palace in the environs was planned for the next day, and we walked two and two, and then he spoke and said, 'When I heard you were going to be married it was the greatest blow I ever had in my life.' I turned rather fiercely and said, 'How can you say that, when you never answered my mother's letter?' He looked astonished, and said, 'I never received any letter from your mother.' What happened to it I never knew. The brother may have forgotten to send it,

it may have got lost in the post, or the brother may have thought it wiser not to send it. Had he received it, it might have altered both our lives. We met sometimes in after life, and both felt how time and circumstances had altered us. The last touch has a flash of pathos about it. When I was quite old and was alone at home, one fine summer's morning, some years after my husband's death, I got a telegram from my old friend, asking if I was alone and if he might come down to luncheon. He came. I saw he was very ill, which he more than admitted. I did what I could to cheer and amuse him. He said he was going to spend the winter in his old home at beautiful Florence. I drove him to the station, and never saw him again, and in two months he died in London.

In July 1863 Captain Earle returned, handsome and improved in every way, from his work in India, and in a month we were engaged. It seems to me to be an immense thing for a man to win the mother and the family of the girl he likes. Love is naturally shy and likes to hide itself till the girl is won, but that is unwise. A man should be proud of his wife's family, and they should love him. A young man said to me once, 'If ever I marry, it will be for a mother-in-law. I should hate my wife not to love her mother, and I should hate her to love any one I did not like.' This may be a slightly exaggerated feeling, but there is a great deal in it. My mother was very fond of Captain Earle, and did all in her power, without of course the smallest compulsion, to help his cause, and at the end of July we were engaged and very happy. He did not leave the army to please me, though I think I should never have married him had he not wished to leave the army. I knew I was quite unfit to be a soldier's wife.

The family as a whole were very pleased, for, as I said before, most of them had given me up, and thought I should never marry. My aunt, Lady Clarendon, always said she thought an unhappy marriage was better than none for a woman, and at the end of a long life I am inclined to agree with her, because I believe that in nine cases out of ten, if

marriages are unhappy, it is the fault of the woman. Amongst the shoals of congratulatory letters, these particular Villiers family ones gave me pleasure and courage.

From Lord Clarendon to Mrs. Edward Villiers

Wiesbaden, August 1863.

My dearest Elizabeth,—Of course I had been expecting the event, but until the event is *fait accompli* one never knows what may happen between cup and lip, and it was therefore with real and sincere pleasure that I learned that dear Theresa had accepted Earle, for I am sure she would not have done so if she had not thought him worthy of her love and respect. I only know him by report and the high opinion you have always entertained of his character, but I have long admired his determined constancy, and since his return I think that his conduct has been as straightforward and honourable as possible. His devotion as a lover through such a protracted trial inspires me with the strongest confidence that he will be a kind and affectionate husband. Pray wish the dear girl joy from me and tell her how I delight in the fair prospect of happiness she has before her. I would do so myself, but now that the waters have gotten hold of me I am obliged to curtail my writing as much as possible. The one thing wanting is present income, and a very serious want that is, but I trust that this difficulty will not be insupportable, and above all that it will not entail a long engagement, for the evils of that are greater than those of poverty; I mean poverty such as theirs would be, with their future secured. I was told that you were in communication with his father, but I have not heard the result; if as I believe he has no other son I think he might make some sacrifice and save this one from delay in marrying such a charming little duck of a wife. I long to make acquaintance with my future nephew. Best of loves and sincerest congratulations to all in the island.

From Lady Theresa Lewis

Kent House, August 5, 1863.

My dearest Theresa,—I am determined to write on white paper (not black-edged) that I may wish you joy without any sad remindings. You have my very best wishes, dear girl, for all the happiness the world can give, and it is a great deal to enjoy. I thought so when I did enjoy, and did not wait till it was over

to know its value. If any application is to be made to Lord Grey, in which personal influence can be supposed to have any effect, remember, dear, for your sake I will ask, and for the sake of my beloved husband I think he will be kindly disposed, though I know too well how often those in office would wish to help and have no power to do so. I suppose everything as yet is very unsettled as to time and means, &c. God bless you, my dear child. Captain Earle is a lucky man, and it is such a good thing you should not be wasted on a rich man, when you really will make a jewel of a *ménagère*. Ever, my dearest Theresa, your most affectionate aunt, Mum.

Your dear Uncle would have been so pleased to think of your happiness.

What pleased me was that they all seemed to acknowledge that I was fit to be what is called a poor man's wife, and when in middle life we became better off, I sincerely felt I had lost my one real vocation in life, which was not only to do without cheerfully, but to make the best of what we had.

I find a letter to my mother from the kind Irish poet, Aubrey de Vere, who had been a lifelong friend to me also.

Currah Chase, Adare, October 10, 1863.

My dear Mrs. Edward,—A few days ago I heard a report, and to-day it is confirmed, of a marriage that as you will know is to me a matter of great and real interest. So Theresa is going to be married to Captain Earle. Will you give her my warm congratulations and my most sincere and heartfelt good wishes? What a capital little wife she will make! so cheerful, bright and efficient, as Henry Taylor would say, as well as affectionate. He is a happy man that has won her. I don't think I have met him, but I have often heard you speak of him, and it must be a great satisfaction to you to have known well and long the man to whom you are about to confide so precious a charge. When did it come on? When is the marriage to be? Is there any chance of her being settled near you? That would be a pleasure indeed. I have a strong feeling that Theresa's household must be a happy, and her fireside a bright one. But tell me how you also stand affected to the marriage. Which predominates, the pain at

losing so much of her society, or the pleasure of seeing her settled in life and happy? I am not going to write more now—not because you never answered my last letter or because I do not know whether this letter is destined to reach you, but because this is only a letter of congratulation and less worthy topics have no fit place in it. But pray tell me all about it and about you all. How are the Lochs, and what account have you of Erny?¹

Directly after I was engaged I and my mother and sister went to pay our first visit to the Lochs in the Isle of Man. Charley was to have followed us in a day or two, but he was taken ill in London, with his old Indian symptoms, and did not come for over a fortnight, and so we had the mutual pleasure of exchanging letters, and discussing all our future plans.

The Isle of Man was a very primitive place in those days, only three small steamers and mails a week. The Lochs had a charming house with gardens and fields and a lovely view over the sea, and the great amusement was to watch for the little puff of smoke which told that the small steamer was coming. The country is pretty, with high hills in the middle of the island, and rocks down to the shores in places, and small harbours where the herring boats sail out towards sunset with their brown sails. I dare say it is all much changed now. There was no lunatic asylum in those days, and the poor mad people were either kept in sheds and pig-styes by their own relations, or kept as prisoners in Rushen Castle. My brother-in-law had the lunatics placed in a temporary building the first year of his Governorship, and had a new and beautiful asylum built in 1868. He also brought forward a bill in Council in favour of Woman's Suffrage which was afterwards passed by the House of Keys. Advanced little Manxland, the inhabitants of which were supposed to look upon England as the adjacent island! The first time we went to the small theatre we were much amused; a man went up the narrow stairs backwards, with a dripping tallow candle, to show

¹ My brother, Ernest Villiers.

us the way, and as Henry entered the box they played 'God save the Queen,' and the audience stood up. These formalities always make me laugh, which is very wrong.

After Charley joined us, his eyes far from well, we went a tour in the lake country of Westmoreland, and there we had our first and I believe our only quarrel. I was wearing thick gauntleted brown gloves, and my intended said he thought them hideous, and very unfit for any lady to wear, so I bristled up and said if he thought I was a real London young lady, always wearing tight kid gloves, he was much mistaken, and had better marry some one else, as I always meant to wear those gardening gloves when I chose. At the end of the day he became penitent, and was graciously forgiven, and all the more completely that I was really very anxious about his eyes, and sorry for his suffering.

That winter we all spent in London, I drawing hard at the school at South Kensington, and being rewarded by winning a National medal at the spring competition. According to the silly fashion of the day, I was not allowed to walk or drive out alone with Charley. Once, as a great treat, on one of those fine days that come so often at the end of January, he was allowed to take me to Wimbledon to see the old private school where he and Henry Loch had both been together as boys.

There were great agitations about ways and means, and great difficulties about getting Charley any employment. At last a bad company, which went smash in a few months, was found, and kind Uncle Clarendon said he would give us £100 a year till the last remaining Miss Blakeney died, and so on the 14th of April we were married in the same church and by the same uncle as my sister had been. I behaved very badly, and cried oceans. I felt terribly leaving my mother, and the responsibilities of the new life, but I was really quite happy, and had no doubt I had decided rightly; we understood each other perfectly. Lord and Lady Hardwicke lent us their place, Sydney Lodge, on the Southampton Water, and there we spent a short honeymoon.

Would it not be well if many women while still young pondered on these lines of Shakespeare ?

Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
 Know of your youth, examine well your blood
 Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice
 You can endure the livery of a nun,
 For aye a barren sister all your life
 Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon
 To undergo such maiden pilgrimage ;
 But earthlier happy is the rose distilled
 Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn
 Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.

My first sight of the family after the honeymoon was at the wedding of my cousin, Constance Villiers, with Frederick Stanley, who afterwards became Earl of Derby. That summer we spent at Grove Mill with my mother and sister Edith, who was very miserable at finding herself left at home alone. At a ball at Dudley House she and my mother met Robert Lytton, who had just returned from Vienna, where Lord Bloomfield was Ambassador. My aunt, Lady Bloomfield, had filled Robert Lytton's imagination with sympathy for the sorrows of one twin on the marriage of the other. He came a good deal that summer to Grove Mill, and at the end of July he proposed and was accepted. This is a very characteristic letter of my mother's to her sister, Lady Bloomfield ; we had all been over to Knebworth, and we were much impressed.

From Mrs. Edward Villiers to her Sister, Lady Bloomfield

Tuesday, August 2, 1864.

All right, my darling Georgey, and we really are all so intensely happy. You need not be afraid, my dear Pet, of your beloved Owen not being properly appreciated, for that was impossible with Edie, either she would have snubbed him in early days and not let him get on at all, or she must succumb as she has done, absolutely and completely. Teesy and I have seen some time which way it was going, but the child was exceedingly coy, very diffident of her own charms—though without vanity she might

have found out ere this how very attractive and lovable she is, but now our Lady of Snow, as Aubrey de Vere used to call me, has melted away completely, and avers to having loved dear Owen before he spoke! You see, dear Pet, as I did not know his other marriage went off for want of settlement (what a mercy it did for all parties! and more especially for us!) I could not tell when he might speak, or what his father might feel exactly, but in my own inner mind I never had one misgiving—and am so very grateful to the dear fellow for his devotion and single-heartedness! So devoid of all pride and that detestable cockiness especially, which is so much the tone of the young men of the day—placing girls in such a false position as longing and begging to be married, and hunting down their prey, instead of waiting to be singled out of the herd and selected for their own individual attractions. However, as you know, we have never entered the lists at all, but just followed our own course on the outskirts of society, without ever making a business and vexation of it, or surlily snubbing what fell in our path, because it was not an available article. The consequence is that not one of my girls has been jilted! Little Theresa was full of enterprise and fell into difficulties of her own seeking, poor Pet; at Florence she chose amiss, and so did not marry her first love—but still she was fondly and tenderly loved and never knew the bitterness of love refused! And as for the Twins—they are both marrying their first loves—and are both suited to perfection once and for ever, which is a blessed thing for a girl. Owen's delicacy and intense tenderness, the refinement of his love, beats anything I ever met with, save in my own Edward. Owen is to me another Edward, which God knows I never hoped to see! I am infinitely prouder of such a son-in-law, such a celebrity, than any Duke in the land! even in a worldly point of view I deliberately prefer a place like Knebworth to one like Witley. . . . But, darling, you will want to know our plans. The breath was fairly knocked out of me Saturday. Up at eight, Owen's note, the interview with him before breakfast. Dr. Brett sent for to bleed Theresa. Erny tumbling in, looking very ill and sad, at twelve, before Owen had spoken to Edie, the poor little cook scalded with burning fat—one knew not to what extent at first! fearful agony and thought her left eye was put out—then the proposal and Edie weeping and sobbing in his arms!! All before luncheon. T. was *not bled* and is much better. . . .

He is very kind, written affectionately to Edie, and wants us at Knebworth—so at present things run thus. We stay on here

together till next Monday the 8th. Then Rutland Gate. We hope to put the irons in the fire and start the lawyers. . . .

Your affectionate, happy sister, Libbet.

On October 4, 1864, my sister Edith was married to Robert Bulwer Lytton. They honeymooned at the Grove, and shortly afterwards left for his post at Vienna. I do think it is a terrible trial for a mother to lose three daughters all in a short time, however much she may wish them to marry and be happy. After a little while every one adapts themselves to the new order of things, and sons-in-law certainly bring a new interest in life. My mother was very fortunate in her sons-in-law, and always said so. Nevertheless she suffered, as so many people do in middle life, from the feeling that she was less loved than she used to be. In a letter written to me a year after, when my sister had been home for her first confinement, Henry Taylor argues on the subject very wisely.

Again and again in one case or another I have endeavoured to persuade people who thought themselves not enough loved, not to *complain* of it. If one does not get enough of a person's money or of his labour, one can ask for more, and possibly one may get it; if he gives one his hat, one can ask for his cloak too, and if he chooses he may give it. But insisting upon more love is asking a Highlander for his breeches. When I was last at Grove Mill, and she complained that you all left her society for that of your cousins at the Grove, what I answered was that whether she was right or wrong in being displeased, it was certain that no one could like to be in the presence of a person who was displeased, though they might be brought to frequent it from a desire to do their duty, or from a desire to avert complaint, and it was also certain that attentions which are given from these motives and not from affectionate impulses and loves were motions and would not be satisfying attentions, and would go but a little way towards mending matters. She seemed convinced at the time; but what is the use of convincing people's reason? Perhaps it may be as well that she does not go to Cintra. She may be better friends with you all if she is not shut up with any. I am glad that Lady Theresa has a task to perform which interests her so much, and I hope she will escape the snare in which

so many biographers are caught, of being too much interested themselves in their materials to take the right measure of the interest of others. The mistake which I see most frequently committed in publications of this kind, is that the letters of the person are published instead of the correspondents. The letters to Miss Berry would often be more suited for publication than the letters from her. She was a person whose social talents, energies, and objects brought her into relations, and probably into correspondence, with many people who would write good letters. God bless you, my love, I shall see you soon.

In May 1865 my aunt, Lady Theresa Lewis, published her last book, 'The Journal and Correspondence of Miss Berry,' just referred to in the above letter. It must have been frightfully troublesome to do, and is perhaps a little long, but for those who care for this kind of book—old times, old fashions, and old people—it is very interesting, especially the first volume. The three volumes extend from travels abroad in the pre-Revolution days, 1783, to life in London as late as in 1852. Poor Aunt Theresa had been terribly interrupted in her work of editing the Berry papers, first by the sad death of her eldest daughter, Mrs. William Vernon Harcourt, and then by the death of her husband, Sir Cornwall Lewis. But nothing killed her courage, and it made a deep impression on us all, that at the end of Christmas festivities at the Grove, chiefly conducted by her, she called us into her room, saying she had not told us before, for fear of spoiling our pleasure, but she wished us to know, that we might think of her, that she was going back to London to have a very serious operation. This malady killed her two years afterwards.

To return to ourselves. In August 1864 the William Harcourts lent us their house in London, and we went there. I had never been in London in August in my life. It was a hot year, and my husband was ill and very worried at the failure of his company; when he returned from the office I did not dare to ask for a drive in a hansom, as I thought it was extravagant. At the end of the month my husband got a wire to say his brother Ralph was

dangerously ill with typhoid fever at Kreutznach, in Germany. This quickly roused us to the realities of life, and the stuffiness of London and dull walks in Sloane Street seemed very small matters. My husband started off to nurse his brother, and I went down to stay with his sister, Mrs. Dallas, at a little place they had hired near Oxford. Ralph did not die, and my husband did not catch the fever, but it was a very anxious time for me.

Ralph Earle had a curious life. He was tempted to leave his profession, the diplomatic service, to be Mr. Disraeli's private secretary, which he continued to be for ten years, part of which time Mr. Disraeli was in office.

We stayed about in different houses in London, and when the winter came we moved into my mother's house at Rutland Gate, where my eldest son was born. When my mother held him up to the candle on that January afternoon, she asked my husband what he thought of him; his answer, thrilling with pride, was 'Perfectly beautiful.' This was a good beginning for one of the best fathers I ever knew in my life. In July 1865 Charley got another small directorship, which we thought might be useful as a step to others. The Board was what was considered excellent: Lord Naas, afterwards the Lord Mayo who was murdered when Viceroy of India, Colonel Tolbert, Sir H. D. Wolff, Lord Richard Grosvenor, &c. It was called the Belgrave Mansions Co., and was to build houses at the bottom of Grosvenor Place, on the model of some French houses, with shops at the bottom and handsome large apartments on the other floors. We owed it entirely to Ralph Earle, as it was offered to him, and he asked them to give it to his brother instead. After a time we went to Sydenham for change of air. It was cheap and close to London, but we made up our minds that knocking about was very expensive and very uncomfortable, and in the following summer we took a house in Upper Seymour Street. Neither of us were well in it, and the landlord absolutely refused to attend to the drains. My second son was born at this house in the following spring. Neither of us liked London,

and I was very anxious indeed to go back near my old home, and we took a small house at Watford, just outside Cassiobury Park, and only two miles from Grove Mill.

During the season before leaving London, my old acquaintances looked me up. My husband had hardly ever been in London. When he first went into the army he was in Ireland, at twenty-three he went to the Cape, where he remained six years, and when he left he travelled abroad till he went to India for another six years, so London society was the dreariest of all things to him, absolute loneliness in a crowd. We were asked to a ball, which I knew would be a very good one, and my aunt, Lady Theresa, had been scolding me for giving up all society, so he said he would take me. But when the evening came, and the dress was on the bed, I saw quite plainly that the idea of going bored him to death. But he urged me to go without him, and to say he was not well, which was quite true, and so I went, and finding many old partners and acquaintances whom I had not met since I was married, I felt that they were surprised at seeing me there alone. Customs were different then from what they have since become, and as I drove home in a cab in the grey dawn I resolved that I would never again go out alone. I was determined to make my marriage a success, and I felt that going into society was not likely to do that, and for fifteen years I never went to a party or a ball.

There is much truth in Byron's saying that the evil passions of other people develop the evil passions in one's own nature. Of course this is all wrong, as goodness ought to conquer evil, but it is not always so.

My brother Ernest Villiers' early romance came to a happy end this summer, and he married his first love, Elizabeth, daughter of Charles Alexander Wood. All our fates were sealed at the same church—St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. My brother was then on the Staff in Ireland, and the following year they had rooms in the Royal Hospital, Dublin, which was supposed at that time to have defective drainage, and he had to go through the most agonising

experience that can happen to a young man, of standing by the death-bed of his young wife, a few days after the birth of her son, who survived her, and is called after his grandfather, Edward Ernest. We lived at Watford for six or seven years, my husband's health constantly giving way. This all sounds very miserable, but we were not at all miserable, and probably happier than we should have been in ordinary life; it drew us immensely together, and made a closer tie than any prosperity could have done. My husband for a time was in the Gentlemen-at-Arms, but he did not like it at all, and quickly resigned. In September 1864 he was offered an appointment in the south of Russia, which did not smile upon me at all. I felt he was not strong enough to risk bad climate, &c., so it was an immense relief to get the following kind letter from my uncle, Lord Clarendon, whom we had naturally consulted.

From Lord Clarendon to Mrs. C. W. Earle.

Vienna, September 26, 1864.

My dear Theresa,—On arriving here last night I found your letter of the 20th, and having given it best consideration in my power, I am decidedly of opinion that in the event of the offer being made to Earle, he ought to decline it. In the first place, the management of money transactions with Russians would be an exceedingly unpleasant business, for nothing is ever done with them except by corruption from the highest to the lowest, but the main objection would be the climate; all those places on the Black Sea are unhealthy and subject to fever, and access to mountains, as in India, during the hot season, is, I apprehend, an utter delusion, as you would find neither habitation or scarcely the necessaries of life, and you would have a camp among a lawless set of people (unless everything is much changed of late years). It is true that a Governor lives at Teptliz and some employés, and a certain number of second class Russians, and during a part of the year the place is gay after a kind of Asiatic fashion, but at the best it would be no society properly so called for you, and it might be very disagreeable, for the Russians are, or were five or six years ago, so jealous of all foreign and particularly English residents at Teptliz that they never would allow us to appoint a consul there, being afraid of his watching their intrigues

against Persia, and her interests in India. They might, though I don't assume that they would, not unnaturally suppose that a man of Earle's intelligence and powers of observation had other motives for expatriating himself than to look after the affairs of a company, and in that case you would both be tabooed, and the place made intolerable to you. The journeys, the house, the living, would probably be expensive and eat up the £1500 a year. Medical advice and spiritual comfort would be wanting, and it could hardly be a good place to bear and rear children. Upon the whole I think it would be a bad form of going abroad to seek a livelihood, and I have no notion that serving a company in a corner of Asia would be as likely to lead to a career as staying at home and watching opportunities, and keeping and making instead of losing good friends. The place may have advantages and prospects that I know not of, but upon the case as stated in your letter I can only give the above unfavourable opinion. Let me know whether the offer is made and what you decide upon with Earle ; I shall not say a word upon the subject to any of the family. Edith and Robert Lytton are most welcome to the Grove for their honeymoon, and I sincerely hope that the arrangements for their winter sojourn at Vienna may take effect, for it would indeed and in all respects be an improvement upon Athens. We left Teplitz (in Bohemia) on Monday last, and passed a day at Prague, where one is always glad to return, and the *promenade* by steamboat from Passau to Linz was delightful, and left no doubt on our minds of the superiority in point of beauty of the Danube over the Rhine.

In the summer of 1867 my husband was very ill again, and the affection of the eyes which had begun in India returned. Here is an allusion to the sad calamity written by himself to my brother-in-law, Robert Lytton, who all through our lives showed us the most affectionate sympathy in sorrow and in joy.

Your letters to me and to 'Teasy' have been a great compensation for the annoyance caused by what has happened to my sight—I am very proud and very happy to think that I have won your esteem and your friendship. I thought the time when I could make a real friend was quite passed, and that it was only in youth that a man of my reserved and cautious nature could hope to meet with sympathy in other men, but I have found in

you a new influence that draws my heart out of its shell, and you can hardly know, my dear Robert, how much real pleasure it has given me to learn that I have gained your friendship and affection.

The rest of the letter is details about his symptoms and hopefulness about his complete recovery. It is difficult making new friends in old age. E. V. Lucas says somewhere :

We discover the reason of the special aptitude of youth to make friends is due to the fact that youth is trustful. Only by being trustful can one discover whether a friend is worthy or no ; for a friend is one to whom one may confess ill of oneself without fear. As we get older trustfulness is giving way to suspicion. We have given up the luxury of confession.

It was, I think, in the winter of 1866-7 that the Clarendons went with their only unmarried daughter to spend the winter in Rome. This threw them into the company of Lord Odo Russell, then *chargé d'affairs* at the Papal court and one of the most rising and most distinguished of the young diplomatists of that day. The result was that the next year the last of the six happy Villiers cousins, Emily, was married at Watford to Lord Odo Russell, who not long afterwards was made Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs in London ; then Lord Granville sent Lord Odo on a special mission to Versailles during the war, when he negotiated with Bismarck the Black Sea Treaty. It was then after five months of constant daily intercourse that a great friendship was formed and Bismarck said, 'Odo Russell is the man I want as Ambassador at Berlin,' and when he wrote this to Lord Granville, the latter replied, 'Odo Russell is the man I am intending to appoint,' and so passing over the heads of many he became Ambassador in Berlin.

During our life at Watford my husband and I undertook a soup kitchen every winter, and I had a large poor district, which took a good deal of time, and depressed me very much, as I never could conscientiously believe that it did much good—the coal and bread tickets, &c., always seemed to me to go to the undeserving. I never could get out of my mind

La Fontaine's wonderful and condensed little fable, 'La Cigale et la Fourmi'—the whole thing there is in a nutshell. The soup and the dumplings were not appreciated, and ended in the tragedy of a naughty boy pressing his dumplings into Miss Pidcock's letter-box.

When I came to London and got to know that interesting and remarkable man, Llewellyn Davies, and confided my sorrows to him about visiting the poor, he agreed with me, and said he was not at all sure that amateur district visiting improved matters at all, and of course if it did not, it was a great waste of time, and so I took to reading the books of the day, and especially John Morley and Lecky's, and my mind turned into other channels, which was a great grief to my mother. The best men I knew of were free thinkers, and we all read our 'In Memoriam' in those days, and deeds, not words or professions, were what I strove for.

In May 1869 it was my turn to be ill, and I got up from the sofa to go with my husband, who had been summoned by his brother Ralph to travel to Vienna, in order to go for him to Constantinople to get a concession from the Government for a company he was interested in. When I reached Vienna, my aunt, Lady Bloomfield, and my sister Edith insisted on my remaining with them instead of going on the long journey to Constantinople with my husband. This I very much regretted; but it seemed reasonable, as I was far from strong and the journey rough in those days, and when he started he hoped to be back in ten days or a fortnight, instead of which he did not return for six weeks. He wrote me charming letters, but they contain mostly allusions to the business that took him there, annoyance at the delays of the Turkish officials, and descriptions of the scenery, weather, and regrets at leaving me behind. The worry and the climate did not agree with him, and when I went to meet him at the railway station on his return, he looked so ill I hardly knew him. We hurried home as best we could, an agonising journey for me, and we arrived just in time, for then his chronic ill-health culminated for the first time in really serious illness. For weeks I did not

know whether my mother's sad fate was not to be my own. I did not dare leave him even for a day to be present at my brother's second marriage with his distant cousin, Adela, daughter of Colonel Charles Ibbetson and the beautiful Lady Adela, daughter of Lord and Lady Jersey, who astonished society by running away with a penniless Captain. This time the marriage took place not at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, but at St. George's, Hanover Square.

To show how ill he was, and what the local doctor thought of his condition, a neighbour, who was a great friend but certainly devoid of tact, came and asked me if I could use my influence to get for her step-son, Charley's directorship on the Board of Belgrave Mansions. When one is in great anxiety, this sort of thing passes like water from a duck's back, and I merely answered, 'He is not dead yet.' He ultimately recovered entirely, and during the last twenty years of his life was far stronger and healthier than most people.

Here are a few more extracts from the letters of Sir Henry Taylor to my mother, written about this time, containing remarks which seem to me truthful and pretty memories of the past. The surprise at Americans knowing so much of our country and its literature is to be noted, as every one feels now that knowledge of past, present and future comes from across the Atlantic.

The Roost, Bournemouth, September 16, 1868.

When you are long silent and do not answer my letters, I imagine you well and happy, for when you are ill and unhappy, you go to bed and write letters. I think mine is rather the other way, I write letters when I am happy and fall dumb when I am otherwise. . . .

The day before yesterday there came down an American, enthusiastic in literature, to see what I looked like, and a month ago there came another American, and you will be surprised at the evidence which comes out in conversation of the extent and minuteness of the knowledge which these Americans possess. I proposed to my friend of yesterday to take him to the church-

yard to see the tombs of Godwin and Mary Wolstonecroft. 'But,' said he, 'they were buried in St. Pancras.' He was quite right, the bodies had been taken up in 1857 and removed from St. Pancras to Bournemouth, by their descendant, Sir Percy Shelley. Then my other friend of a month ago, being asked whether he had read a certain book which was under discussion, said he had not, but he had read a review of it in the *Quarterly*. That review was written by me in 1823 or 24. I do not believe that any of my family had read it, or even perhaps heard of it. . . .

East Sheen, November 16, 1868.

During my last fortnight at Bournemouth I had the great pleasure of meeting Lady Bloomfield once more, and finding her as fresh and genial as ever. Edward and the old days came back upon her, and perhaps the more because she and I had met so seldom, since she remembered even the details of walks at Ravensworth during my only visit there, when I suppose she must have been little more than sixteen or seventeen years of age. I, too, remember one detail of that visit. It is the way of my mind and memory to retain the image of the absent, at least of those whom I have admired in their personal appearance, as they appeared at some one particular moment when from my own mood of mind, or from something in them their appearance has most impressed me. I see Edward most frequently as I saw him one day at Ravensworth Castle when a large party had sat down to dinner, and he, coming down late, found a seat left vacant next Lady Ravensworth, and bending down whispered to her, apparently to ask whether it was available, or reserved for some person having precedence, and on receiving her answer moved down to another seat. There was nothing, of course, to make his looks otherwise than they were under the most ordinary circumstances, but it so happens that the gracefulness of his look and manner never impressed itself more upon me than at that moment, and it is as he then looked and moved that I remember him. So, of yourself, I have always remembered you as I once saw you at Ferguson's in Queen Street, Mayfair, leaning back to draw on a shawl as you were rising to take leave. It has always seemed strange to me that I should remember you both by what you appeared on those absolutely unmeaning occasions, and that the images should be so distinct and ineffaceable.

CHAPTER X

THE DEATH OF THE EARL OF CLARENDON

We know but little now about the life that is to come. But what is certain is that Love must last. God, the eternal God, is Love.

DRUMMOND.

IN the winter of 1869-70 my husband was elected managing director of the original Australasian Telegraph Company, so called from its foundation till absorbed in 1873 by the Eastern Extension Telegraph Company, of which he became a director. He was afterwards chairman of the West India and Panama Telegraph Company, and director of both the Indo-European Telegraph Company and the Eastern Telegraph in 1896.

Early in 1870 we went to the Hague for my husband to negotiate for permission from the Dutch Government for his company to have landing stages in their colonies. It was unluckily so cold a winter that the usual route at that time, which entailed crossing the Rhine in steamers, was frozen; this obliged us to go round by Cologne, and with still worse luck, a cold thaw had set in the day we arrived at the Hague, so we had no chance to see the really characteristic Dutch life in winter. The Queen had just given at the Hague a beautiful nocturnal *fête* on the ice. We went armed with letters from Uncle Clarendon to Queen Sophie of the Netherlands, to whom he was an intimate friend and adviser. At the same time before leaving I was given the strictest instructions to be very careful how I answered any questions that were put to me upon my family affairs.

She sent for me directly after the delivery of the letters, and was most gracious. I found her in a large room, which appeared to me rather desolate and uncomfortable, sitting beside a marble table on which was a book, Lecky's 'History of European Morals.' She put her hand on the book, and asked me almost directly if I had read it, which I had not, though I was able to say that my husband had done so and was full of admiration of it. She added that when she came to England she would immediately ask Mr. Lecky to come and see her. This she did, and a year or two afterwards Mr. Lecky married her lady-in-waiting, Mademoiselle v. Dedem. The conversation then drifted into questions which, with my instructions graven on my mind, I found exceedingly difficult to answer with discretion. I had never before been in familiar intercourse with a Queen, and I did not know the proper etiquette, for after a time, thinking I was probably boring her to death, I rose to take my leave. I ought, of course, to have waited till she dismissed me. She was very kind and, realising my mistake, rose too, and said goodbye. My husband got, I believe, all the concessions he wanted.

I think it was this year, when he was so much better in health, and we had almost ceased to fear a relapse, we went about more. On one occasion we met the Grove party, including Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Gladstone, one Sunday afternoon at the dairy at Cassiobury, where Lord and Lady Essex were in the habit of receiving their Sunday guests. Gladstone having been told that my husband was connected with telegraphs and cables, all rather new in those days, he walked up to him and said, 'No doubt, Mr. Earle, you can tell me what are the latest theories about electricity, heat, and light.' My husband, not being scientific at all, was much taken aback, and probably gave most apologetic answers. I recall this incident as so characteristic of Gladstone—always striving to learn something from everybody whom he thought could teach.

That same spring we met the Gladstones at the Grove for a Saturday and Sunday, and as they drove away on the

Monday morning, my uncle, Lord Clarendon, poured out praises of Gladstone, who was then Prime Minister, to my husband, saying that the more he worked with him, and the more he saw of him, the more he admired and respected him. This made an impression on me at the time, as some years previously things had been very different, and there had been considerable friction and resentment at Uncle Lewis being appointed War Minister, so that Mr. Gladstone might be Chancellor of the Exchequer ; besides Mr. Gladstone's High Church views did not suit the Villiers family at all.

It was in that June, I think, that we went to one of the most sensational parties I was ever at. It was given by Sir John Pender at his house in Arlington Street, and during the evening Edward the Seventh, then Prince of Wales, was asked to open the cable by sending the first message to the Viceroy of India at Calcutta. This he did, and the poor man had to be awakened to send an answer to His Royal Highness—the difference of time causing it to arrive at a most uncomfortable hour in the morning. These things are so commonplace now, and so surpassed in wonder by the marvellous wireless telegraphy, that it is difficult to realise what it meant at that time. I suppose nothing, not even railways, has so altered the world in my time and drawn it together as telegraphy and cables.

Here I introduce a short extract from one of Sir Henry Taylor's letters to my mother, containing truths as real now to my mind as when written—in fact more true, as the worship of athleticism has increased very much since 1869. Writing about his eldest son's delicate health and voyage to Australia, he speaks of his young son Harry, at school, and says :—

It seems difficult in these days for boys to go through their school and college life as one would desire. If they are idle, they are distanced in the race ; if they are ambitious and work hard, they kill themselves. It is better, however, that they should kill themselves by studious labours than by athletic efforts. Of all follies that of straining health for the glory to be achieved

as athletes seems to me the most unworthy. Do what they may in that kind, there is no mountebank that could not do more; and if these are to be the triumphs of an academical career, an honorary degree of D.C.L. should have been given to Blondin and not to me.

I so agree with this view that I am glad to preserve it. Blondin was an acrobat whose greatest fame came from crossing the Falls of Niagara on the tight rope!

By way of change from Sir Henry's letters, here are two from my mother, written to him, very characteristic of herself.

From Mrs. Edward Villiers to Sir Henry Taylor

Ryde, November 1, 1871.

My dearest H. T.,—It seems to me quite clear that your quitting the horrid Colonial Office, which engrossed all your delightful powers so sadly, is just the greatest boon and blessing to me and mine. Well, of course I know there is England and Europe and the Fiji Islands and all that, but I am not sure I quite believe in some of them, and at all events they are such a long way off—the moon interests me more; and yet I could not be so self-denying as to let you or those I love go off to help the dear good man in the moon! I daresay he is a first-rate fellow, but not having the honour of his acquaintance or the Fiji Islander's either, I have a natural preference for home articles, and if you don't see by this time that you are better employed at home with your dear Alice and dear girls and all of us, why you must be very dense and have some London fog in your dear brain, so I may as well change the subject.

Your letter reached us as no letter ever did before that I remember, and Edie got one too—so nice, such a pleasant surprise! We were dining alone together when the two letters came. I of course recognised my friend in a moment. Edie's was a literary letter from Mr. Lewes (Life of Goëthe), husband of George Eliot, and we are wading through 'Middlemarch' at this moment. A great deal that is very clever, worth reading and remembering, but such a motley sort of folk bore me to death. I only like two or three. Oh, the relief when Causabon tumbled down the ladder in the library, and one saw hope of being rid of him! but it took far too long. There are oddities

and octogenarians and antagonistic doctors and dentists, and High, Low, Broad, Narrow, Romish, Calvinistic, Wesleyan, and Independent Churches and clergy here—enough and to spare—I don't want to go to 'Middlemarch' for that; still George Eliot is very clever and worth reading; have you had a look at her?

It is All Saints' Day and a Thanksgiving for the harvest is blended with the service and brightened it. Such a nice handsome parish church called 'All Saints,' a beautiful choir and good music and so tastefully decorated! I never saw anything better done.

From Mrs. Edward Villiers to Henry Taylor

Ryde, November 25, 1871.

My dear Henry,—You call me lazy and so I am, but this letter of yours, just received, stirs me to the very depths and I must speak at once. Stay your rash hand; pause a moment and do not maim and mutilate 'Van Artevelde.' It is the work on which your lasting fame will rest. It is the remarkable poem of your life. Edward always thought so and Miss Fenwick said so too to me.¹ You pretend to hold the public cheap, but in the long run they are right, and I remember once you said, and I listened and admired, 'If it is worth anything it will float; if not, let it sink.' Now 'Van Artevelde' did float from the very first. It lifted up its noble author and brought him into the broad light of day before an admiring public at once and for ever. Nothing but genius can do that. I myself have never thought any publication since at all approached 'Van Artevelde,' save the lines upon my own dear Edward. They are quite inimitable, and my debt of gratitude to you for them can never be liquidated, for my honest belief is they will keep his name alive as long as our language lasts. That may be a limited space of time, as they say no living language lasts a thousand years. So said Sir Cornewall Lewis. Still, Horace lives, and is loved by scholars to this day, and so may your genius live long after we are reduced to dust.

Well, then, what strikes me is this,—can 'Van Artevelde' be improved? I much doubt it. Why not leave him alone?

¹ Most of his other plays were written after my father's death.

His very defects are characteristic. It seems to me sacrilegious and a mere waste of time and labour to touch him. The mind of youth is not the mind of age. Every one changes, however little they may be aware of it. The wisdom in 'Van Artevelde' is just so remarkable because it was premature—a depth and breadth and substance you so seldom find in a young man. It is a work that embraces all humanity,—from the highest saint to the biggest sinner! Hence its popularity. Why are the well-digested, published thoughts of thirty-two to be proved and set straight by seventy-two? It seems to me defrauding and cheating to the public.

I hate careful fresh sketches from nature touched up and finished in the studio. You lose all the truth, originality, distinctiveness of the work or picture. I don't want to see a trace of the sober-natured judgment of old age in a young man's first effusions. I like nature first and foremost; truth and genuineness for which your nature is so remarkable.

Who wants the best trimmed wig or the first-rate set of false teeth for youth? Take him as he is with all his imperfections. There was a certain coarseness about you as a young man which you have quite lost. Your mouth was somewhat large—planted out now, but very generous, and a most beautiful expression around it, rendered in your bust, but in none of your pictures or photographs that I ever saw. No one would have expected you to turn out like an old prophet—a Moses! I am sure you would never have recognised yourself had one of Mrs. Cameron's best photographic heads been presented to you at thirty! I should not in the least object to any notes you liked to add, or a new preface, but I should grudge any change whatever in the original text, and rejoice that I have it twice over as it first saw the light and I look for no improvements and want none. Is it not proverbial that a perfect beauty is intensely insipid? It is the very defects and irregularities of a face which give the character. Louis XIV first became enamoured of La Vallière through her lameness. People always grow more conservative as they grow older. Perhaps you will prune down Van Artevelde's grand speech to Sir Fleurent's, second volume, ending—

'Their tale is told: and for that they were strong
And scourged the weak; and for that they made laws
Which turned the sweat of labour's brow to blood;
For these their sins, the nations cast them out.'

So fell Louis Philippe, and my sister Minnie Normanby quoted these lines when Lamartine was the Philip of that day. The Emperor Napoleon's crash at Sedan was the fruit of lies, treachery and bought service throughout his dominions; and hélas, no Philip has risen yet! The whole French nation seems such milk and water or muddy stuff, there is no cream left to come to the surface. . . . and how true for all time. 'These things come to pass from small beginnings, because God is just.' Let the youthful pen have all its merits and its faults. They serve but as the dark leaves of the orange to set forth the beauty of its many sweet bridal blossoms and its golden fruits.

This does not mean that I doubt your growth in some ways—improvement if you like. But write us some more short pieces and essays—true pictures of yourself now, only leave the early buds and fully expanded summer blossoms alone to their beauty. Winter and forced flowers are more artificial and less attractive to most minds.

Now there am I as presumptuous and free-spoken as ever. But I am morally certain your most ardent admirers and real good judges—Miss Fenwick, Edward, Lord Lansdowne and Wordsworth—would say the same.

There is a great deal of truth in this letter of my mother's; and I believe his friends all took the same line and that he did not alter 'Philip Van Artevelde' for a new edition.

In June 1870 a great change came into all our lives, as our good kind Uncle Clarendon, who had been almost a father to us, died after a very short illness, at 1 Grosvenor Crescent, his house in London, at the age of seventy. He died as he would have wished, in harness, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and surrounded by his work in the official red boxes almost to the very end. When such a figure passes out of family life, the world never seems quite the same again. He was buried at the new cemetery at Watford, and a few years afterward his loving and devoted wife was laid beside him.

In July Lord Granville took his place, and received the seals of the Foreign Office from the Queen at Windsor, and Mr. Morley records in his 'Life of Gladstone' how Lord Granville was assured by the experienced Under Secretary, Mr. Hammond, that he had never known in his long years of

office so great a lull in foreign affairs. That very night a telegram came which informed Lord Granville of the choice the Provisional Government of Spain had made of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, and of his acceptance of the offer. This was the beginning of the trouble that caused the terrible war between France and Germany. Our private feeling was one of relief that Lord Clarendon had been saved by his death from all the acute anxiety that ensued. Mr. Morley says, in his 'Life of Gladstone':

Events for a week—one of the great critical weeks of the century—moved at a dizzy speed towards the abyss. Peace unfortunately hung upon the prudence of a band of statesmen in Paris, who have ever since, both in their own country and everywhere else, been a by-word in history for blindness and folly.

Many thought at the time that had Lord Clarendon lived his wise influence might have been powerful enough to have changed the course of events and prevented that ruinous and cruel war. With nations, as with individuals, it takes two to make a quarrel, and had the French been wiser and less confident of their own strength, things certainly might have been very different.

Having been such a short time previously at the Hague, and knowing how keenly the Queen of Holland would care for every detail of the death of Lord Clarendon, I wrote to her Lady-in-Waiting. Queen Sophie herself replied to me in the following letter:—

House in the Wood, July 1, 1870.

Dear Mrs. Earle,—It is not Miss v. Dedem who answers your touching letter, I must do it myself. I thank you for all the details, they are precious to me. Thank God! his end was without lingering pain, without the decay of moral and physical faculties he so much dreaded! This is merciful. What his loss is, no words can express! For the last six years, since my father's death, his advice, his judgment, his sympathy, his friendship guided and helped me in every circumstance of my life. Every day, every event and occurrence will bring his loss before my soul.

Forgive my talking of myself when you, when his own family

are so cruelly struck. I am glad he is to rest at Watford among his own people, and not in that thoroughfare of Westminster.

There is one subject more I have much at heart. We must think of having his biography written by an able pen. His contemporaries know what he was. Other ages must know it too. He is as great a man as your ancestor, the Chancellor. He must remain the Lord Clarendon of all ages. Would not Froude be the man to write it? It must be an Englishman who may have the State papers at his disposal covering the three great public eras of his life: Spain, Ireland, the Crimean war with the Peace of Paris.

Will you touch the subject with Lady C. and her children? If the work succeeds I would have it translated into French and German. This I would undertake.

Should Mr. Earle's interests recall him to Holland I hope you will come to my house. Uniforms are not required and you shall find it a house of mourning. I remain here till the end of September. You must not fear a Court life, it is the most quiet life, and now one of grief and mourning.

Believe me, my dear Mrs. Earle, with my compliments to Mr. Earle, in sincere friendship, very sincerely yours,

Sophie.

It has always been a matter of deep regret to me and to others that this wise advice of the Queen of Holland was never carried out. It is true a biography may be written too soon, but it may also be delayed too long, when all the contemporaries have passed away. The only thing that ever appeared beyond the obituary notices in the newspapers, was the following memoir, which came out in *Fraser's Magazine* for August 1870, written by his friend, Henry Reeve, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and which I have been allowed to re-publish. All the account of the family life and the private character of the man so exactly corresponds with my recollection of my uncle that I make no apology for introducing it here. Magazine articles are so soon forgotten.

IN MEMORY OF GEORGE VILLIERS, EARL OF CLARENDON, K.G.

In future times it will devolve on other hands to relate the life of him who has given a second lustre to the great English title of Clarendon, and to trace the effects of his policy at home

and on the relations of this country with foreign nations. These are the duties of the biographer and the historian. But those who watched the labours and enjoyed the friendship of the statesman, whose sedulous and successful career is now unhappily ended, may not unfitly place on record what they know of the singular graces of his mind and character. Such a tribute to his memory is the more appropriate, as although he filled many great offices in the State and a conspicuous position in the society of England and of Europe, Lord Clarendon neither sought nor enjoyed that species of popularity which is sometimes lavished on politicians of very inferior ability. Unostentatious and unassuming in all he did, he looked rather to the political results of his public conduct than to the immediate effect of it on the popular opinion of the day.

Though a genuine Liberal in all his principles, sympathising sincerely with the cause of freedom, tolerance, and progress, he was a man and a statesman of the purest aristocratic type—a man and a statesman such as no country not possessing an old political aristocracy can produce. He had never sat in the House of Commons; he made no pretensions to that parliamentary and popular eloquence by which great political assemblies and large bodies of men are excited and governed. Though faithfully attached to his political colleagues and allies, he was not in the narrow sense of the term a party man. His fine observation rendered him sensible of the foibles and mistakes of his friends; his candour rendered him perfectly fair to the merits of his opponents: and the estimation in which his personal character and his political services were held was equally high with men of opposite opinions who would have agreed on no other public question. Both Lord Palmerston and Lord Derby would have been contented to leave the work of the Foreign Office in his hands. The standard of political faith by which he governed his actions and his life was the national dignity and welfare of England: and it may be questioned whether he ever sacrificed to any mere party interest a single conviction or a single duty.

It would be easy to quote examples of his freedom from party exclusiveness, and of its beneficial effects on the public service. One must here suffice. In the year after the fall of Sir Robert Peel's great Administration, when Lord Clarendon had recently accepted the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, Peel gave notice of certain resolutions in the House of Commons with reference to the tenure of land in Ireland. These resolutions were considered to be embarrassing and mischievous by the Government of the day, and they were anxiously discussed at a Cabinet which the

Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland was invited to attend. On leaving that Cabinet Lord Clarendon took his own course. Without consulting his colleagues, he crossed Whitehall from Downing Street to Sir Robert Peel's house. He said at once to Peel, 'We have been considering your resolutions, which are embarrassing to the Government and to me in particular. I will tell you the reason why.' Upon this he stated to Sir Robert what the objections were, and what could, in his opinion, as well as what could not, be done. The Conservative chief listened, and replied with equal candour, 'If you will give me your promise that you will carry your own views into execution, I will forego my resolutions.' The result was the Irish Encumbered Estates Act, of which Lord Clarendon was the chief promoter.

By the common consent of those who are acquainted with the society of England, Lord Clarendon was regarded as the most finished gentleman, the most charming and genial companion, and the most accomplished foreign minister of our times. His person in early life was singularly handsome. He had the air of refinement which Vandyke was wont to give his portraits, and which seemed as much the inheritance of George Villiers as his name. Even in age, when the hair grew thin and the face blanched with toil, his eye had lost none of its brightness nor his figure anything of its unstudied elegance. His manners to men of every degree and every country had a charm which unbent the most rugged antagonist, and inspired confidence alike to the timid and the suspicious. It has been well said of him by a Spaniard that his was the 'poetry of politeness.' His ringing laugh and ready repartee enlivened the formality of courts, and gave a charm to the gravest political discussions. His conversation, playful, witty and unconstrained, had not the slightest trace of pedantic authority or self-consciousness. He seemed ever to be uttering what came uppermost in his mind, and he said it with a thousand familiar graces, sometimes homely and sometimes ingenious, that sent the thought he wished to convey home to the mind. Sometimes, such was the felicity of his diction, he hit upon a word or an expression so just and descriptive that it became proverbial and will remain in history. With these gifts, which are supposed to be the growth of an excessive cultivation and urbanity, he combined an entire sincerity and a truth of heart which were the real secrets of his power. He could, and did, say to men of all ranks—including that rank which absolute truth most seldom approaches—all he wished to convey to them, and all he thought

of the matter in hand ; but he said it with so light a touch and so cordial an expression of good-will that he conciliated even when he differed and condemned.

Enemies he had none ; and the bitterest taunts aimed at him in party warfare or political controversy were forgotten and forgiven by him almost as soon as they had been uttered. He had no rancour, no antipathies, and no resentment.

These were some of the qualities, joined to a thorough knowledge of men and of the relations of all foreign States, which gave him a consummate advantage in the guidance of foreign affairs. For beneath this grace and playfulness of manner lay concealed a grasp of steel—fine and delicate but keen and unflinching. He succeeded, not by the blows of a hammer, but by the touch of a spring. Assuredly he wanted neither wisdom nor firmness ; but his manner was so indicative of quickness and compliance that he did not always gain credit for the higher qualities of his character.

In some respects it may be said that Lord Clarendon was better understood and more highly appreciated in foreign countries than in his own. There have been other English Foreign Ministers as eminent and as powerful as he was. But something of the proverbial stiffness or arrogance of the British character mingled with their ascendancy, and sometimes galled the sensitiveness of our foreign neighbours. Lord Clarendon made them feel that he was one of themselves, and that he put himself altogether in their place. The ease and grace with which he conversed in most of the languages of Europe, opened to him the hearts of those he was thus addressing in their own tongue. In Spain, to this day, although more than thirty years have elapsed since he left the country, the name of George Villiers is venerated and beloved as one of the boldest champions and warmest friends of the cause of freedom and the rights of the nation. He had become an adopted child of that people not easily won upon by strangers. In France, no Minister ever crossed the threshold of the Tuileries, who was welcomed by the reserved and unconfiding sovereign of that country with greater warmth and sincerity ; no advice was more often sought and taken ; no influence was more regarded—by the Emperor Napoleon, from motives of political experience—by the Empress Eugénie, from sentiments of early and affectionate attachment. In Germany, when the Emperor of Austria convoked the Princes of the Confederation to their last inauspicious meeting at Frankfort, in the hope that the Federal

Union might still be preserved, he thought the meeting incomplete without the presence of Lord Clarendon, and the English Minister was summoned from Wiesbaden to Frankfort, though unprepared and even without a uniform to wear in that gorgeous circle. Even the Court of Prussia relaxed something of its harsh deportment, when Lord Clarendon made his appearance at the coronation at Königsberg as the representative of the Queen; and the opinions he was solicited to express—and did express with his usual frankness—were accepted without disfavour. Nor can the name of that high-hearted lady who shares the throne of Holland, and surrounds it with the noble pursuits of a cultivated intellect, be omitted from any notice of those sovereigns who honoured Lord Clarendon with their confidence and regard. The Queen of the Netherlands, no stranger to the pleasures of private friendship, placed that of Lord Clarendon in the first rank. Perhaps some of the sharpest passages of Lord Clarendon's diplomatic life took place between him and some of the ministers of the United States in this country, such as Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Dallas, who, by their own showing, were more intent on making political capital for home consumption, than on maintaining a just balance between the two nations. Lord Clarendon knew them well and paid them in their own coin. But to the honour of the present American Executive, President Grant did full justice to the conciliatory character of the British Minister; and the very first expression of sympathy at our recent loss which reached this country, within an hour or two of Lord Clarendon's death, was a telegraphic message of condolence from Washington.

In this respect, more especially, the loss the country has sustained is irreparable. It is indeed a most remarkable and lamentable coincidence that at the very moment when we lost him an unforeseen and tremendous crisis occurred in the affairs of Europe, which threatens to produce the most complicated and disastrous results to some at least of our allies. No doubt the affairs of the Foreign Department are entrusted to competent and not inexperienced hands, but there is no living Englishman who can speak with the authority Lord Clarendon enjoyed in Europe: none is to the same degree regarded as a known and trusted friend by the sovereigns and statesmen of other countries: none could in the same manner confront a congress of adverse and discordant interests as he did at Paris, with signal success, in 1856: none could, with the same skill and insensible weight, inspire conciliation in the place of passion, and confidence

in the place of distrust. These were the secrets of his foreign policy. It was noiseless, equable, wholly free from irritable resentment or imperious exigencies: firm because the ground taken by the minister was unassailable; asking no more from others than we were ourselves prepared to concede. The triumph of such a policy, like the air of a serene climate or the life of a healthy frame of body is that it is unperceived. Under his guidance the machine which regulates so many of the political relations of mankind worked with almost unvarying regularity; but to attain to that precision, which ceases to attract even the notice of the public, is the perfection of the diplomatic art. In free countries, and under popular governments like our own, when public applause, however unenlightened, is apt to distribute the rewards of power, the greatest snare to public men is the temptation to sacrifice measures of substance to measures of effect. From this error Lord Clarendon was free. He looked for his reward to the confidence of his Sovereign, the appreciation of his colleagues, and the approval of those who desire to maintain the public law of Europe. And by the same rule, when the hour was come and he had taken his course, he shrank from no responsibility. It sat lightly upon him. In arduous and perilous circumstances he would be the first to act—the last to despond. If he ever took a gloomy or hesitating view of impending events, it was when they were at a distance: the nearer he drew to them the more resolute he became.

By the confidence and regard of his Sovereign he was largely repaid. Lord Clarendon was the last of that remarkable body of Whig statesmen who held office in the years immediately succeeding the accession of the Queen and retained it till his death. He had been her frequent, almost constant, adviser throughout the eventful period of a long and glorious reign. He had from the first appreciated, at their true value, the remarkable qualities of the Prince Consort—his justice, his spotless morality, his assiduity, and his judgment. The Prince was no less drawn to the principles of foreign policy which Lord Clarendon represented. Had it depended solely on the will of the Court, Lord Clarendon would probably have occupied a higher position in the State than that to which he ever attained. But his fidelity to his colleagues, even when he differed from them, caused him to resist the influence which would willingly have raised him, and he steadily adhered to his resolution, not only to seek no advancement but to accept none.

He held successively several of the highest offices in the

State, and several more were offered him. On his return from Spain the Governor-Generalship of Canada was placed at his disposal. Twice the Governor-Generalship of India—a tempting prize to a man with a large family and a small hereditary fortune—was pressed upon him. Twice he was offered a marquise ; but he refused any addition to his rank or his name.¹ On the same grounds he declined the permission to accept the honours and decorations proffered to him by foreign sovereigns, because he would not avail himself of a privilege which it was his duty to refuse to others.

On two remarkable occasions in his life Lord Clarendon carried even further the disinterested sacrifice of his personal tastes and interests to a sense of public duty. Upon the formation of Lord John Russell's first Administration in July 1846, he accepted the office of President of the Board of Trade, in which he was eminently qualified by his experience in early life as a Commissioner of Customs in Ireland to carry out the policy of free trade, then recently inaugurated in this country. But, in May 1847, it became necessary to appoint a Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and Lord Clarendon was chosen for the post. It was then the second year of the famine which desolated Ireland. The population, decimated by starvation and disease, lived upon the poor rate and the alms of England, and extraordinary measures were required to regulate the bounty of the Government and the nation. In 1848 the French Revolution let loose fresh elements of discord, which culminated in an abortive insurrection, and for a lengthened period Ireland was a prey to more than her wonted symptoms of disaffection and disorder. During those five years Lord Clarendon held the reins of the Vice-regal Government : a task more entirely repugnant to his own predilections and more certain to be repaid with unmerited obloquy and unsatisfactory results could not have been imposed upon him. But he bore up against that flood of hostile passions and difficulties with unshaken firmness. He fed the starving ; he subdued the factious ; he crushed the rebellious. He even left behind him some permanent marks of improvement in the legislation of Ireland ; and he practised, as far as possible, the broadest toleration of all races and creeds. If any name is

¹ When the Order of the Garter is conferred upon a person who already has the Grand Cross of the Bath, it is customary to return the last-named decoration. Lord Clarendon did so, but he was commanded by her Majesty to retain and wear both Orders : and rightly, for he had earned them by his public services, not by his personal rank.

associated in Ireland with the recollection of a government at once firm, far-sighted, and liberal, it should be that of Lord Clarendon. The following acknowledgment of his services was delivered by Her Majesty in the Speech to both Houses of Parliament from the Throne, on September 5, 1848; and this was the first time that any civil services obtained that honour.

‘ My Lords and Gentlemen,—

‘ The Act for the Prevention of Crime and Outrage in Ireland, which received my assent at the commencement of the Session, was attended by the most beneficial effects. The open display of arms intended for criminal purposes was checked; the course of justice was no longer interrupted; and several atrocious murderers, who had spread terror through the country, were apprehended, tried, and convicted.

‘ The distress in Ireland, consequent upon successive failures in the production of food, has been mitigated by the application of the law for the relief of the poor, and by the amount of charitable contributions raised in other parts of the United Kingdom. On the other hand, organised confederacies took advantage of the existing pressure to excite my suffering subjects to rebellion. Hopes of plunder and confiscation were held out to tempt the distressed, while the most visionary prospects were exhibited to the ambitious. In this conjuncture I applied to your loyalty and wisdom for increased powers; and strengthened by your prompt concurrence, my Government was enabled to defeat in a few days machinations which had been prepared during many months. The energy and decision shown by the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland deserve my warmest approbation.’

Lord Clarendon regarded these emphatic words as the most enviable distinction of his life.

In the administration of Lord Aberdeen, Lord Clarendon for the first time received the seals of the Foreign Department; but he entered upon it when mistakes had already been committed and a course of policy begun which rendered inevitable the catastrophe of the Crimean War, especially as the Prime Minister remained to the last incredulous of the extent of the danger. In the conduct of diplomatic relations arising out of the war, and especially in the difficult task of maintaining inviolate that alliance with France on which the success of the Western Powers depended, Lord Clarendon displayed an amount of temper and ability which the world has never given him credit

for, because the world has never known now severely they were tried. Nor was his influence less conspicuous in the adjustment of the conditions of peace—a peace not commensurate to the sacrifices the country had made, or to the expectations it had formed, but which insured the chief practical objects of the war, materially reduced the influence of Russia over Europe and the East, and obtained both from the enemy and from our allies more than they had intended to surrender.

In Lord Palmerston's first Administration (1855 to 1858) Lord Clarendon retained the office of Foreign Secretary, and it was in close conjunction with Lord Palmerston that the negotiations of the peace of Paris were carried on. But to Lord Clarendon more especially was due the adhesion of Great Britain to those enlarged and liberal principles of maritime law which were then first formally adopted by all the European Powers, and which placed the maritime policy of this great commercial country on principles more secure and more conducive to our true interests than the jealous and exclusive assertion of contested belligerent rights. That service was perhaps the greatest he ever rendered to the cause of peace, and its effects will be felt beneficially in the course of the hostilities which have just broken out in Europe, by the abolition of privateering, and by the protection afforded to property under the neutral flag.

Lord Palmerston's Ministry was brought to a close by a combination of Radicals and Tories against the Conspiracy Bill—a measure which had been introduced for the purpose of rendering foreign offenders in England more amenable to the justice of this country. The proposal was unpopular and the Ministry was defeated, although Lord Derby had previously expressed his direct approval of the Bill; but Lord Clarendon retained his opinion that international justice required that means should exist to bring to an account foreign refugees who abuse the protection of this country for the purposes of crime abroad.

Perhaps it was the unpopularity arising out of this transaction which induced Lord Russell, on the formation of Lord Palmerston's second Administration in 1859, to exclude Lord Clarendon from the Foreign Office by claiming it for himself, as the condition on which alone he would serve under Lord Palmerston. The result is known. But as regards Lord Clarendon it was not till 1864 that he returned to office, and not till 1865 that he resumed the seals of the Foreign Department. The interval of Lord Derby's last Administration again resigned him to repose,

although Lord Derby would willingly have retained him as a colleague ; but on the formation of Mr. Gladstone's Government he with universal assent and approval resumed the direction of our foreign relations. No events of great European importance marked this period. Lord Clarendon signed the treaty on the Alabama claims which Lord Stanley had negotiated with Mr. Reverdy Johnson on behalf of the United States. Fortunately for this country the American Senate rejected that untoward convention. But the true answer of Lord Clarendon on the subject of the American claims was soon afterwards elicited and made public in consequence of an injudicious challenge from Mr. Fish : and it was expressed in one of the most masterly State papers which ever emanated from this country. The last transaction in which Lord Clarendon was engaged was the correspondence arising out of the deplorable outrage committed by the Greek brigands. He failed in his prompt and spirited efforts to save the lives of our unhappy countrymen ; but the inexhaustible energy, the fearlessness of responsibility, the earnest feeling with which he carried on the negotiation will not be forgotten.

It is impossible in this place to attempt to trace the infinite variety of affairs to which Lord Clarendon's attention was constantly directed in all parts of the globe. His promptitude in mastering details and his industry in making himself acquainted with them were almost inconceivable. Scarcely a despatch arrived at or left the Foreign Office without his direct participation. His habits of work were such that he literally turned night into day : and often, after having been the light and centre of the gay and brilliant circle that clustered round him, he would retire at midnight to his library and his boxes, light a cigar, and spend all the hours till dawn in continuous labour, not unaccompanied even then by her who shared through life all his confidence and his cares.

Although Lord Clarendon aspired to no place in literature, and probably never composed anything with a view to publication, he was one of the most copious and facile writers of his time. His style was at once correct, forcible, and abundant. His despatches are models of just reasoning and neat expression, and they were written by himself with inconceivable rapidity and readiness. But his private correspondence probably surpassed in amount his despatches. To his colleague, the Prime Minister, he wrote on the state of foreign affairs once, or even twice, every day. To most of the diplomatic agents of the Government, who were also his personal friends, he was in the constant habit of

addressing letters of so intimate and informal a character that they may be said to have lived with him, though at a distance, on terms of confidential intercourse. He had no reserve from any one whom he liked and trusted : he desired his whole mind and intentions to be clearly known and understood. But in addition to this semi-official correspondence, he lived in daily communication, by writing, with a vast number of persons abroad and at home. His pen flowed on without rest and without haste, and down to the minutest incident of daily life, an appointment or a dinner engagement, nothing was ever left without a reply.

In the midst of the most weighty cares and the most exciting occurrences, Lord Clarendon had always time for a joke, a passing word of kindness, and above all for the most cordial and unbroken intercourse with those he loved. His children, his wife, were always about him. He lived in the midst of them. Their concerns and pleasures were his. No secrets existed in that charmed circle, which had grown up in mutual trust and regard : no interests which engaged his thoughts were strange to them. It would be hard to find two pictures of the domestic life of English statesmen more striking than Lord Derby translating the *Iliad* in the drawing-room at Knowsley with all his family around him, or Lord Clarendon at the Grove, who when he was not the great and laborious statesman was the friend and playmate of his daughters. Hard work and frequent attacks of gout had not robbed either of these buoyant men of the exuberant spirits which forsook them not on the verge of the grave. The source of that native gaiety was their unselfish indifference to personal objects and a vital temperament of unusual vivacity ; but in Lord Clarendon this lightness of heart was allied to graver and loftier qualities than those of his contemporary : the resemblance between them was entirely superficial.

To have reached the limit of three-score years and ten, so far unshaken by disease and infirmity as to hold with a steady hand an undiminished place in Europe ; to enjoy the love and veneration of every man who had the honour of serving the country with him or under him ; to have exhausted the desire of worldly distinctions ; to be engaged till the last hours in life in a favourite pursuit and in the discharge of public duties ; to be encompassed with all that the purest and warmest affection can cast upon the closing scene, and so to pass by a brief illness to a gentle sleep, is no unfitting end of an illustrious career. He himself, with something of that lassitude which makes itself felt in the evening of the most successful lives, would not have

thought it an unwelcome one. To feel that the task of life is accomplished is the signal of departure. But to those who survive him, few things are more precious than the remembrance of so noble, active, and unselfish an existence. How vain are their regrets! How perishable are such lines as these! But when the shadows of life pass into the shapes of history, the transient into the permanent, action into fame, Lord Clarendon will retain a place in the annals of these times as one of the most engaging and able of our contemporaries, in whom the gifts of sweetness and of strength were equally combined.

CHAPTER XI

MIDDLE AGE

Toute manifestation sincère de l'âme, tout témoignage rendu à une conviction personnelle sert à quelqu'un et à quelque chose, lors même qu'on ne le sait pas, et qu'une main se pose sur votre bouche ou qu'un nœud coulant vous prendra la gorge. Une parole dite à quelqu'un conserve un effet indestructible. . . . Voilà donc une raison pour ne pas rire, pour s'affirmer, pour agir. Il faut avoir foi en la vérité, il faut aimer les hommes et les servir.—AMIEL,

THE winter of 1870—I was a terrible one for us. We were both devoted to France, and the cruel suffering brought about by what we thought the unjust war with Germany wrung our hearts.

That spring my youngest son was born in our little home at Watford. While I was still laid up after the birth of my baby, my husband returned one day from London, and read to me an anonymous story called 'The Battle of Dorking: Reminiscences of a Volunteer'; it was known afterwards to have been written by Colonel Chesney. It was republished in the series called 'Tales from Blackwood,' No. III. It is well worth reading now, I think, as an example of the way one man can express the popular feelings of the moment, and how the same kind of alarm repeats itself from time to time. My husband naturally remained a soldier all his life, though he had left the army, and he had a profound contempt for the volunteers and looked upon the whole movement as mere waste of time and money. The story supposes that after the conclusion of the war with France the Germans would invade England:

the writer disperses the navy without explanation, as is usual in these prophetic stories. The regular army is in India and Canada ; the enemy land, and the defence of the country is left to the volunteers. The story is told with great realistic ability. My husband read it aloud to me in a tone of conviction and sorrow which sent me into floods of tears, much to the indignation of the nurse.

In that summer my husband was again seriously ill. Sir William Gull had committed himself in writing to my uncle, Lord Clarendon, the year before, saying that Captain Earle was cured and that he would never relapse again ; this naturally set our hearts at rest, and so when he did relapse the famous doctor appeared to lose heart and interest in the case, and my husband's great friend and brother officer, Colonel Mure, persuaded him to go to Brighton and put himself under a well-known homeopath called Hilbers ; so we took a house there and intended staying several months. The treatment, however, was a complete failure, and in my opinion Hilbers did not at all understand the case. My husband grew so decidedly worse from week to week that my only feeling was that he should not die there. I telegraphed to our Watford doctor to come to my assistance. Hilbers was of course very angry, and told him when he arrived that he thought the case hopeless ; I said all I wanted was to move him to London and again put him under Dr. Gull. The Watford doctor said he was so ill that he would not take the responsibility of saying he could be moved, but if I decided it, he would go with us. So in a few hours all was settled and a railway ambulance ordered ; and when the next morning I told Charley what was arranged he was luckily deeply grateful, and said I had saved his life. He was carried downstairs on a stretcher and put into a thing more like a hearse than a carriage. The doctor and I were to sit inside ; but the space was very small, so when I rushed back into the house to say goodbye to my baby I tore off the crinoline, the wretched fashion of which had extended all through my youth to this time, quite fifteen years. I naturally never put it on again, and I heard afterwards that

some of the family thought it strange and rather fast of me to adopt the new fashion of no crinoline at a time of so much sorrow and anxiety; tragedy and comedy often lie close to each other in real life.

We came safely to London, some kind cousins of Charley's having consented to take us in for a few days until I found a lodging. Dr. Gull came to see him at once, and as he came out of the room he said, 'Well, Mrs. Earle, I think we shall pull him through again.' I looked him full in the face and said, 'Why, Dr. Gull, do you say that he is very ill?' He answered, 'It is a very natural question for you to ask, and I cannot answer it. I can only tell you we get a sort of instinct in these matters.'

We now, with a very much diminished income from his inability to attend Boards, had three houses on our hands, but his family and mine were most kind. '*Dieu mesure le vent à la brebis tondue,*' and my fear of a financial crisis was removed. We remained all that winter in lodgings in London. It was the time of the Prince of Wales's illness (typhoid fever) at Sandringham; Dr. Gull, to my despair, was called away and kept there. Before he left he handed the case over to another doctor. He said to me, 'Now, Mrs. Earle, you shall do what few women in London have done—assist at a consultation; but,' he added with a smile, 'you will remember that it is your one case and I have many; if I make any mistake in the dates you will correct me.'

In the early spring he was well enough to be driven down to our little home at Watford, where the children were; but as is so often the case, the doctors took the matter into their own hands, and after we had been back a little time at Watford they decided that a move was to be taken, and that we were to leave the country and go and live in London. This was to me a matter of infinite regret, but they thought that the travelling up and down was bad for my husband. After the usual troubles of house-hunting, we took 47 Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park, the very next house, oddly enough, to the one where my father and

mother lived and where we were all born, and so we began a new life. After all I had gone through I felt I was years older, and when he got quite well, which was still not for several years, it was impossible that I should go back to be my old self. Such a training as I had had no doubt left its mark for good or evil on body and mind.

As my husband gradually recovered his health, we paid visits in the country to various relations, and I persuaded him occasionally to dine out in London. We gradually got to know many interesting people and made many new friends, amongst others Burne-Jones and his wife, George Eliot and Mr. Lewes, Huxley and his wife, and several others who happily are still alive. The Huxleys gave what Sir Henry Taylor used to call high-teas, meaning tea and meat, not tea and Bible, and I found those Sunday evenings most interesting. Here we first met Oscar Wilde, who had just left Oxford, and I thought him one of the most brilliant talkers I had ever met. Huxley, of all the clever people I have known, was the one above all others I should like to have known better and seen more of, but he was a very hard worker, and it was impossible for me to take up their time and run after them. George Eliot used to be at home on Sunday afternoon, and she was especially friendly and nice to me, as she was very fond of the Lyttons, who had been most kind to her at Vienna during her first journey on the Continent with Lewes. Robert Lytton got into rather a scrape with his chief, Lord Bloomfield, because he took the couple to the Embassy box at the Opera. Talking to me afterwards, he said, 'My dear, what could be the harm, they were both so ugly!' The afternoons at St. John's Wood, where they lived, were rather formidable entertainments. The guests sat round in a semicircle, with George Eliot in the middle with her back to the window, and talked. One day Lewes took me into his library to show me her manuscripts, all beautifully bound, and he said with pride, 'I have them all except the "Scenes from Clerical Life," and that the publisher retained.' They were written without a single erasure, in a very small neat handwriting, and Lewes told me her method

with her work was to think out a chapter and then write it straight off, and no corrections were necessary.

In December 1873 we went to Paris to stay with the Lyttons, he having just been appointed what was then called Secretary of the Embassy. It was the first time I saw the ruins of the beautiful Tuileries. The names of Napoleon's battles could still be read round the frieze of the charred walls of the large '*Salle des Maréchaux*,' where I had danced as a girl at the brilliant balls given by the Empress Eugénie.¹ We had a most enjoyable and interesting time, and I find a letter written to my mother from the Lyttons' house, 2 Avenue Bosquet, containing the following account of the Bazaine trial:—

The weather is just the old Paris winter weather I always enjoyed so much—a hard frost and brilliant sunshine, and it all looks quite the same old Paris as if no wars or revolutions had passed over it only two years before. I find the Bois de Boulogne so improved and changed I hardly knew it; it was a wild rough place in the early fifties, when we lived here. Just as we were starting for the play on the 17th, Colonel Conoly, the military attaché at the Embassy, arrived in a great fuss and very pleased with himself, having procured for us with great difficulty tickets for the trial of *Maréchal Bazaine*,² which was going on at Versailles. We were very delighted, as we had heard the difficulty of getting places was so great that we had little hope, and it was indeed a thing to see; so great a national and historical trial has not taken place, I suppose, since the impeachment of Warren Hastings. Robert Lytton gave his ticket up to Charley, and said he did not want to come, but he hired horses and we drove down—a great saving of fatigue, all the changes by train being both tiring and chilling. Edith came with us; we had to start at nine, and had the carriage open, in spite of the cold, and we had to tie shawls over our heads to keep our ears from freezing. If Edith had not come we should not have had a chance of getting places, in spite of arriving two hours before the sitting began. She was offered a place but bravely declared she would not take it without my being given one too, and so they said I

¹ I heard that in the previous year the French dressmakers had called the fashionable browns and reds '*Bismarck enragé et Paris en flammes*.'

² For the surrender of Metz.

must squeeze in, and we sat seven hours on a bench, only allowed to stand up once for half an hour during the suspension of business, and we were so tightly packed we could only lean back by turns, but it was so intensely interesting we hardly felt the fatigue. The Court was held in the large room at the Trianon, with all its historical associations of such a different kind. It was the day when Maître Lachaud made his great defence of Bazaine; he spoke for five hours, and took half an hour's rest in the middle. It was wonderful and splendid in a way, and yet one felt that either the Bazaine cause was a very bad one, which they said it was, or that this great lawyer made a mess of it, as he was not convincing, and he kept branching off into long paragraphs about other people, especially the Empress, '*cette femme qui pleure*,' and other sensational allusions which had nothing to do with the fact of his client's guilt or innocence. It was a most imposing, never-to-be-forgotten sight. The Duc d'Aumale was the President of the Court, and he had nothing to do but to look and listen, but he did both admirably. Nothing could have been more impressive or more dignified than the whole conducting of the case, or more affecting, considering all that was involved. Silence was so perfectly preserved, and all expression of feeling so entirely kept under by the military command, that not only would any one be turned out but that they would be tried for a single expression of approbation or disapprobation, and you could have heard a pin fall during the whole five hours. Bazaine sat unmoved and expressionless the whole time; we were quite close to him. He has a common fat French soldier type of face, and there is nothing interesting in his appearance. His family, they say, are full of hope, but the outside universal feeling is that he will be condemned and not shot, but pardoned by MacMahon.¹ One feels some pity that he alone suffers, when many others were as bad. It is all shamefully reported in the French papers. We did not get home till seven, when we hurriedly dressed and dined and went off to the Français, where we had been invited with the Lyttons to a box. Tuesdays and Thursdays are now the fashionable nights at the Français, where the opera used to be; you can't hire a box for love or money, and no women are ever allowed in the stalls; the boxes are all taken up by society, who go very smart and visit about in each other's boxes as they used to do at Florence.

As we could not stay for the large dinner at the Embassy

¹ The President at that time.

on Saturday, Lord Lyons has asked us all to-night, but the Lyttons cannot go as they have guests. They think it better we should go, though we would rather stay at home. It is dreadful to think how soon this visit will be over. Everything seems dearer here than in London. The only marked difference in dress is the way everything is tied back so flat on the hips, and so tremendously stuck out behind. The hair is rather long again at the back, except for young girls, when it is taken straight up, which is rather pretty, showing the back of the neck.

In the 'Letters of the Earl of Lytton,' edited by his daughter, Lady Betty Balfour, there occurs the following passage.

1873.

The trial of Marshal Bazaine, over which the Duc d'Aumale presided, has been in progress since the 6th of October, at Versailles. It was there that the prisoner had been born, and there, after a career of military distinction, he awaited the sentence of treason and disgrace.

On the 10th of December 1873, after the counsel for the defence had been heard, the Duc asked if the Marshal had anything to say. After a profound silence he rose and said, 'I bear on my breast two words, "Honour" and "Country." They have been my motto for the forty years during which I have served France alike at Metz and elsewhere. I swear it before Christ.' The sentence of death, with military degradation, was then pronounced, but at the same time commuted to twenty years' seclusion. The Marshal was taken to the State Prison on the Isle Ste. Marguérite, whence he escaped in the following year.

Lord Lytton writes at this time, December 1873, to John Forster :

The news (of the sentence) created much excitement in Paris at 5 o'clock this evening. The result was fully anticipated by all who watched the trial. The military code is not only very severe but very explicit on the counts under which he was tried, and by the terms of the code it was clear from the first that Bazaine was guilty of the capital offence of capitulating *en rase campagne*. But I am bound to say, though clearly establishing his guilt from the military and professional point of view, the trial has established against him no charges of treason in the

general and common sense of the word. Madame MacMahon told me a few days ago that if the wretched man were condemned, her husband, the President, would certainly *gracier* him and remit the penalty of death. But every one here says that a Marshal of France cannot survive military degradation, and that Bazaine, if a man of honour, is now bound to blow out his brains, or whatever substitute for brains he may have.

As most of us remember, he escaped from the prison in the Isle St. Marguerite, did not blow out his brains, and lived and died in Spain.

My husband's idea of education centred immensely on the teaching of boys foreign languages ; he thought the rest of it took care of itself ; and so it does, more or less, with a good big less. We began quite early with a Swiss nursery-maid, which English nurses hardly ever like. Then our two eldest boys were sent off to Boulogne in the summer of 1873, with a nice young governess. The experiment was a Spartan one, as they were very young and the governess felt the responsibility, and they were not very happy till we joined them in August, and they came to live with us in a little French hotel at the top of the town close to the Cathedral and in a real French atmosphere, the old *Curé* coming in to dinner, and an officer or two, all of which my husband enjoyed so much, as it reminded him of his own youth, which had been spent in France. He was a most devoted father, and most anxious to be unselfish about his boys, and in one of his letters about that time he says, speaking of a cousin :

Her nature, like mine, wanted soft influences in youth, and the fact should be a lesson to me in dealing with the boys. My parents, like me, were quite willing to make sacrifices in important matters for children, but they had not the courage to bear the constant abnegation of self in the daily intercourse of a family that a wise system of education imposes on the parent. They were bothered with us, as I am sometimes with mine, and showed it, which made us cold and hard to them, and to those about us.

The next year saw us all in the holiday time at a small Normandy village called Veules, for bathing and learning

French. Great fat French men and women used to bathe with the smallest amount of clothing, but when I took my little boy of three in my arms into the sea, I received an official letter from the Mayor requesting me to provide him with a proper *maillot*, as his drawers were not sufficient !

When we got home the three sons sickened of typhoid one after the other. That was a sad experience ; they were very ill, especially the two eldest, but they all recovered.

As a remnant of the extreme evangelical opinions which still lingered in my mother's family, I give a curious letter to have received at such a time from a most kind and truly affectionate aunt. Luckily I was always able to take this kind of thing as it was meant, and I was determined to believe that with proper care they would all recover, and so they did.

September 14, 1874.

You and yours are continually in my heart, and I am earnestly pleading with the Lord on your behalf, but oh, my child, I have the painful consciousness that you are hindering all our prayers by your determined rebellion and unbelief in Him, in His precious Word, and above all in the Son of His love, in His Well-beloved whom He gave in His wondrous love for a sinful lost world. ' Whom *He* wounded for our transgression ' (Yes, for your present sin of proud rejection, my poor Theresa), ' whom He bruised for our iniquities, by whose stripes we are healed,' the very moment we renounce our hard obstinate unbelief and take the great God of Heaven and earth at His word, and humble ourselves before Him and accept His wondrous offers of mercy and trust His word which endureth for ever. This long-suffering gracious God is having a controversy with you, my Theresa, and I bless and praise Him that He has not yet left you and your dear husband in spite of your refusing to see His love and His tender consideration in sparing Charley to you when you thought he was so near death, and now again God is speaking to you, and He is saying, ' Hear ye the rod and who hath appointed it.' Will you hear ? Ah, my dear one, let it not be said of you, ' Because I have called and ye refused, I have stretched out my hand and ye have not regarded. But ye have set at naught all my counsel and would none of my reproof. I also will laugh at your calamity. I will mock when your fear

cometh, when your fear cometh as desolation, when distress and anguish cometh upon you. Then shall you call upon me but I will not answer, you shall seek me early but you shall not find me, for that you hated knowledge and did not choose the fear of the Lord.' Oh! dear, dear Theresa, God forbid that such should be your case. I do believe in the power of prayer, but there is a time when God says, 'Pray not then for this people' (Jer. 7, 16), and then, alas! our prayers cannot avail; but that time is not yet come, I trust, and I and many other loving hearts are pleading for you without ceasing. Don't keep back the blessing from us, my Theresa.

Your loving Aunt.

No more wonderful example (worth every one's perusal) has been published in modern times of religious fervour combined with narrow-mindedness than Edmund Gosse's 'Father and Son.'

About this time, 1874, my husband made the acquaintance, in connexion with his telegraph companies, of Mr. William Quilter, now Sir Cuthbert Quilter, and he most kindly pitied him for looking ill and offered very frequently to take him out in his yacht, which was of all pleasures the one he enjoyed most. We used often to spend the ends of the summers with my mother at Ryde, and it was there I first met the Quilter family, and they have been lifelong friends to me. On board the yacht I first met Harry Quilter, Sir Cuthbert's youngest brother. I owed him a real debt of gratitude, as he revived in me all my artistic tastes, my love of pictures and drawing, and all the things I had cared most about when young, and which had been entirely extinguished during the long years of my husband's illness. I was nearly forty, and I felt very strongly and rather morbidly the truth of Benjamin Constant's remark in his *Journal Intime*, that at a certain age women are no longer fit for society. 'There remains for them the rôle of friends kept in retirement, receiving confidences and giving advice to men, in whose interest they fill only the second or third place,' and this was the position I assumed towards that strange young man, Harry Quilter, and in

trying to help him I immensely helped myself, and was in some ways educated by him for many years. I got R. H. Hutton to take him on to the staff of the *Spectator*, and there I think he did some very excellent and interesting work, but he often offended by roughly criticising even what he most admired. Many of his *Spectator* articles were republished in 1892, by Swan Sonnenschein, in a large, heavy, illustrated volume called 'Preferences in Art, Life and Literature.' The size and expense of the book prevented its being much known or appreciated, as I think it deserves to be. There is so much that illuminates the art of England in the seventies and eighties that I think it would be very desirable to reprint a selection from this book in a small popular form.

We made friends over his confessions under the summer skies on board the yacht, as he was very unhappy, having fallen deeply in love with a young lady who came home in the ship with him from Australia. I have no scruple in mentioning this, as it has all been told, just as he told it to me in 1875, in a page of an autobiography published by his wife after his death, in a book called 'Men, Women and Things,' in 1909. The motto of the book is most characteristic,—'Friends and Enemies, are they not really the same? Shall we not know them as such in the days to come?' My great interest in him was that he certainly had that very rare thing, a touch of genius and a most unique personality. He was very plain, and I think felt keenly that it was so. He was the only person I had ever known who really criticised even to one's face quite truthfully; he said what he thought at the moment, and this is very rare. He had high aspirations, but in fact was very self-absorbed and egotistical. For many years he was a distinct interest in my life, but on the whole his own life was a disappointment to me. He said I exaggerated his gifts; I do not think I did, but he could not concentrate his work and left off writing, which he did well, for painting, which he did badly, read for the Bar and walked the hospitals as a student, but could settle on no career.

We met one day at the private view of the great Burne-Jones exhibition, and worshipped together. He wrote to me afterwards this fanciful account of his views :

I had imagined taking the spirit of Dr. Johnson to the exhibition, and, as we stood before the ' *Laus Veneris*,' the ghost of Johnson said slowly and heavily, as if almost against his will, ' It is very beautiful and very thoughtful ; I understand it all ' (of course he did, I knew that) ; ' the end of love for those who have gained it, the sad sweetness of granted wishes and proved delights ; and for those who ride by outside the bitterness of unfulfilled longing, the wild unrest which is perhaps easier to endure than the satiety of fruition. Yes ; it is an allegory, the sadder for its truth. Love or fame or knowledge, it is the same with them all ; it is only from the outside they look so fair.' ' You like it, then ? ' I exclaimed eagerly, for I had in vain tried to make the British public understand Burne-Jones's work, and was glad even of a shadowy convert. ' Yes, I like it, but it is not happy,' said he, ' nor is it so noble in meaning as it is lovely in conception ; no object which brave men should desire was ever gained from pondering upon Dead Sea fruit, and no sustained effort was ever yet founded upon the text that all is vanity.'

His life ended in the happiest way it could end, in a quiet domesticity, with a wife and children he adored, and ultimately bearing a long and painful illness with great courage and patience to the end.

I give one or two of his early letters to me, and one to my husband. When our intimacy began he used to call me the surgeon's knife, because I objected to his flirtation with another man's wife. My husband was interested one evening in a conversation with him about Bouddha, and a few days afterwards Harry Quilter wrote him the following letter.

British Museum.

Dear Mr. Earle,—I send you a little sketch of the life of Bouddha, a gentleman well known in the East, and much respected there by 300,000,000 of disciples. That this proves his existence is of course not at all certain ; but we are accustomed to take existence for granted in more religions than one, so perhaps we may do so in his case. I have seen effigies of this

interesting old deity in Japan which had eyes as big as Max's whole body, and a body nearly three times the height of Cambridge Terrace. He is generally put in the middle of a forest with his hands upon his knees and his legs tucked calmly under him *à la Turc*. There he has sat and looked over the tops of the trees for centuries, and people get into his cast-iron stomach and worship him, because the inside of this gentleman is a temple where I met the dirtiest Japanese priest I ever saw. I should not have bored you with Bouddha had you not taken so much interest in Lilith, in whose diabolical career I also took the keenest pleasure.

'THE STORY OF SAKYA MUNI, SOMETIMES CALLED BOUDDHA,
OR THE KNOWING ONE.

'Towards the end of the seventh century before Christ there reigned near the borders of Nepaul in the north-west of India a wise and good king, one of the last mighty descendants of the Sun. To him was born in the fulness of time by his beautiful wife, Maya, a son named Siddartha and afterwards surnamed Bouddha or "The Knowing One." Soon after his birth, Maya the beautiful died, and the young prince was brought under the care of a maiden aunt, a circumstance that may have helped to make his view of life somewhat austere. In any case, whatever was the cause, we find him while yet little more than a boy contemplating the life of a hermit in order to gain superior piety and through piety knowledge. In fact twenty-four hundred years ago Siddartha went through the same sad experience which presses upon many of the more thoughtful spirits of our own day. Young, handsome and clever, nothing seemed to him worth the doing, because of its transience. He could not accept the world as it was without seeking an explanation of its meaning, a solution of its enigma.

'Pain, sorrow, crime and death all wrought their various queries to be answered, and behold there was no answer! Neither by prayer or fasting or diligent study of the Vedas¹ could answer be found. Then it was that Siddartha made what is (taken in connexion with his subsequent life) one of the noblest speeches ever reported of a mortal. "The only permanent and stable thing," said he, "is Truth; let me see that and I shall give lasting peace to mankind, I shall become their deliverer." So one night whilst the King, his father, and the maiden aunt and

¹ The sacred book of the Brahmans.

the hereditary grand black sticks snored lustily, ceremony notwithstanding, Siddartha put away his princely robes, and, staff in hand, set out in the pursuit of truth. How he fared it needs no ghost come from the grave to tell us. First to the Brahman to be received with stereotyped formalities, and told to read the sacred books and believe no good to be gained there, no inward faith and knowledge which shall harmonise all things for him. Then the second trial, the ascetic method, practising unheard of austerities and inflicting tortures upon himself for six years, till at last he becomes convinced that the path to wisdom lies not in that direction. Then the life of meditation, tried in long for vain till one night a light breaks in upon him and knowledge is found at last. For there, sitting under a palm tree far away from human dwelling, having neither moved nor tasted food for twenty-four hours, the vision comes to him of the triple science that is to rescue and redeem mankind. Alas for human wisdom! more than two thousand years have passed and mankind are not rescued or redeemed yet. But to us who look to find in every religion some gleam of the eternal verities, is it not somewhat of a pathetic picture that of this young prince, worn by vain seeking and emaciated with suffering, dreaming under a palm tree of the blessings which his revelation is to bring? So, a little weary with the inward conflict and suffering from the depression that follows all periods of unnatural exaltation, he sets out to Benares to preach his faith. Benares being at that time the Jerusalem of India, the very centre and stronghold of Brahmanism. And whilst he slowly journeys thither on foot, those who are accustomed to consider all religions but their own as silly fables or old wives' tales will do well to pause and think a little of this prince who gave up all his kingdom; this man who surrendered all the love of woman and natural desires and affections of men, and in the words of a later record "made himself of no account and took upon him the form of a servant" for the noble purpose of trying to bring mankind to a knowledge of the truth whereby they might live nobly, suffer patiently and die calmly. So he travels painfully from north-west Nepaul to the sacred city of the Hindoos, and here encounters his first serious difficulty, for he is so poor that he cannot pay the ferryman for his passage across the Ganges. Is it not strange that some trivial incident of this kind seems ever to threaten to overwhelm the greatest designs, and is it not something of a satire, and a sad one, on the importance of humanity to think that the mightiest religion of the East, the one that numbers more than

three hundred millions of disciples, should have depended once upon the ability to pay an anna to a Hindoo boatman? The difficulty is somehow evaded, is got over; perhaps some fellow passenger, attracted by his appearance, and pitying the worn look upon his young face, pays, and Benares is entered at last. Then begins the conflict in grim earnest; poor, young, unknown, with all the Scribes and Pharisees of Brahmanism arrayed against him, what hope is there of success? What hope is there of the intricate ceremonials and numberless duties of Brahmanism being overthrown by a faith which takes ignorance for its only creed? "All things will cease to exist"; have we got so much further than this even now? "For every mode of existence there is sorrow; the cause of sorrow is sensuous desires and ungoverned affections, the distraction of sorrow by the attainment of right conduct, mental tranquillity, and the other virtues." Such were the main tenets of the religion Bouddha preached; no future life, no god, only a pure system of morality, holding out to men as their highest reward, content in this life and annihilation in the next. This is the original creed of Bouddha as revealed by him to his five friends, who were the first converts. The struggle is a hard one, a sort of brotherhood is founded near Benares, and Bouddha journeys with alms bowl in his hand, preaching everywhere the doctrine of the Nirvana. Converts come slowly at first; at last the King, his father, is converted, bringing in his train, no doubt, many of the great nobles, and the new creed gradually gains hold of public favour. For fifty years Bouddha lives and teaches near Benares, despite many attempts made upon his life by the infuriated Brahmans, till at last he dies at the age of eighty, calm and peaceful. A grand life, call it infidel if you will, one of the grandest that there has ever been. What happened after his death there is no need to tell any student of comparative religion. That his followers quarrelled among themselves as to what he taught and what he meant, that they debased his system of morality into ceremonial creed and embodied it in a book and gave it their sanction, and finally that they deified their master, whose main idea was a hatred of deism, what is this but the history which Christianity and every religion under the sun repeats in the course of time?'

The following letter explains itself. I fear now that I fell into the usual fault of the elder to the younger, and scolded him too much.

Kilburn.

Dear Mrs. Earle,—Of late you have appeared to think that my writings in the *Spectator* have been different to and in some ways contrary to the Ruskin principles which we both admire. Now when most people object to what I write I leave them to object—sincere in the conviction that their praise or blame is to me a matter of perfect indifference—but with you it is another matter; I not only owe you much indirect instruction in Art matters, but I also owe to you, to a considerable extent, the encouragement which has led me to continue writing as well as the opportunity which gave me the chance. This being so it is quite as much a matter of duty as friendship that I should not allow you to mistake the intention of my articles, if I can by any means avoid doing so, so I am going to inflict upon you a letter on the subject of the Higher Criticism and the Homily in the Dudley Gallery, to try if I can by any means explain to you the real meaning of those effusions of the higher criticism.

The object of this article was to show that owing to a fashion lately sprung up many eccentricities and follies had arisen connected with the name of Art, not in the least connected with its essential spirit; and that the most virulent, the most subtle, and therefore the most dangerous of these, was the fashion of purely subjective emotions, and attributing an actual existence to such feelings. That in the last development of such talking and writing the subjective feeling which formed the original basis for such criticism had become perfectly unintelligible; that for all any one knew to the contrary, the writers might be writing about the Apocalypse or the Inferno, or the Decameron, or the Conservative Ministry, or Llewelyn Davies' sermons or any other subject, and writing in Arabic, Hindu or the Cuniform character as far as the understanding of ordinary people went. Nay, I went further, and declared what I still maintain to be literally and exactly true—that in some of the sentences I quoted, the meaning is not unintelligible but non-existent; that you 'cannot see the British Fleet' simply because no British Fleet exists, and I then went on to say that much writing was unworthy bosh and showed, as Shakespeare says, a most pitiful ambition in the fool who uses it. So much I said, so much I meant and no more. Where, I pray you, is the inconsistency with anything which I have learnt from Ruskin or written in the *Spectator* or spoken to you? All impostors are to me disgusting, art impostors particularly so; why should I not try to let the light of day in upon the sugared nonsense which passes

for culture and enlightenment? If men are cultured, let them clearly understand that they can show their culture in no better way than in attaching a precise meaning to their words, and that till they can express themselves clearly and unmistakably their function is not to be teachers but pupils. These shifting breaths of sentiment may do for Belgravian drawing-rooms in which meaning is out of place and words of less than three syllables are considered rather vulgar, but for goodness sake don't let us have this half-fledged reason perpetuated in print, and leading all sorts of young enthusiastic people to think that vagueness is synonymous with depth, and obscurity with penetration. 'If the light that is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness,' so if I mistake not, runs a sentence of your once favourite book; lay it, I pray you, to heart in this matter, for as sure as I write and you read this, the professed light of this higher criticism is the densest gloom by which the difficult parts of Art have ever been o'erspread. And now about the Homily. What is it I say? I say that the aims of young artists are contemptibly low now, in the sense of being in an inverse ratio to the scope of their subject, and I defy anybody to deny it who has seen the Dudley Exhibition of the last four or five years; and the second ground of complaint was that the pictures were frequently only variations on worn-out themes. It is really absurd to talk about the works being done to please amateurs; it is not the case. The works are done because they sell easily, can be produced with the minimum of thought, the maximum of effect, and can be produced *ad infinitum* and *ad nauseam*. The work is not tentative or experimental in any way; it is deliberately chosen as being the best which artists care to do, and it is, as a rule, wrought out with great skill. You will remember that though I have learnt much from Ruskin, I have never quite surrendered my reason to his guidance, and I do not base my criticism on his authority. I was a little hurt at your not seeming glad I had got the Biography to do. I thought you would consider it a decided step in advance. Perhaps it was because you thought it a definite kind of work; but, anyhow, you certainly did damp me on the subject, though no doubt unconsciously to yourself.

The reason I objected to his undertaking this work was that I did not think he was particularly fitted to write the life of Giotto.

In the spring of 1876 we heard the great news that Mr.

Disraeli, then Prime Minister, had offered the Viceroyalty of India to our brother-in-law, Lord Lytton. It comes as a great surprise when any one nearly related suddenly receives very high office. Lord Lytton, then Minister at Lisbon, came home first, my sister and the children followed later. On his arrival I received the following note from him ; having no relations of his own, he turned very much to his wife's family.

February, 1876. Brook Street, Wednesday evening.

My beloved T.—Reached town this afternoon, and received with most grateful heart your dear and welcome letter. Already overwhelmed with work which will probably go on increasing daily. Till I have seen the Cabinet people (whose orders I am now awaiting) I can fix no *rendezvous*, but hope to be able to see or write to you to-morrow. I left dear Edith in good health and as brave as a lion, braver than I am.

Your loving Robert.

A day or two afterwards he had the deep sorrow of losing his greatest friend, John Forster, and his affectionate heart was completely crushed by this unexpected loss ; but he shall speak for himself.

From Lord Lytton to Mrs. C. W. Earle.

My darling Sister,—I received your kind sympathetic letter on my return home late this evening ; and this afternoon I received the enclosed from Ernest. I feel quite crushed and bewildered. All my little courage is gone. He was father, brother and more, much more to me. No man ever had such a friend as I had in him. If it were not for Edith and the little ones, my longing would be to lie down where they will lay him under the earth. I find I am executor to his will, and I must do all I can to help and comfort the poor little wife who seems to me so forlorn ; and most of my private affairs were in those wise and loyal hands of his—now dead. This puts a double load on me, and I know not how to bear it. I ought to have been prepared but I was not. I now know for the first time from Quain¹ that all was hopeless long ago. I don't know what I am saying to you, I cannot say what I feel. But your sympathy is very precious to me. God bless you, my dear. What an awful mystery it all is !

Your loving Lytton.

¹ The doctor,

Before Mr. John Forster died he had arranged with the painter John Millais that he should paint Lord Lytton for his collection, and the portrait, a most excellent likeness, is in the Forster collection at the South Kensington Museum. I went with him for one or two of the sittings, an interesting experience for me, as they both talked well, and were each pleased with the other—not to mention the advantage it was for me to see the great painter at work.

Shortly before they started for India, my brother-in-law resolved to tear himself away from all the business, public and private, in London, and go to Brighton for one night to say goodbye to his friend, Mr. John Morley, who was then writing a great deal himself, and was editor of the *Fortnightly Review*. Lord Lytton asked my husband and me to go with him, and we all three dined with Mr. and Mrs. Morley, and I always remembered it as one of the evenings of my life. From seven to twelve they talked of every conceivable thing in earth and heaven, and under the earth—India and Europe, the past and the future. We came back to London the next morning, but for several years after that it was our great privilege to see Mr. Morley from time to time.

During one of our visits with friends in the country the conversation turned on ghost stories; these seldom make much impression on me, but my friend and hostess told us the following, which I think was one of the most striking I have ever heard. An inspector of lunatic asylums was waiting in the sitting-room of one of these institutions to see the master, and spent the time looking over a photograph book on the table. He came on one which struck him as very curious, and he pointed it out to the master when he came in, asking him what it meant. 'That,' he said, 'is the photograph of a poor man whose mind was gone on only one point—he always thought he had some one close behind him. After his death we had him photographed, and the man behind him came out in the picture as you see him. I can offer no explanation.'

I like to carry on to the end specimens of the wonderful

correspondence with Henry Taylor. Here is his acknowledgment of my mother sending him three of his letters, she not remembering she had a box full of them.

Bournemouth, May, 1878.

Dearest Mrs. Edward,—Many thanks for the three old letters of mine, and for the one fresh new letter of yours. Your letters are more truly yourself than mine are myself. They are fluent in fact as well as in form. Mine are true in substance, and they seem to be what you say they are, natural and easy,—but most of them are written slowly and with care, some of them with as much care as I would bestow upon an ode or a sonnet. And in that, though they produce a false effect, they are true to me and my nature, mine being a slow and brooding sort of mind, habitually exercising and amusing itself in the moulding and shaping of language, and producing the effect of ease by the exercise of art. The letter from Wotton of 22nd of March 1853 will afford an acceptable contribution to my autobiography, or if not to that, to a selection from my correspondence which will probably make a second posthumous publication.

Here I insert another short extract from a letter written about the same time.

I think our household experiences are very like yours—all goes well for five or six years—then something happens, one servant goes, and all breaks up. Two or three months of changes and despair follow—then a new household is constructed, and all goes well again for another five or six years. And on the whole I do not think that such servants as belong to our sort of establishment are worse than they used to be. It is true, as you say, that lifelong services are rare now, but so they ought to be. Servants should marry and betake themselves to homes of their own like other people. We have had servants who lived with us eight or ten years, then married, and are now lifelong friends, and that is the right course of things. They did not leave us to better themselves, except inasmuch as they were to be better for being married, but if they had I should not have complained.

This is so exactly my view of the matter that it is a pleasure to quote it.

Early in August 1876 the welcome news came from Simla of the birth of a son to my sister, Lady Lytton.

This was a matter of immense rejoicing to us all, as she had lost her two elder boys, one at Vienna and one in Paris. When she went to India, in spite of warning, she bravely took her three little girls with her, and before she returned to England another son was born at Calcutta.

I have been reading over my old letters to my mother. She often scolded me for my various faults, and I liked her to do so, though I am not sure it did much good, as she was apt to hit the wrong nail on the head. I do not think it is wise for old parents to find fault with middle-aged children. I used to scold her too sometimes, especially on the occasion of her writing long and useless letters of advice to a furiously jealous woman whose heart was full of evil passions as it was possible to be. She always advocated the wife submitting to the husband. I answered, 'How can she submit when she hates her husband?' I went once and had an interview in a case of that kind with the other woman, and tried to make her see the misery she was bringing about; but it was a complete failure and did no good at all, and she was only rather pleased that the family realised how devoted her lover was to her. All society rules are full of difficulty, but the safest is to sanction socially all that the husband or the wife does not object to. One of the things my mother found fault with was that I did not cultivate her family and society people enough. In defence I say in the letter :

I assure you I try all I can to cultivate superior men and women, but I do not find these amongst the swells just now. I am out of the political world, which is the side of society that is interesting, but I do indeed deny that John Morley, Leonard Courtney, Huxley, Lecky, Leslie Stephen, Burne-Jones, Llewelyn Davies, are small men; if you call them so, it must be that you do not know them or their books. I simply bow before them and am proud to know them, and it is true that in my humble way I do all I can to cultivate them. I keep friends with all my old friends, and am civil to people that you would call a little socially beneath me on principle, as I dislike making differences between one rank and another, but I do not see that

that justifies you in saying that I like being toadied. Of course I like those who like me—we all do that. I cannot make up to swells now who are not in my way, it is impossible, but I do make up in every way I can to intellectual swells, and have a veneration for them amounting to hero worship.

In the summer of 1879 my husband took our eldest boy for a tour in Belgium and Holland. He says in one of his letters :

It is wonderful how Syd sleeps, he went to bed last night at 9.30, and on my third visit to him this morning I saw him open his eyes very gradually at 8.30, showing what sleep comes habitually to a boy of that age (13) after a fair day's work. And yet our clerical masters think it right to rouse these growing lads at six, and so cut off an eighth of the quantity nature intends to give them of her own sweet restorer. When will the country be rid of the tyranny in scholastic matters of the priests? It is the only department left to their prejudices and superstitions. If they would rob their second god, cricket, of an hour's worship in the day and give it to sleep, they would be training a greater number of average strong men than they are.

A few years ago this matter of sufficient sleep for growing children was much discussed in the newspapers, and all the best evidence was in favour of more sleep; but the whole question was soon forgotten, and things continue as they were, to the detriment of boys' health, no doubt.

This description of Jeypore by Robert Lytton some one allowed me to copy, I forget who; it was not written to myself.

November 1879.

Now I am writing from a town which is perhaps the most picturesque and beautiful in India. Certainly it is the only one I have yet seen in any part of this Empire which, inhabited by an exclusively native and purely local population, combines all the glowing and infinitely varied outline of Hindu architecture with a cleanliness and stateliness of street and pavement unsurpassed even by Paris, and quite unequalled by any English city. Much of this modern cleanliness and comfort is owing to the liberality and enlightenment of the present Maharajah, who,

being of a somewhat scientific turn of mind, and having little else to do with a personal income of over half a million sterling, has macadamised the roads, paved the streets and lighted them with excellent gas of his own manufacture, adorned the city with many beautiful public gardens and buildings and blest it with an abundant supply of pure water without in any wise disturbing its thoroughly Oriental character.

But it is the Jeypore Palace to which I would carry you, had I the flying carpet of Solomon. It is a realised dream of the 'Arabian Nights' worthy in all particulars of Haroun Alrashid himself. The inclosure is so spacious that it seems less a palace than a city of palaces one within the other. That part of it reserved for the zenana alone contains 4000 women. Elsewhere you pass through innumerable courts into interminable halls, courts of all sizes and characters gorgeously canopied. Some of them thronged with trumpeters and spearmen. Horses and elephants splendidly housed, others more impressive perhaps in their comparative solitude, where now and then a small group of huntsmen, hawk in hand, come out and salaam, and retire as silent as mutes; or some little bevy of dancing girls, clad in all colours, flits on before through colonaded vistas and vanishes like a broken rainbow hovering on the spray of a sea-wave driven by the wind. Vast Durbar halls, each seemingly larger and loftier than the last, on white marble pillars with domed roofs, that blaze with barbaric mosaic, their walls hung with the richest tapestries and silk, broidered with pearls and literally dropping precious stones. In some of these as you enter them the air, heavily scented with attar of roses and every kind of sickening sweet unguent, is throbbing and aching from the shrill discordant cries and notes of Indian minstrelsy. Others are all hushed in one huge dim glow of delicious colour.

Leaving them you wind and wander as if for ever among towers and terraces and trellised alcoves, exquisite in their airy arabesques from which in all directions you look down on deep old gardens embosomed in the greenest foliage bright with all kinds of strange flowers and fruits, fountains too, and sheets of still water, and here and there the pink or white gleam of some little temple peeping through the trees. In sunlight and in moonlight the place is always beautiful and strange and unlike anything else I have yet seen even in India.

The first time we went to Knebworth after the return of the Lyttons, I found that my brother-in-law was extremely

cold and distant. I could not for the life of me understand how it was, but as it seemed rather to increase than to pass away, I boldly went into his library and had it out with him. It appeared that stories had been repeated to him about my political views. He was extremely sore at the attitude the Liberals had taken up with regard to his Indian policy. After a long explanation I got him to see that my political views were absolutely of no importance, and said that if he were going to quarrel with me about them I should not go to Knebworth at all. After a time he saw things from my point of view, and this is the charming letter he wrote me after my sister's and his first visit to 5 Bryanston Square. Until he went to Paris he used to come there whenever he liked.

November 16, 1881.

I intended to write to you last night, but my head began to ache, and soon ached enough to condemn me to a perfectly idle evening. I began this morning by a letter to you, and the letter itself I must begin by telling you, dear, how entirely I enjoyed our delightful visit to you, and how pleasant the recollection of it still is. There could be no stronger test of the power of sympathy and affection to render happiness independent of bodily sensations than my experience of the last few days I passed at Bryanston Square. For though I was really very seedy the greatest part of the time, my felicity was complete. There are some very pretty lines by my dear father, the first verse of which runs somewhat thus,

‘They never loved as Thou and I,
Who preached the laughing moral,
That aught which deepens love can lie
In true love's lightest quarrel.’

I have often sighed to think that of the many graves of true love which I carry in my own breast, there is not one on which I could truthfully inscribe that verse by way of epitaph. For I think it the tenderest and most touching tribute that memory can pay to affection. Love is by no means one of the Immortals, and the god is sometimes murdered, often survived by his votaries. But how few lovers can recall the passion they have survived without some painful memory of a harsh word or an

unjust reproach! And what is true of love is still more true of friendship. I should like these lines to be not indeed the epitaph but the whole motto of our friendship, which promises to be a model one. For I think that if either of us were to lose the other there would remain on the character of the survivor a secret chamber never opened again, the key to it would be lost. For my part, I find the most exquisite utterance of a perfect friendship in the last words of La Fontaine's wife, who on her deathbed pressed his hand and said, 'Ah, mon pauvre ami, qui te comprendra quand je ne serai plus.' But I am beginning to philosophise. The visit was in all respects a great success, and from your present island dwelling I think you may recall it with as much satisfaction as Lord Beaconsfield recalled, I hope, the Congress of Berlin, when he returned from it with Peace and Honour.

I have a whole drawer full of my brother-in-law's letters, many of them very interesting, on all sorts of subjects. The second of the two I quote refers to when my second son broke his leg, and among the perhaps thirty letters that I received at the time it seemed to me the only one that accurately interpreted a mother's feelings on such an occasion, and that sort of sympathy was one of his greatest gifts, and this was why all who knew him well were so fond of him. Perhaps he felt no more than other people, but he had a power of expressing sympathy, especially on paper, which in my experience was absolutely unique.

Knebworth, April 15, 1881.

I have behaved brutally in not sooner thanking you for your last welcome letter—nay, in not writing to you long ere this, with or without letters from you, and indeed I have been daily meditating and purposing an epistolatory chat with you, but time has stolen my purposes and employed them as paving stones for the enlargement of that infernal causeway which is paved with good intentions. Do you remember that pathetic exclamation of poor Hastings, in Romer's Tragedy of Jane Shore (writ, he says, 'after the manner of Master Shakespeare'), who on his way to execution complains, 'I have business that would become an ass and not a minute's time to do it in.' I know not what kind of business is becoming to an ass, but the sort of business which I ought to be doing steadily and serenely at

Knebworth deserves the methodical employment of a year's time and attention at least, and I have been working up 'King Poppy' with the publishers' knife to my throat. I find on re-perusal of it that it needs a verbal correction more careful and copious than I had anticipated. Nothing more needs unlimited leisure of thought as well as time than the verbal correction of poetry. Composition may be rapid with advantage, but correction suffers from haste. Gray was seven years about his 'Elegy,' but I don't think there is a word of it which could be altered or omitted without injury to the poem, except perhaps in the epitaph. The whole of 'King Poppy' in its original form was written (at Fontainebleau) in less than three weeks, yet I have passed the whole of the last week in the elaboration of only three lines. They pursue me all day into solitary places where they torment me and wake me up ' in the dead waste and middle of the night with desperate suggestions, like a man haunted and hunted by the three Furies on Cristo without an Electra.

1884.

My dearest T.—It is not childish to be sore distressed by what is sorely distressing. Your trial is a very real trial, and I keenly sympathise in all you suffer from it. One is not a mother with impunity. There is no more philosophy in optimism than in pessimism. To be the mother of a graceful handsome boy, lithe of limb and swift of foot and full of joyous activity—to have been living, as only mothers can live, on that future so vague yet so bright, which a mother's fond pride sees visibly growing in the growth of her boy, and then to see the object of all their love and hope and pride suddenly stricken down and maimed and moaning, and to be unable to alleviate, as one was to avert, the misfortune and the pain—a misfortune aggravated by the reflection that its author was that blind and brutal and inveterate blunderer accident (which hurts and injures its victims without any intelligent purpose and by an act which intended no benefit to any one else) and then to be oneself all the while reduced to that most distressingly helpless position of the spectator of a drama more or less tragic in which you are not permitted to act although your own heart is the subject of the piece, that position in which one can only watch and wait and wish it all over, feeling so much and doing so little, I say that that is a keen trial, and you would not be human if you did not feel it keenly. Grief and joy are the only legitimate expressions of our human nature, and why do we always think it incumbent

on us to excuse them to ourselves or others? If consolation so often fails in its good intentions, is it not because the consoler mistakes his *rôle*, and tries to preach a sermon when all that he really feels or ought to feel is sufficiently expressed by an interjection. Consolation cannot contend with the legitimate rights of affection. The utmost it can do is to separate itself with them and when sympathy says to sorrow, 'Weep on, you are right, so right that I must weep too,' sorrow answers, 'Ah, speak to me always like that. I understand you when you sob and stammer, for stammering and sobbing is my own language. I understand you and believe in you and trust you, and feel that without you I should not be quite myself, but something worse, an impotent revolter against the decree of fate.' Some one sent me the other day a passage from Guizot which I think so beautiful that I cannot help transcribing it here. I know you will like it. 'Je puis me passer de sympathie comme on peut se passer de tout, mais quand j'en retrouve un peu, je ne comprends plus comment on s'en passe—c'est un plaisir si immense! C'est tout autre chose qu'un plaisir. C'est tout autre chose que ce qu'on appelle le bonheur. C'est le sentiment de la vie même. A lui tout seul l'homme ne se sent pas vivre. Il a besoin d'une âme au dehors pour sentir son âme comme d'un miroir pour voir son image. C'est là le pouvoir de la sympathie. Elle met l'homme en présence et en possession de la vie intérieure; elle le fait jouir de tout ce qui se passe en lui—de ce qu'il sent, de ce qu'il pense, de ce qu'il dit, des impressions les plus fugitives comme les plus profondes de tout son être qui, sans ce reflet—et s'il ne se contemple et se complète dans un autre—se demeure presque inconnu étranger à lui même et ne s'aperçoit souvent que comme un fardeau.

The foreign education of the sons was carried on by fits and starts, and my husband sent the two elder ones to Göttingen for a year. I think it was too short a time to do very much good, but it is exceedingly difficult to judge of that when so many various studies have to be got in.

The system of duelling in Germany goes on, I believe, exactly as it did in 1883, and my son's account of what he saw may interest some people.

*From Sydney Earle to his Cousin, Bina Lytton, afterwards
Lady Betty Balfour.*

Gottingen, May 5, 1883.

Dear Bina,—You asked me to send you an account of the first duel I saw. The duels are held on Tuesdays and Saturdays as a rule, but last Tuesday their doctor was ill, and they could not get another, so they put it off till yesterday. The room in which they are held is a good size hall with a gallery running round two sides; in the middle on the floor one can see the blood stains, but they wash it as well as they can, and on Sundays it is used for dancing. There is a little room leading off it in which the doctor operates. The way one gets admission is by making friends with a member of the duelling corps. You then give him your card and he puts on it the 'circle' or monogram of his corps and writes 'admit so-and-so.' The doctor with whom I am living consented to attend for part of yesterday, and the students sent a carriage for him, and so he took me with him. They had just begun a duel when I came in; but I will describe the appearance of the room first. In the middle there is an open space, and all round are tables at which the students drink beer; at each end of the open space there is a sofa on which the fighters sit before they begin, and behind this there is a table covered with cotton wool and disinfectants. All about are lying dozens of swords, and bags in which the pads are kept, one bag for each corps. I will now describe from the beginning what takes place when they fight. The two opponents first choose a sword from the bundle that belongs to the corps, each corps having its colours on the hilt. When they have chosen one to their taste, they give it to one of the members of their corps to disinfect. They then strip to the waist and put on a sort of coarse linen night shirt, which reaches down to the waist. Next they put on an enormous pad which covers the whole of the front of their body and part of their legs; it is made of leather and black with blood in front, and it is buckled on with straps; they then put an extra pad like a plum pudding over their hearts, then a padded gauntlet on the right hand, and then their right arms are padded with long bandages of quilted leather and cloth; then an enormous thing of padded cloth round their necks like a comforter, but going four or five times round, and lastly a huge pair of iron spectacles, no glass, but sticking out in front so as to prevent the swords from getting near their eyes. When they are packed

up like this they look rather like Tweedledum and Tweedledee in 'Alice through the Looking-glass.' Their seconds put on only gauntlets and a band with the corps colours round the waist, and a comforter round their necks. When they are ready all the students stand round on chairs, and the two opposing corps stand immediately behind their champions. One of the seconds then cries out, 'Wir sind fertig'; the other answers, 'Wir sind auch.' Two opponents then march forward till they get within fighting distance, their right arms being supported by their friends, the weight of the padding being too great for them to support themselves. The first second then cries out, 'Silensium auf den mensür.'

'Second' then cries 'Legen sie auß.' The other answers, 'Wir legen auß.' They then cross their swords, the two 'seconds' who stand close on the left of the fighters putting their swords underneath the others to prevent them fighting. The first second cries 'Los,' the seconds draw away their swords, and then they whack away to their hearts' content. At the first sight of blood one of the seconds cries 'Halt,' the two seconds knock up the swords of the fighters, the friends rush forward to support their arms, and if the wound bleeds much the doctor comes to look at it (smoking his cigar), and if it is serious he stops the duel, and the wounded fellow is led into the next room. If the wound is not serious they again cry 'Legen sie auß,' and proceed as before. The full time for a duel is fifteen minutes of actual fighting, so with the stoppages it lasts nearly an hour. During the stoppages the students drink the health of their friends in other corps. I enjoyed it very much. I was a little nervous before I went, as they told me people often swooned the first time they went, but I did not feel the least inclined to do anything of the sort. I shall go again at the earliest opportunity.

Last Monday I went to see a torchlight procession, it was very interesting, but I have not time to tell you about it now.

In 1888 my husband, my youngest son and myself decided to go to Canada. The kind Stanleys (afterwards Earl and Countess of Derby) asked us to go and stay with them at Quebec. It was his first year as Governor-General, and the whole visit was most interesting and new to me in every way. I wrote family letters home, and the following account of the tour is extracted from them.

I kept no journal and have very few notes, but I am

going to try and give you my own personal, ignorant, hastily formed impressions of what I saw, heard and picked up during our delightful tour, which, from the shores of England and back again, lasted exactly two months.

I felt somewhat overwhelmed and very much ashamed of the profoundness of my ignorance ; for there is an ignorance that nothing enlightens ; every one will take it for granted, like Macaulay and his eternal schoolboy, that you must know so much, and sometimes no teaching can be simple enough, or begin enough at the beginning.

I remember once trying to talk Art to an Isle of Man young lady, and at the end she said, ' But who is *Gi-otto* ? '

Kind friends talked to me, sketched tours for us, said you must see this lake, or don't on any account miss seeing that city, but only one reached the level of my intelligence, by saying, ' Don't fail to see the Falls of Niagara ! '

It never dawned on any one I did not know that Niagara ran north and fed the St. Lawrence, or that Quebec had been a French colony and indeed except for its Government, is a French colony to this day. Still less did I know the names of the five great lakes, or that the warlike Iroquois represented five tribes which had crushed and exterminated the Hurons, the allies and partial converts of the French. I think that in the course of my education, which was of the faultiest, the governess who more or less got me through Europe, Asia, and Africa, must have gone away, and that the new one began again ; and as they were all that curious anomaly, French Protestants, they cared infinitely more about the population of the departments of France, than the great Catholic seventeenth-century revival, or the Jesuit missions to the New World.

At last I found in a second-hand shop a book called ' Hochelaga, or England in the New World,' long out of print, simple, easy and interesting enough to read in all the hurry and bustle of life, written by an old-fashioned, clever, earnest, but non-subtle soldier, I believe a brother of Eliot Warburton, the author of ' The Crescent and the Cross.' This at any rate began from the beginning, so far as Canada

was concerned ; by the beginning I don't mean the creation, but the visit of Jacques Cartier, the French navigator, who in 1535 was the first European who explored the St. Lawrence. The drawback to the book for me was that it does not take you down later than to the year 1846. It considerably lightened my darkness. It is written in a pretty flowing early Victorian style, and so far as the knowledge is from personal observation it seems correct enough.

Later on, my information was gained as is usual from guide books, school histories, &c. The guide to the Dominion of Canada is excellent, written and published by Mr. Dawson of Montreal, of whom more hereafter.

The great Francis Parkman has written what he humbly calls a handbook, really an interesting and concise history, extracted from several of his books. 'The Conspiracy of Pontiac,' 'Pioneers of France in the New World,' 'The Jesuits in North America,' 'Count Frontenac,' and 'Montcalm and Wolfe,' and describing what in America is called 'The Northern Tour,' comprising Lakes George and Champlain, Niagara (with a picture of the falls in the year 1678, by the Friar Louis Hennepin), Montreal and Quebec. All Parkman's books ought to be read by any one at all interested in Canada, the populating of North America by those who were not English, and the origin and cause of the enormous influential and ever-increasing Roman Catholic population of to-day. Parkman needs no recommending from me. What Prescott did for the South he has done for the North, a great work to which he has devoted his life. No future historian will be able to pass him by, whatever may be his errors in treating of the early invasion, the subsequent wars, the manners and customs of the red men, their extinction before civilisation and a religion they were not even able to understand, the history of the Jesuit missions and the wonderful and devoted sacrifice of life of the individuals who were martyred for their faith. Great offence has been given at Quebec by his 'Jesuits in North America,' yet it is written with calm sympathy and earnest appreciation, and a striving after the highest kind of nine-

teenth-century impartiality; but the bias of course is easy enough to perceive, and it is not really in favour of the great religion of Loyola. This mortally wounds and annoys, as is not unnatural, the faithful, who trusted him with their precious papers and documents.

Howell's charmingly written stories, 'A Chance Acquaintance,' and 'Our Wedding Journey,' go over the same ground, or nearly so, as Parkman's Handbook.

But to begin. On the 16th of August 1888 (with our cabin boxes, our big boxes, portmanteaux, bags, wraps, and all-important deck chairs, all of which, by the way, returned safely from the other side, mostly under different names, such as box for stateroom, sea-chest, valise, satchel, and grip-sack) we started from Liverpool, I at least in considerable trepidation, never in my life having been on an ocean steamer with its anchor weighed.

There is nothing to try the nerves under ordinary circumstances, and practically, no doubt, these passages are as near as can be without danger; but you are reminded of the doubt by the life-preservers in every cabin. In spite of this a feeling of security came over me, calming my fears and nearly overcoming the intense physical dread that I have of being on the water.

When we had been two days on board, in spite of fine weather, my ideas were quite confirmed that even under the most favourable circumstances, ship life, to me, is odious. You cannot read, you cannot write, you cannot employ yourself in any way, and nearly every one is bored. The weather continued fairly fine, but was dully ugly, no actual sunshine, no blue sky, and no cloud, a grey veil drawn over all, only sometimes showing a faint band of yellow at the horizon. The next three days were much the same; at last, in spite of our great luck in having the weather so calm, I could not get over a feeling of extreme disappointment that the great and apparently boundless, storm-ridden Atlantic presented the appearance of an inland lake ruffled by a breeze, as perfectly calm it was not.

Our captain was a thorough and most satisfactory

specimen of his class, civil, jovial, kind-hearted, friendly to all, with a cheery word for everybody, from the sea-sick young beauty on the deck chair to the smallest of the emigrant babies. He had the self-assurance of an Englishman and the self-assertion of an autocrat, which of course he is on his own ship. On shore, and in what is called society, no doubt he would have been called vulgar; on board ship I thought him perfect, and indeed in moments of seriousness both in the tone of his voice and in the words he used there was that dash of sentiment and poetry so often found in rough men who are constantly in the presence of nature, with her varieties and her power, which sometimes defies and routs all man's skill and knowledge.

He said the track of these steamers, for in summer they always keep exactly the same line, is a pathway of the dead, so common are the funerals on board, especially among the emigrants who come from all parts. Once he brought out a large number of Russians of a peculiar sect; they would have no doctor for birth, accident, or illness, and six of them died on the way over.

After this the weather turned wet and dull and warm; we were well in the Gulf stream. The captain cheerfully prophesied half a gale before night; however he was mistaken, for the wind shifted back into the east, and we steamed quietly on, making unusual way. Sunday brought the usual Church of England service, and a dull, pointless, little sermon from a colonial bishop, who might easily have been very interesting had he told us some of his experiences. The hymns 'for those at sea' were sung with perhaps unusual heartiness, the 'those' having a very personal meaning at the moment. The collection was for a sailors' orphanage at Liverpool.

One sees, after a few days, that the boredom of life on board ship is redeemed for the young by flirtation. There was an emigrant school on board, little girls of about twelve and fourteen, sent out in charge of a matron, by Miss Rye, to a home she has at Niagara town. When the weather was fine they sang songs together, with clapping of hands

and dancing around, clearly showing they had been taught them, and the whole point of every one was something of love and the relations of the sexes, with dim allusions to life in large towns. The refrain of one, and the only one I can remember, was ' And all that she wants is a nice young man,' and how she would have first a girl and then a boy, and so on. The object of teaching such songs to girls of fourteen I could not imagine. I have learnt since my return that the slums and haunts of vice these children come from leave them nothing to learn, and that these songs are a high step towards purity compared to what they learn in the streets, and that it is necessary to teach them what interests them, and hold up to them what is an understandable goal. No doubt this is a satisfactory explanation ; no one on board was able to make it, though there were several clergymen. We went round the ship one day with our kind-hearted captain. We saw the quarters of the emigrants, nothing could be more clean and comfortable than everything was ; uncrowded emigration of this kind loses all its horrors. How different from the sufferings revealed to the first Emigration Commissioners fifty years ago. All this interested me doubly, from remembering my father was one of those Emigration Commissioners, and suffered terribly from the horrors his office knowledge revealed.

As we neared land the expected cold was felt, and the thermometer sank to forty, and the air felt as if it had passed over ice, ' a nipping and an eager air ' we know so well in spring in England, when the icebergs from the north are breaking up. Just as we expected to sight land a fog came on, and my heart sank ; but it only lasted twenty minutes, and all was again clear and finer than it had yet been ; and the faint blue line in the distance we were told was land. We took it on faith, and I felt the right and proper thrill at realising I had at last seen the new world.

The coast is rugged, rocky and bare, and as we neared the strait of Belle Isle we had the luck, for it was late in the year for them, to sight a magnificent iceberg. A great

bold well-shaped mass, high out of water, and kept erect, as I was told, by eight times its height being below the surface of the water. The sun shone faintly, the sea was deep indigo blue, and it was a startling sight to see the great ice mountain bear down mysteriously upon us, and in passing show us its great high opal and emerald wall glistening in the sunshine, with the top so white the pale sky looked dark behind it ; it passed out to sea, beautiful as long as it was in sight ; round it floated large pieces of broken ice. We saw no more of these travellers from the north, and were soon well inside the land-locked gulf of the St. Lawrence. For a short time we could see both coasts, Labrador and Newfoundland ; barren, cold and forbidding they certainly looked even this fine August day.

Our last evening was the only really fine one we had on board. It was cold and clear, and the rigging stood out in picturesque purple lines against the yellow sunset sky, and one by one the stars shone out, as the sky darkened about our heads. We looked at Jupiter through the captain's telescope, and the harvest moon rose red and glowing straight out of the horizon, and it was all very beautiful. In youth perhaps we feel more keenly what we have never seen before, but as life goes on the pleasure in anything strange and rare suggests the thought, ' Well, we shall never see this again.'

The St. Lawrence is a magnificent river, and when one thinks it is the outcome of those five enormous lakes, not to mention the tributaries, many of them very large rivers in themselves, it is no wonder ; owing to its immense width it reminds one more of European lake scenery than any I had seen. The shores on both sides have very high banks worn by the river, but they look low. Along the tops of these cliffs run roads bordered by small white cottages of the French colonists, '*habitants*' as they are called ; every ten miles or so comes a humble whitewashed church. Shortly before reaching Quebec one passes the long island of Orleans, covered with low brushwood and white houses, a health resort in the short summer months both for Canadians and

Americans, who come there from the south to catch the north sea breezes. It is covered, or used to be, with wild vines, and when in the old days the French came to it, after their long voyage, they enthusiastically called it 'The Island of Bacchus.'

We were not lucky on the day of our arrival at Quebec, and how much of the pleasure of travelling depends on the weather! A thick drizzling cold rain came on an hour or two before our arrival, considerably damping the ardour of sightseers on deck wishing to catch the first glimpse of the town and Citadel, which are finely placed on the right hand as you go up the river. The landing-stage was miserably dirty, shabby, and what one quickly gets to call colonial, namely, not properly maintained, untidy, unfinished, uncared for, as is the case everywhere when it is nobody's business to look after things.¹

The first strong impression is the French look of everything: the children, the women, the porters, the dress, the manners of everybody. The public carriages or cabs are strange and old-fashioned to a degree, *calèches* on two wheels swung high in the air—France in the time of Sterne suddenly brought before one's eyes.

We drove at once up narrow streets and very steep hills to the Citadel, where we were to stay with Lord and Lady Stanley, through dry ditches with high stone walls, under portcullises into a large barrack yard, not smooth or tidily kept at all, and with no ornament but a pump and a very small cannon taken from what were still called the 'insurgents' at Bunkers Hill, and if I remember right they had only two or three others of the same kind. It was clearly not the strength of their artillery that eventually lost us the American colonies.

Half of the windows of the Governor's house face the river, and the view from a short wooden terrace is simply magnificent, and is one of the great panoramas of the world. You look straight south over a sea of undulating country, far away to some blue hills which are, I believe, in

¹ No doubt all this is changed very much in the last twenty-two years

the States ; on the top of the cliff opposite is a large stone building with a tall slender spire not ugly at all, a modern convent ; at the foot runs the Grand Trunk Railway, and then the magnificent river, here only three-quarters of a mile wide, confined and bound by steep rocks on either side cut by the river itself, calm and deep ; men-of-war and the largest merchant steamers come up at all tides and lie coaling close against the banks. All round, grouped about the Citadel, lies the old town ; the churches and some of the old houses are still roofed with tin, which glistens in the sunshine and caused Quebec to be called ' the silver city.' It took me long to find out why tin was used, and at first I thought it must be plentiful in the neighbourhood. But no, it all came out from England, and was the most portable of fire-proof roofing. No tiles can stand the cold in winter, they crack to pieces, and the wooden shingles were desperately dangerous. Quebec was continually half destroyed by fires, so the tin was cut in the old shapes, like the shingles, and often faced the taller houses as well as roofing them. The tin takes beautiful weather stains, but it degenerates and rusts easily, and does not wear well. This deterioration is, I think, to be observed in our tin goods at home. First it was painted red to imitate tiles, and now it is being almost entirely superseded by sheets of corrugated iron, such as are used in the States, and some day the traveller will find no trace to explain to him the old name of the ' silver city,' on the picturesque banks of the St. Lawrence. The origin of the word ' Quebec ' is now lost in obscurity ; some think it is from the form of Point Levi, as it stretches out into the river like the beak of a gigantic duck : ' Quel bec.' Others say the word has an Indian origin.

I saw a nice little country house built in the old way of wood, and roofed with shingles, close to the one where Wolfe landed in the shadow of the dawn on the morning of September 13, 1759, and fortune favoured a venture so bold that had it failed and had he lived, the young general would have deserved to be tried by a court-martial. The garden would have been considered tidily kept in England ;

a well-mown lawn and a few flower-beds planted with geraniums and the usual half-hardy plants; the kitchen garden had a border with hardy annuals, and the vegetables were luxuriant and fine. Tomatoes, planted in rows like vines and tied to stakes, as a rule ripen in quantities, but this unusually cold wet summer they looked as green and as unlike 'love apples' as ours often do at home. Nothing was really remarkable in this garden except the entire absence of evergreens, which struck me forcibly, as it was the first time I had occasion to notice it. I had never known that through the whole of Canada and North America, as far south as Washington, the severity of the frost in winter kills every evergreen that we are so accustomed to in Europe—ivy, box, laurels, rhododendrons, &c. Nothing stands the long sleep of the winter except firs, pines, hemlocks, spruces, arbor vitæ, &c. The oak, elms, even willows, are all a little different from our own and have much larger leaves, and this absence of shrubs gives an unusual effect to the plots of ground round the houses. Here I saw for the first time an exceedingly pretty fast-growing creeper, which I was told was called a wild cucumber, but it seemed to me to have nothing of the nature of a cucumber or gourd; it grew luxuriantly, had pale vine-shaped leaves and spikes of green flowers rather like mignonette. Many houses about Quebec are covered with it, the delicate branches swinging themselves from post to post along the verandahs; but I saw it nowhere else, not even at Montreal.

To reach this house from Quebec one crosses the famous plateau with the high-sounding and unexpected name of the Plains of Abraham, and one passes the rather shabby monument which marks the spot where 'Wolfe fell victorious.' The name of the Plains of Abraham was given because the land belonged to a man of that name, Abraham Martin, the King's pilot for the St. Lawrence. A lucky accident for the romance of history, as the Plains of John or William would certainly have sounded less well.

The fortifications of Quebec, which are on a grand scale and give the place so much of its old-world appearance,

were only finished early in the century ; they are absolutely useless in modern warfare, and would instantly be blown to pieces. They were actually built only in imitation of a bygone state of things ; needless to say the conservative George the Third took immense interest in them, though he grumbled at the bill.

The roads are so bad round Quebec, and the forests now so far away, that I went no expeditions save the one that is expected to be made by every tourist, to the Falls of Montmorency, where a considerable river falls straight over the high cliff into the St. Lawrence. It is a fall like other falls of that kind, only perhaps better and fuller than any I had ever seen. The inhabitants say it is not what it was, as a considerable amount of the water has been diverted to make the electric lighting of Quebec. The drive there was very interesting, through the old French quarter called Beaulieu, on the opposite side of the St. Charles river, seven or eight miles, and the whole time you feel in France, the straight dusty white road, the houses, the trees by the side of the road, the man mending the road, the narrow carts, the very telegraph poles are like French poles. The houses, one deep, on each side of the road, are all like Clytie of old, with their white faces turned crooked to the sun to catch the great god's warm rays. The houses are small, mostly roofed with wood, the larger ones with the roofs shaped like the Louis XVI roofs in France, with curved corners down the sides, and windows in the roof. They are whitewashed, with green shutters, with every now and then a utilitarian difference for climatic reasons, which recalls Savoy and Switzerland. The houses are all raised off the ground, with generally stone foundations. The door is always reached by steps, often branching into a wooden balcony on each side. All this because of the snow, and still more the thaw, which lasts some time, and would flood the houses but for this precaution.

When we reached Montmorency, we alighted at a small inn, and the ladies I was with, somewhat to my surprise, asked for a hay cart, a small narrow rough vehicle on two

wheels, still to be seen in parts of Normandy. Into this they put one of their own horses, and as we jogged on a mile or two they told me that thirty or forty years ago travelling in Canada was done in similar carts, backwards and forwards from the towns to the salmon rivers. We left the road and turned up the river through badly cultivated fields and woods to see the natural steps—great slabs of rock which was once a river-bed. I saw for the first time the sugar maple, with the small holes bored in the bark—as the Indians taught the white men to do—to extract the sap, which when boiled made the sugar which was so useful an article of nourishment for the red men. The early Jesuit successes at converting the natives were so rare that, when the parents used to refuse to allow them to baptise the dying children, they got leave to give them a little sugar, and, having previously wetted their fingers in Holy Water, they used lightly to touch the children's foreheads, and then note them down in the Jesuit records as little angels sent to heaven.

About two miles beyond Montmorency is an Indian village which we did not see. I did not then realise it was my last chance of seeing the last remnant of the once numerous and powerful tribe of the Hurons, who years ago, flying from their relentless foes, the Iroquois, settled here under French protection.

Parkman says 'Spanish civilisation crushed the Indian; English civilisation scorned and neglected him; French civilisation embraced and cherished him.'

I was told that in June the wild flowers in the woods around Montmorency are beautiful. I saw nothing but Starworts (Michaelmas daisies), of which there are two hundred kinds, all natives of America; Solidagos (golden rods), also American, and quantities of the small white everlasting grown round Paris to make wreaths for the dead. With the general resemblance that all northern woods must have to each other, the general looks of these woods, trees, undergrowth, and weeds were all very different from European ones.

I met at dinner the Cardinal of Quebec and his attendant, a Vicaire Général. The former arrived clothed in his scarlet silk gown, like 'Richelieu' on the stage, and the latter was dressed in purple; both had large signet rings on their fore-fingers. The Bishop of Quebec was only appointed Cardinal by the Pope two years ago, and it was a great fête for these pious simple Catholics when their Cardinal returned from Rome. An austere old man I am told he is, but gentle of mien, very shy, and apparently breaking somewhat in health. He objects to dancing and has written a pamphlet against it, which disturbs the consciences of the Quebec young ladies, as dancing is almost their only amusement. His attendant, the Vicaire, was younger, and of another type; four years of his youth, he told me, he had spent being educated in Paris. This experience no doubt had left its mark. He had a pleasant bright smile, and in repose his face had a subdued expression, not devoid however of great 'finesse,' which marks the face, as age advances, with the lines of suppression of the feelings of our common humanity, while the intellectual qualities have been left free to grow and develop. There was none of that dull, stupid, crushed look so common in priests of a lower type in Europe, or I should rather say France, for I have no other experience worth mentioning. In every sense of the word they appeared high-bred Christian gentlemen.

With the English the bitterness against the Catholics, and resentment at all the privileges that have been allowed them by successive Colonial Secretaries and Governor-Generals, seem still very great in the ultra-Protestant community, and made me realise the wonderful change that has come over England in that respect in the last twenty-five years. Is this charity born of growing indifference, or have the shades of Christianity imperceptibly united in presence of the common enemy, a refined and strictly moral agnosticism?

So far as I could judge in so transitory a visit, the Catholicism of Lower Canada is very different from anything I have seen in other parts of the world. The enthusiastic

disciples of Loyola brought out with them the intensest missionary zeal, but the very nature of the new colony forbade anything approaching to persecution. The only blood shed in Canada was the blood of its martyr missionaries. They had to fight, with hardly any success, the superstitions of the wild-animal brained savage totally incapable of understanding anything but material help, and the hard, money-loving, practical Calvinistic Englishmen and Scotchmen. In the face of such enemies it is no wonder they dropped that old sunny, warm, indulgent Catholicism bred in Italy and the natural outcome of the heathenisms full of poetry and culture of Rome and Greece, stretching even far away back to licentious Egypt. The townfolk of Quebec to this day are frugal, quiet, and moral; but the Catholic churches are cold and bare as Dutch churches, and their only ornament is tinsel, and a Quebec Sunday for dulness and silence could not be beaten by any Scotch town. The very zeal, obedience, and disinterested faithfulness of these early Jesuit missionaries made them the worst possible colonists.

Enormous numbers of women enter convents in Lower Canada, but those who do marry are much encouraged to have large families, and I was told it was no uncommon thing for a French-Canadian woman to have sixteen or twenty children, and my informant added that he himself had known three sisters who had twenty children each. Curious facts these in a colony peopled from a country where the population slowly but steadily decreases.

The English Cathedral, as it is called, is the worst possible example of the Georgian type, finished when this nineteenth century was a year or two old, cold and bare, with rounded arches, frightful pillars surmounted with misproportioned capitals, high pews and a gallery in which is reserved a large space for the Governor-General's pew, containing big gold and velvet armchairs, admirably adapted for snoring. Fractions of old flags are hung over the altar, or rather communion table, memorials, I suppose, to the God of battles.

We visited the Laval University, founded as a seminary in 1663 by François de Laval, first Bishop of Quebec, a man full of vigour and courage, who assumed with no faltering grasp the reins of ecclesiastical power. He destroyed the independence of the missionary organisation, and divided the country into regular parishes. The university building is handsome and well furnished with all the appliances of modern teaching. The Natural History collection is said to be complete, and the Herbarium contains 10,000 plants. Nature in Canada is changing so rapidly with the advance of civilisation that it is a shame there is no good botanical or zoological garden.

The most interesting establishment we saw in Quebec was the Hôtel Dieu. This institution was founded by the Duchesse d'Aguillon, niece of Cardinal Richelieu, who sent out three sisters in 1639 from the Convent of the Hospitalières at Dieppe, under the protection of the Jesuit mission. The doors are never opened to strangers except by the Cardinal or the Governor-General. We went round in a large party with the Governor-General. The present building was begun in 1654. Their rules, their dress, their system of life, their worship, have been absolutely fossilised from that date to this, and are in every respect the same, with one great exception. In the hospital, side by side with the sister, the old religion, the undoubting faith in the efficacy of prayer and fasting, stalks the doctor, with all the most modern and scientific knowledge for the restoration of health. The whole convent was scrupulously clean. The thought struck me that perhaps the wards were a little tidied up for the occasion; but in spite of the snow-white beds and the delicate, thin, modest, white French curtains—such an improvement I should imagine for the patients in quietness and reserve to our modern open curtainless hospital beds—the wards struck me as dull, no flowers, no ornaments, no books, no work, even for those who were sitting up; ease to the body, but mental death to the world, which gave me a disagreeable chill. The nuns' faces, one and all, were, I admit, happy; cloistered nuns generally are, the very

hopelessness of the situation brings calm, accompanied as it is by a total absence of all sorrow or care. The discipline is very severe, and the punishments are like those of old-fashioned nurseries. At the smallest sign of rebellion or disobedience they are denied even the little food they usually have, and are made to kneel on the floor before all the others at mealtime. They are only allowed one hour's conversation amongst themselves during the twenty-four; but in the wards and with the sick of both sexes they are allowed to talk as much as they like, day and night, and so in distant echoes, and sometimes after long years, comes to them some knowledge of events in the outside world. They remembered and spoke of the visit of the young Duke of Albany, when he was in Quebec with the Lornes, and were shocked to hear of his death, which they did not know of!

The nuns were all French-Canadians, with the exception of one who was Irish. She had been in the convent over twenty years, but still looked young and fresh, and seemed to know more of what was going on outside than most of them; her interest in her country perhaps quickened her wits, and the patients were perhaps often Irish, for there is a large and poor Irish population in Quebec, not at all loved by the French Catholics as a rule. I asked her if she was French, doubting it from her accent, and she spoke under her white hood with curious national pride of being Irish to the backbone. She seemed to thrill with pleasure when I told her that, though I was English, I believed that sooner or later some form of Home Rule must come. She let me see then she knew something of the struggle that was going on, and spoke with the sentiment of the old words, 'The wearing of the Green,'

You may take the shamrock from your hat, and cast it on the sod,
But 'twill take root and flourish still, though under foot 'tis trod.

I shall not soon forget the beaming, intelligent, enthusiastic face of Sister Patric, as she was called.

A little girl of our party, noticing the names, some male and some female, written over the hospital cells, exclaimed,

' Oh, they do play, then, at being men, sometimes ! ' As we were going round, which took some time, I was introduced to a French lady. The Canadian French are so ugly, not like anything but what they are, Canadian French, that you at once notice any one who lately has come from France. She was a Madame Rameau, wife of a man who has been sent out to Canada by the Church party, to study documents, in order to counteract the spirit in which the Parkman books are written. They do not accuse him of misquoting, or of falsifying facts, still his accounts of the Jesuits are naturally coloured by his open-minded, free-thinking Yankee spirit of the nineteenth century. It is as difficult to write of what we do not believe as to paint that which we do not see.

M. Rameau has already published two books, ' La France aux Colonies,' and ' Une Colonie Féodale.'

I bought a Catholic ' History of the Hôtel Dieu,' by L'Abbé Casagrain.

Given the fact that such a renunciation of the world secures greater happiness for Eternity, can anything be more satisfactory than such a life? Not one of mere contemplation, but a spiritual uniting of Martha and Mary. For a long time this was the only general hospital in Quebec.

My last week in Quebec had to be devoted to social functions, not much to my taste, organised for the entertainment of the fleet, three men-of-war which had come up from Halifax. The weather was so bitterly cold that playing at summer was dangerously imprudent, and it was difficult to say which had the worse cold, the Admiral or myself! The three beautiful vessels, anchored under the Citadel rock, looked small on this huge river. On the last evening, the whole country bright and glowing with sunset colours, H.M.S. *Pellades* was preparing to steam up the next morning to Montreal. They were taking up the companion-ladder used on these occasions for the convenience of guests, when a poor young sailor missed his footing, and fell from the vessel's side into the river, which deceptively looked so calm and undangerous, but which was

really running fast with an incoming tide. A boat was lowered in an incredibly short time, but he was already more than fifty yards away. They just reached him to see him throw his arms into the air, the fatal instinct of drowning men, and the body even was not recovered, though it may have been in a few days, miles up the river. The officers gave up coming to the ball. The captain telegraphed to the friends at home. The messmates praised his steadiness—and so the young life was past and over. What a strange thing is life! so precious to us all, and yet so soon ended. To understand the great mystery would indeed be a flash of Heaven. Speculations, however, about the future are as idle as dreams; each one sees the same thing through an entirely different lens.

We left beautiful Quebec with much regret, on a lovely evening. We went on board soon after four. The beauty of the place is nowhere so appreciable as from the river. Steaming straight under the high steep rock, one can judge of its height. The banks were turning russet brown and yellow. The picturesque coaling wharf and the untidy Irish town lay along the river-side, full of colour reflected in the calm water, making a paintable subject the whole way. Shortly after leaving Quebec the river takes a bend, and the Ehrenbreitstein of the St. Lawrence passed for ever from our eyes. Our first experience of an American river boat was very amusing. We had hoped to have done the Thousand Islands from Montreal, but the season was supposed to be over and the boats no longer ran. Just before arriving at Montreal the river is broad and lovely, and just above the town are the Lachine rapids; thus called, I believe, because the early navigators always imagined they were going to reach Asia, and thought the rapids were the breakers of the sea, and called out 'Lachine.' Coming down the rapids in a steamer, as we did, is a cockneyfied kind of amusement, but rather exciting, especially if one imagines what it must have been in the old days, in the frail birch-bark canoes. The banks are flat, there is no apparent decline, you see no rocks, though in places they are only just

hidden by the water, which rushes and tears and eddies around with extreme violence.

Montreal is not pretty or picturesque: some rather handsome buildings, and small semi-detached houses, like those at the back of Regent's Park, or in the neighbourhood of the Harrow Road.

Life in Canada must often be intolerably dull, I should think, for those not obliged to work, and yet with no circumstances in their life to make them happy. It freezes so hard in the winter that if a house is on fire and they play the hose on it, it quickly becomes one huge building of ice, with long icicles from every ledge. I was much disappointed with the climate of Montreal, though they all said it was a most exceptional summer; but it was cold, and the vegetation is poor and speaks everywhere of the severity of the climate. Labour is so expensive, there are no gardens, no creepers; nothing looks cared for. The houses are run up and surrounded by painted wooden palings, and then for the most part left to take care of themselves. The trees have been much too much cut down, and with the exception of a public park up the hill, called Mount Royal, there are no trees about the place. The convents have no gardens, and land not built upon is covered with rubbish and lumber.

We left Montreal in the evening, and travelled by night in one of the famous American sleeping-cars. The attendants were, of course, all black men. I thought I should dislike them, but I did not, and they are very kind and attentive, and when I was dozing and the negro wanted to make up the bed, he came in a most winning way and said, 'I guess you are right tired and would like to go to bed to rest yourself.' After I was in bed the heat of the carriage was so insufferable that I said I should be suffocated by the morning if he did not let me have some air. He answered with a broad grin, 'Then I must get into your bed,' meaning that he had to kneel upon my berth to open the ventilator. We arrived at Niagara Falls—'the thunder of waters' was the meaning of the old Indian word—about four o'clock in the afternoon. The evening was fine and the hotel

charming, with large wooden verandahs round both storeys. I looked out, but was so utterly tired I could enjoy nothing, and yet I saw enough to feel sure I was not disappointed. The next day as I walked up towards the big Horseshoe fall, I said, gasping, 'Oh, it's so beautiful, I think I shall cry.'

My companion calmly answered, 'Please don't, I think there is water enough here already.' It is certainly the most splendid natural thing I have ever seen, with the exception of some views of the Alps. You forget turnstiles and elevators and suspension bridges and telegraph wires, and all that the hand of man could do to spoil the place, and it is unspoilable. It is no more vulgar than London seemed vulgar to Wordsworth, standing on Westminster Bridge, when the sun rose and inspired the famous sonnet. The rush of water is so splendid, it gives the effect of the sea coming over, and every hour of every day and every night it shows itself in some fresh dress. Sometimes part of the fall is in shade, and sometimes in sunshine, when it assumes the hues of the opal, with lovely pale shades of pink, green, and yellow. Other times the emerald and sapphire blended together would not make the colour, so rich, so deep, so transparent is the twenty feet of water that rushes over on both sides into the middle and rises to heaven in a solid column of spray; this, too, varies in size, in colour, and in form, according to the temperature, the sun, and the wind. One thing I had never understood, and that was that the fall once made has dug for itself the deep ravine through which it flows down to the lake Ontario, and that when it emerges it is called the St. Lawrence. Part of the excessive beauty of the scene is that before the falls the country is low and flat, and that the moment the falls are over, instead of tumbling and rushing over stones, it flows for a long way calmly and smoothly, and the only signs of the commotion are the long streaks of white foam floating on its green surface. These steep cliffs are dotted with vegetation close up to the wonderful falls; the delicate flowers wave and bend in the self-made wind, and they too seem to say the

hand of man cannot destroy us. There are shumachs, and arbor vitae prevail, covered and clothed with Virginian creeper, turned deep red at this time of year, and wild vine tossing and swaying its long, still green, branches and covered with bunches of dark grapes. I am more and more impressed with the fact that you might spend weeks here and yet not see all the beautiful effects that are to be seen; it is impossible to take in anything under several days. Yesterday the spray of the Horseshoe fall in the afternoon was just one huge rainbow; sometimes double, sometimes single, just as the sun sank behind the hill and the glory faded, and the tall column of mist, like the Bible illustrations of Moses' cloud, rose pale and grey into the air. A party of tourists drove up, rushed from the carriage, gave a few moments to look at the great cataract, and went away; said, no doubt, yes, they had seen Niagara and it was very like its photographs; and so it is in some aspects. Another man stayed half a day, and wrote; he wondered what I should think of the turnstiles and elevators which were the chief objects of the place. I have never given them a thought; they worry me no more than the tourists on the American side opposite, which take the proportions of a fly on an elephant's back! You have absolutely to look for them to see them, though they exist in large numbers, and I cannot conceive the mind that goes away with such an impression, or rather so devoid of an impression from so magnificent a sight.

The wild flowers all over the country we have been through have been masses of the lilac and the white Michaelmas daisies and golden rod. We made friends with two Southern ladies, a Mrs. and Miss Jameson, and it was most interesting to talk to them. The recollection of all she had gone through in her youth made the mother very bitter; she hated the Yankees with a bitter hate. Every battle was fought on Southern ground, and they lost in the end. No wonder they feel it! She recommended to me some Southern books. The girl said to me, 'I do like hearing you talk, with your nice English accent, and what you say is as if it were

taken out of an English novel.' It was such a surprise to hear one spoke one's mother tongue with an accent !

We left Niagara early in the morning, and the mists were about and hid all its beauties—wonderful spot, never to be seen again !

Nothing, I think, leaves a stronger impression on one's mind and imagination than Niagara ; it is so majestic, that calm lake with its mass of water tumbling, moment after moment, from that great height into the depths worn by the water itself. I was told a little story which is not without some allegorical meaning. A man who lived all his life close to Niagara, with its wonderful roar always in his ears, came across Southey's poem called ' The Cataract of Lodore,' which is a very clever example of how the sound of falling water and rushing stream can be reproduced by words. The poem made such an impression on this man that he resolved to save up money till he had enough to bring him over to England. He then journeyed to Westmorland, and was told the way to Lodore ; walking along tired out, at last he sat on a large stone by the wayside, and asked a passer-by where were the Falls of Lodore. The man answered, ' Why, you 's a sitting on 'um.'

We travelled by the Erie line and stopped at Port Jarvis so as not to travel all night. The landlord of the small hotel seemed quite indifferent and gave us no welcome ; but we were reassured by his saying, ' I guess I can fix you up somehow.' The houses here are of the flimsiest description, one wonders how they hold together, and many have still the dangerous shingle roof. In the hotel they kindly added to your comfort and calmed your nerves by putting into the rooms what is called a simple fire-escape. Very simple it certainly was—a rope passed through a ring in the floor, to be thrown out of window in case of danger ; but I cannot imagine ordinary middle-aged persons of either sex letting themselves down from a window by a rope, even with smoke and flames behind them, but one never knows. This same landlord, who treated us with apparent indifference on our arrival, was most friendly and chatty on our departure.

He told us an English girl was upstairs who had been there some eight weeks. She had come out from England alone to go and marry a man in Kansas city. He had left his village seven years before, and she had never seen him since. Some miles from Port Jervis, at night, as she was asleep in the car, the whole train came into contact with a fruit train which had been wrecked by some rubbish, very common on these lines running under hills in heavy rains. Their train rushed off the line and down a precipice in a moment ; she knew nothing till she heard herself called, and a man she had made friends with pulled her out of the wreck. She was fearfully cut and injured about the head and face, and will be disfigured for life. The poor expectant lover got six telegrams telling him of the accident, and in forty-eight hours he reached her ; they were married in her bedroom and he has nursed her back to life. They both looked so young, though about seven or eight and twenty.

After this the family letters about our tour were not returned to me, and I can only trust to my memory, which is of little use. We went straight to New York, which in its own way I thought rather beautiful, especially the magnificent suspension bridge and the statue of Liberty, given by the French to the town of New York. There was some difficulty about raising money for its erection, when a few lines in the New York *World* immediately brought more than sufficient subscriptions. We went up the Hudson (a river to my mind far more beautiful than the Rhine) to Albany, across to Boston, and back to New York by that wonderful hotel on the water, the Fall river-boat, then to Washington, with the striking monument to America's great hero—before the building of the Eiffel Tower the tallest monument in the world—back again to New York, and a somewhat rough passage, and we were safe home again.

For many years we have gone regularly to Bawdsey Manor, Sir Cuthbert Quilter's place in Suffolk. In the churchyard of the village of Bawdsey there are two most curious epitaphs ; I should think unique modern examples of a bygone custom, written by an old vicar to his two wives.

IN MEMORIAM

Katherine Mary Josephine Tighe Gregory, née Stewart, last representative of the Stewarts of Bally Willan and Bally Auchrun, descendants of Alexander, sixth Lord High Steward of Scotland 1273, wife of the Vicar of this parish, died February 20th, 1864.

Then beside the first wife was the grave of the second, with the following epitaph:—

Margaret Tighe Gregory, née Garrod, wife of the Reverend Tighe Gregory, Vicar of Bawdsey. By birth low as the Blessed Virgin, by intelligence, education, and marriage 'raised' in the estimate of society, by every womanly grace and every Christian virtue, 'little lower than the angels,' by death 'with God.'

Age 33, April 1877.

CHAPTER XII

MY MOTHER'S DEATH AND THE END

A blessing upon that home, and upon its owner! In the presence of a mother we feel that our childhood has not all departed! It is a barrier between ourselves and the advance of Time. Chased and wearied out by the cares of Manhood, we enter the temple dedicated to Youth—(a guardian standing near us), and our persecutors sleep while we linger at the altar.—BULWER LYTTON.

SOME time about the middle of the seventies, a very old uncle of my husband's by marriage died at Rome, and we had to go out to settle up his affairs; he had left everything he had between my husband and his sister, Mrs. Dallas; but he had bought an annuity, so it was not very much. It was the first and only time I have been to Rome since I was a child, and we were too busy to do much sight-seeing. I insisted on going to see Shelley's grave; it was the month of March, and I never saw anything so lovely as the single violets; they stood up above their leaves, making the ground a sheet of blue, totally different to anything I have ever seen violets do in England. We only stayed a fortnight, and paid flying, and consequently unsatisfactory, visits to Florence and Venice on our way home.

In May 1878 my husband's youngest brother George, a soldier, died at Umballa, in India, from a fall from his horse, and the following year his brother Ralph, of whom we had seen so much during the seven years we had been in London, died at Soden, near Frankfort. He had long been an invalid, and hearing of an aggravation of his illness, my husband immediately started for Soden, but found him

so ill he could tell him nothing of his affairs, as he had said he wished to do. The day before my husband arrived, he had carried out a dear and long-held wish of his heart and become a member of the Church of Rome. He had lived for many years of his life with his mother's sister, Caroline, Countess of Buchan, who had long been a Roman Catholic. When his will was found after considerable difficulty, we discovered to our great surprise that he had left everything to us (much more than we knew he had), with the exception of a legacy to my sister, Lady Lytton, he having seen a great deal of the Lyttons at various times of his diplomatic career, and they were as fond of him as he was of them.

The complete recovery of my husband's health, and the accession of wealth, which was further increased a few years later by the death of my father-in-law, took from me what I had always considered my two vocations in life, namely to nurse my husband and to be a good poor man's wife. I grieved, too, for the loss of my husband's brother, Ralph Earle, who had been a true friend to me and a great help in the education of my boys. Succeeding to his possessions seemed to me horrible, and I had difficulty at times in fighting against great depression of spirits.

Two years afterwards we inherited our settlement money; all this made a very great difference in our means. Everybody naturally congratulated us very much,—and William Harcourt sent me a lovely little cream jug, in recollection of an old family joke, because at the time of his engagement to my cousin, in a discussion about household expenses, I had said, 'Really, Willie's ideas about cream make my hair stand on end.' With the cream jug came a charming note, saying how delighted he was to hear that now I should be able to afford some cream.

One summer we gave ourselves the treat of taking a little house near the Thames, and remaining in England, which I am obliged to confess the sons much preferred to going abroad. Other years we thought it our duty to spend August and September on the Continent.

In 1879 we decided to take a larger house, and furnishing

and decorating 5 Bryanston Square interested and amused me very much, though the first time I drove out in my own carriage I felt horribly ashamed. I naturally soon became reconciled to being better off, and many thought it an affectation that it was not always so; but I can honestly say that, besides all the rest, I thought it added tremendously to the difficulties of bringing up sons.

My first effort at philanthropy, apart from charity, was that soon after I came to London I joined the Committee of the Society in Berners Street for promoting the employment of women. It was the earliest of all the many societies that have been started since for protecting and helping women and girls and teaching them how to earn their living. The Committee has always been very able and very business-like, assisted by an invaluable secretary. I was a very humble member and felt I had a great deal to learn. It insisted especially, and does still, on the training of girls, for though things have improved, parents are very neglectful of giving young girls an education that fits them to earn their living, and this applies to all classes alike. It is criminal selfishness for a father with a fair income, but unable to provide for his daughters after his death, not to leave them already started in a wage-earning profession. As long as I lived in London I made a great point of not missing the fortnightly Committee meetings.

The general intelligence of girls varies a great deal. Some years ago I heard an amusing story of a girl at Windsor, at an ambulance class, who was asked to describe the circulation of the blood. She said that the blood in its passage through the body was sometimes red and sometimes blue, except in the case of the aristocracy, when it was always blue! These shortcomings in general education are usually to be met with in National schools; one of the most curious instances of a confusion of ideas was that of the small boy who stated in a science paper that 'if corners are left undusted, microscopes breed in them.'

I now recall things that interested me in my life as they occur to my mind and regardless of chronology. My

getting to know William Graham and his family about 1878 was an immense art education to me. At his house in Grosvenor Place I first got to know well the pictures of Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and many others in his beautiful collection. I was taken by Miss Grahame once to Rossetti's studio. I thought him a very great artist, but so un-normal that to my matter-of-fact mind it was not quite sanity. When we arrived at the studio, as we went in, he spread out his hands and said, by way of explanation, 'All these are Mrs. Morris at different ages.' The large 'Dante's Dream' was in the studio; he had been painting a small replica for Mr. Grahame. The large one is now in the Gallery at Liverpool, and will always remain, I imagine, one of the most beautiful examples of the nineteenth-century school of painting. When I first saw it, it took my breath away; the subject is very poetical and suggestive in itself, and so wonderfully rendered. On the night of Beatrice's death, Dante is led in his dream by Love to view her corpse, and Love holds him by the hand and gives the kiss to the beautiful body which Dante had never given in life; two maidens, one at each end of the couch, hold a veil strewn with flowers, with which they intend to cover her; the view through a window at the side is of a quiet Florence street. It is a wonderful picture; the colour is beautiful, and it is full of thought and interpretation of life. I wrote to my mother in 1879:—

I long to read the *Vita Nuova*, which I have never read through; have you? Knowing the Grahames has enriched my life and added much to my art enjoyments, one of those milestones in my path which I bless.

In 1903 was published in Turin a cheap edition of the *Vita Nuova*, in Italian, with photographic illustrations from the Anglicised Italian Rossetti pictures; but photographs give no idea of their beauty and accentuate their faults. '*Il sogno di Dante*,' and the quotation in the Italian version runs thus,

*Mi condusse a veder mia Donna morta ;
E quando l'ebbi scorta
Vedeo che donne la covrian d'un velo.*

About this time, too, I had another great pleasure. I got to know Lady Shelley, the wife of Sir Percy, the only surviving son of the poet. They lived in one of the beautiful new houses on the Chelsea Embankment. The book she published in 1859, called 'Shelley's Memorials,' was at that time the only true and authentic account of the life and death of Shelley. In it are heartrending fragments from Mary Shelley's journal; such grief is dreadful, when neither religion nor philosophy are any help. She found, as many have done before, that the only thing that does help at all is work. In 1886 one of the most beautiful biographies of the nineteenth century was written by Professor Edward Dowden, 'The Life of Shelley,' in two volumes (Kegan Paul & Co.). Lady Shelley was an enthusiast, and I used always to feel that marriages take place for many reasons, but to marry for the sake of a dead father-in-law is one, at any rate, that is unusual. She was a widow and not very young when she married Sir Percy. She showed me all the precious relics: his hair, his portrait, the book found in his pocket when cast up by the sea. His young life had been so crowded with incident and work, that it is hard to remember he was only twenty-seven, and the young widow only twenty-four, when he was drowned. My friend, Miss Dundas, gave me a water-colour by her great friend, Mlle. Ruth Mercier, of the sands and the shore and the sea near Via Reggio, where Shelley's remains were consumed. Shelley ranked first in my estimation amongst poets in my youth, and everything connected with him was of the greatest interest. I felt deeply grateful to Lady Shelley for all she told me, and I was very sorry when she permanently left London to live at Bournemouth. I never saw her again.

Between the ages of forty and fifty I was certainly very morbid and rather unnecessarily unhappy. I hid it as well as I could, but looking back I know now that really I had too little to do. I was far from strong, and no doubt there was considerable nervous reaction from all I had gone through; my husband was well, and out at his work all day, and my boys were generally at school. I hated living in

London, and I found it difficult to draw and paint there, though I did take that up again and sent water-colours three or four times to exhibitions, where they always sold, which gratified my vanity.

During this time it came into my mind to make a little collection of books written by very young men. 'Lucile,' by Owen Meredith, of course I had always known; its author was twenty-four when he wrote it. Then came Froude's very interesting 'Nemesis of Faith.' When this book was given to me it was extremely rare, as when Froude grew older he had been ashamed of it and bought it up, which I think was a great mistake, though I confess it now seems to me to be exceedingly morbid; but I believe since his death it has been republished. It shows the effect of the teaching of the Church without the consolation of a living Faith, all that is natural being denounced as a sin, very much as schoolboys have often been mentally tortured at school from the mere fact that they were growing from boys into men. The 'Nemesis of Faith' will always remain a beautifully written description of the struggles of superior souls at the time of the Oxford Movement. Bulwer Lytton was equally ashamed of his youthful book, 'Falkland,' and it, too, was not republished till after his death.

Then came that charming little novel which I have mentioned before, 'German Love.' I afterwards heard the story of its publication. When Max Müller was a young man at Oxford he fell in love with the lady who afterwards became his wife; the marriage was impossible; he had no position and no money, and he went back to Germany. She continued her study of German, and the book, which appeared anonymously, came into her hands. She was staying with a favourite aunt, and she translated it into English for her benefit, being sure that no one but her Max Müller could have written it. Years after, when they had been long married, the aunt died, and she found amongst her aunt's papers her girl's translation of her lover's book, and they published it together. To my mind it is one of the prettiest prose poems I know; but I imagine the

present generation would perhaps call it also morbid and romantic.

In 1876 came out two volumes called 'The Dwale Bluth,' by Oliver Madox-Brown, the son of the painter, edited by W. M. Rossetti and F. Hueffer. He died before he was twenty, already a remarkable painter, and at seventeen he wrote the story in these volumes called 'The Black Swan.' This story when first published was called 'Gabriel Denver.' In the Memoir placed at the beginning of the book it states that in the present edition 'The Black Swan' appears as he first conceived and completed it, 'with all its tragic force of conclusion. During the very great cold of the months of December and January, locked in his room, without even a fire, he wrote this tale—possibly, when viewed in all its relations, the most remarkable prose story ever penned by a youth not older than sixteen to seventeen.' One is apt to think great brain precocity kills. I wonder if it is so or not. I turn with comfort to the fact that John Stuart Mill knew Greek at three and a half, and lived well over middle life.

Last, but by no means least, comes my favourite of all my books written by young men, 'Roots, a Plea for Tolerance.' It was given me in 1875 by my young friend, Harry Quilter, who had been very much delighted with it himself, and also I expect because he was not otherwise than grateful that I had shown more tolerance for his queer ideas and queer ways than most people. The book was a reprint from a magazine, and was published anonymously; but it was afterwards known to have been written by the son of the statesman, Sidney Herbert, created Baron Herbert, but whose title merged into the Earldom of Pembroke. His son succeeded early to his title, and was sent a voyage to Australia with Charles Kingsley's brother, who wrote an account of their voyage together, in a book called 'The Earl and the Doctor.' I never knew Lord Pembroke, but heard of him often, and he must have been a man of most unusual charm. His father was supposed to have been the hero of Mrs. Norton's novel, spoken of before, 'Stuart of Dunleath.'

No one would believe now the intolerance of educated people thirty-five years ago; perhaps any one reading 'Roots' would think much in it was exaggerated. I do not think it is, for nothing, I suppose, has so increased in the last thirty-five years as religious tolerance. Most people now, even children, are allowed to be good and happy in their own way, not according to any rule. The son who said 'he would not go and went' is vastly more respected than he used to be. The motto of the book, which is charmingly written, can be accepted by all; it is, 'Be honest: Fear nothing: Trust God.' The book did me great good; it cleared my mind, crystallised my own thoughts, and planted my feet on firmer ground. I feel grateful to it now for all it did so long ago. It was one of the main causes of a kind of growth which came about at that time, and caused my brother-in-law, Lord Lytton, to comment on the marked change he saw in me on his return from India.

I do not know how old Thackeray was when he wrote 'Pendennis,' but it is an extraordinarily interesting book, and educational for the mother of sons; of course *démodé* now, but full of the knowledge that fits all times. It has the usual Thackeray fault that all his good women are fools.

During this time I worked for several years with an amateur sketching club, first as member and then as critic, and I had the conceited idea of writing a small book of advice to amateurs, and wrote to John Ruskin to ask if he would mind my quoting from the 'Elements of Drawing'—a book which had been of immense educational use to myself. Here is his answer. My fear of seeing myself in print was too great, and the attempt never came to anything.

From John Ruskin to Mrs. C. W. Earle.

March 12, 1885.

Dear Mrs. Earle,—I am so glad to have a letter from you on any account and especially on this account. The 'Elements' were not republished because I thought the pen-and-ink exercises too severe, and meant to re-write the whole, which is fairly done

in the unfinished 'Laws of Fesolé'; but if you will write the beginning of your proposed book and send it to me to look over, with just a sketch of what you mean to say at the end, I will look at it carefully and think over the whole matter; probably you will be able to give me most valuable and timely assistance.

Ever in this and all matters, believe me,

Your faithful and grateful servant,

J. Ruskin.

Of course you shall quote whatever you like as soon as I know the bearing of the whole.

One of my first real joys in consequence of our getting better off was that I was able to go to Kensington and ask my old friend, Mr. G. F. Watts, if he would paint my husband's portrait. He was most kind and friendly, and said he would do it with pleasure and for half his usual charge. The result was a most satisfactory likeness, and a beautiful picture, one of the very best of Mr. Watts' portraits of men. The idea in the family afterwards was that I ought to be painted too, and I wanted my old friend Mr. Holman Hunt to do it, but he rather insisted on a Veronese dress with yellow sleeves. The sons thought their mother in yellow sleeves would be ridiculous and undignified, and it never came off. This is the kind letter Mr. Hunt wrote on the subject.

From Mr. Holman Hunt, 1881.

My dear Mrs. Earle,—Believe me that I take your inquiry as to whether I could do your portrait as the greatest compliment you could pay me, and although I will still repeat that I should like you to have Watts to do it, and that I honestly and candidly must avow that I think he would be more sure to make a worthy representation of the original (which I can prove not to be said from modesty, because there are tasks in art of which I would not say this), I determine after you have considered the matter for the time during which in any case a commencement would have to be delayed, I will bravely undertake the portrait if you in the end still would rather that I should do it. A full stop after such an involved commencement lands me in more business-like regions. The question whether the picture has to be a *pendant* to your husband's, and if so, what the size of the

existing portrait is, has to be considered. If it had to be a whole length, or a three-quarters, there would be more difficulty for me to see when I could take it up; if it were only a head, or a little more, I think I might be at leisure to begin when I had done my big picture and its oil sketch, which I think might be in about four weeks. I should then be making a portrait of my good wife, and when this were started, it might be wise to make a change day by day in carrying on another task of some kind. As to price, I would take exactly what Watts had, whatever that might be, but I say this only to be quite commercial in the business part of my reply. When the question had been definitely settled we could speak in exact terms as to payment. If you take my advice and go to Watts, I shall still be very proud that you have submitted the question to me, and been guided by my counsel. With kind regards to your husband from this still confused household.

Faithful as a father to the end in all that concerned the fortunes of our family, this is one of Henry Taylor's last letters to my mother, on Robert Lytton's first speech in the House of Lords after his return from India, on a motion to call the attention of the House to affairs in Afghanistan.

The Roost, Bournemouth, 1881.

Dearest Mrs. Edward,—I think I may well wish you joy of Lord Lytton's outset in parliamentary life, for whatever may be the view to be taken of the question at issue, there can be only one opinion of the powers which were manifested in the speech. Nor do I agree with the *Times* in thinking that he was injudicious in taking up a present question for his text rather than merely explaining a past policy. In the one course the interests concerned were mainly public, in the other they would have been mainly personal. I have nothing from you in these days, and nothing about you from anybody. Edie said she would come to us some time in the winter, and the winter is going away; but of course she must have claims and interests crowding about her now that political life in London is boiling over. How are you and all belonging to you? Ever yours affectionately,

Henry Taylor.

We knew that making a speech always made Lord Lytton nervous and anxious, and in this case, after a most careful

and laborious preparation, Lord Beaconsfield asked him to alter it almost entirely. The alteration was a great success, and Lord Beaconsfield said to him,

You made a great effect without one injudicious word. As for myself, I feel as if I had won the Derby. I backed you heavily and you have won my stakes for me easily. As for you, you have established your own parliamentary position in the front rank. From this time forward you may do anything you please in Parliament. Your position is assured, and you have won it by a single speech.

In spite of this encouragement from a chief he revered, he did not pursue parliamentary and official life in England, and said that the only thing he would do was to go back to his old profession and be Ambassador in Paris. He devoted six years to literary work. Though I differed from him so much in politics, I was sorry for this, as in my estimation successful public life is higher than literature.

The following letter to me from my brother-in-law, in January 1881, has already been published, but I introduce it here as it in part explains why he was such an immense use and help to me at that time of my life. He had known most keenly the agony of hopeless depression, in spite of a life of unusual brilliancy and success. This letter touched me profoundly, and I did my utmost to cheer and amuse and interest him in my small way. From having always lived abroad his knowledge of England and English society, modern books, &c., was less than mine. His experience and knowledge of life and literature were, of course, infinitely greater than mine from every point of view, sex alone making a great difference. He taught and helped me as no one else could have done, and any development in my later life, any growth at an age when many women take to an armchair and sit still, I owe entirely to his stimulating advice, the example of his own industry and his great and invariable loving-kindness to me and mine, displayed especially during the seven years between his return home from India and his appointment as Ambassador in Paris.

From Lord Lytton to Mrs. Earle.

January 25, 1881.

Though suffering from them much less frequently and acutely of late years than in early boyhood, I have been, and probably shall be all my life, subject to periods of almost intolerable hysterical depression. No one will ever know how much I have struggled against them. At the present moment physical and moral causes unite to torment me. For five years my life has been strained very near the danger point of mental and bodily endurance, unremitting mental effort under an incessant weight of responsibility in circumstances of bewildering novelty, cut hopelessly adrift from my old self and all my anchorage in the past, with all the most sensitive sides of my character exposed daily and hourly to a series of mortal tortures. Nothing but a very strong recognition of definite duty and an object thoroughly unselfish and noble in my own eyes could have sustained me through it. Day by day my task was plainly set me. It had to be done, and I did it, but now the strain is suddenly relaxed, and the object is gone; the definite duty replaced by an indefinite doubt, which demands the closest self-inspection for the smallest decision, and what self have I left to consult? Seneca wisely commended all men to retire into themselves. 'But,' he said, 'before entering into himself a man should always prepare for his reception.' Now I have retired into myself, and without any possibility of previous preparation, but merely in the same way as a clock-weight retires to the bottom of the clock when you cut the string that suspended it. And my poor self receives me as a dog is received on a race-course. This pause in my life is only like the lull in a storm, which serves to show the ravage already wrought by it. It brings me no rest, no settled prospect, no sense of satisfaction. It is only a terrible reaction of the mind in a body half numbed by this bitter weather. I cannot read or write or think consecutively for ten minutes, or interest myself seriously in anything.

In Lady Betty Balfour's charming book, 'Personal and Literary Letters of the Earl of Lytton,' she published several others of her father's letters to me; but I have many more, from which it is a great pleasure to myself to make a selection.

Knebworth, June 1882.

Dearest T.,—I begin this beautiful morning with a letter to you in which I have more to say than time to say it in. Eden,¹ when I went to London for Kimberley's India Office dinner, was good enough to put me up in his new house in Sackville Street, which is a charming one, very commodious, and luxuriously furnished. He is now installed there with a good cook and a nice nephew, who seems to be acting more or less as his secretary—and he is quite the type of the well-to-do bachelor *qui sait vivre, ayant vécu*. The Kimberley dinner given in the council room of the India Office was well done, and went off pleasantly. I sat on one side of Kimberley and the Duke of Buckingham on the other—so the Indian Secretary was strongly supported by the Conservative party on that occasion. He talked, as he always does, without even a flash of silence, and I was struck and amused by the strong conservatism of his views upon almost every subject. We seemed to agree about all things. After dinner I went into Eden's office room to finish my cigarette, and was joined there by some members of the Council, who informed me that the whole Council is seriously alarmed by the fact that in the very critical and anxious condition into which Indian affairs have been thrown by Ripon's recent proceedings, our Indian garrison is 5000 short of troops—and the Government unable to make up the deficiency,—the short service system having apparently quite broken down. They urged me to bring forward the matter in the Lords; and as I am now out of the Parliamentary course, I advised them to communicate with Cranbrook. He has since been in communication with Morley,² and was to have asked yesterday a string of questions on the present very serious state of the army—which I went up to town to hear; but the discussion of them has been postponed till Monday, when I shall be unable to attend it. I understand, however, that Morley is prepared to make the startling statement that the short service (Cardwell's) system has so completely failed that the Government are now about to revert immediately to the old long service system. After the India Office dinner I went on to the Foreign Office reception, which was very crowded, and there I saw Emily Amphyll,³ whom I thought looking very well, and Odo⁴ not so well. He has grown thin and looks aged. Both Hartington and his

¹ Sir Ashley Eden.² Earl of Morley.³ Lord Clarendon's third daughter.⁴ Her husband, Lord Amphyll, Ambassador at Berlin.

Duchess are now very civil to me whenever I meet them—I don't know why. On Sunday I lunched at home with Eden, to meet his brother Auckland (an old colleague of mine) and Lady A., and between breakfast and luncheon I walked with him in the Park. It was the first time I had 're-visited those glimpses' since my return from India, and the aspect of the crowd, so precisely like what it used to be twenty years ago, made me feel as if I were a ghost. Afterwards I called on the Amphylls, but did not find them at home. In the evening I dined with Ferd. Rothschild, a large dinner, very well done, followed by a concert at which Nilsson sang loud enough to shake down all the houses in Piccadilly. Her singing is like a series of dynamite explosions. I took Lady Granville into dinner, and our talk was of the Carlyle Letters, Henry Greville's Memoirs, and Lord Ronald Gower's. She told me that at one of her husband's official drums, Nigra said to him, '*Dites moi, milord, est-ce que vous avez souvent de ces corvées là ?*' After dinner I had a long talk with my old (and still handsome) friend Herbert Wilson about our relative experiences of the effects, moral and physical, of increasing years upon our relations with your seductive sex. I have asked him to Knebworth. Monday I rejoined Edith in Dover Street, dined with the Downes that day and went to see 'Fédora,' a painful play—very well written by Sardou—fairly translated, but quite out of its element in English, acting so-so. Next day Queen's ball—at which I had a long and rather interesting talk with Forster, who asked to be introduced to me (I mean the ex-Secretary for Ireland), about India and South Africa. His condemnation of the Government's colonial policy is sweeping. Saw also Cross, in very good spirits, says the Ministry will be out before next Easter. I believe it was on the afternoon of that day that I went with Edith and the girls to the Fisheries Exhibition—curious but fatiguing. Wednesday evening dined with the Wimbornes—handsome house—large dinner, not good, but was much amused—took in Alice Lathom,¹ she suffering much, poor thing, from a bad cold; sat next to Mme. M. Do you know her? Young S. was immensely in love with her, and in some way, I forget how, she was I believe the cause of his death. Talked with Lady Salisbury after dinner—she says Government must pass the Corrupt Practices Bill before the Opposition provokes a dissolution. Had some conversation with Randolph Churchill, who talks dangerous nonsense about Egypt

¹ Lord Clarendon's second daughter, Countess of Lathom.

—told him he is all wrong on that subject. Now enough of London—I have finished the chronicle of my dissipations. I am always the better in health for these little changes, but they are sad interruptions to work. What I should like would be three months' continuous work, followed by three months' continuous holiday. But this is not easily managed. Elwin's¹ business letter is very helpful and to the point. I will send it to you as soon as I have written to Kegan Paul, which I will do in a day or two. I have re-written one of the printed chapters you saw, and I think greatly improved it. At present I am reading up the whole history of the Reform Bill, of which I want to give a short picturesque sketch in connection with my father's first years of Parliamentary life.² I also want to describe the group of anti-democratic Radicals (now extinct) to which my father belonged, and contrast them with the present democratic school of radicalism. I further want to write in connection with Pelham a chapter on Dandies, but all this requires preliminary reading of sorts. I am beginning to receive letters from India—letters about my speech, which say that I am now amongst the Europeans there the most popular man in England. Strange irony of circumstance!

I will certainly come with Edith on the 14th, without prejudice, as the lawyers say, to paying you a single visit later on. But I must turn at last from this letter to others less pleasant and more troublesome to myself, a huge pile of unanswered correspondence stares me in the face. Do you remember that little wooden Temple—between the Fernery and the Tennis Court here—the colouring of which we once discussed some weeks ago? I had it painted red, white and green, and I am now sitting in it for the first time. It must be called *Teresienhaus*, and dedicated to you. The sun shines, the sky is blue, the cut grass lies upon the lawn before me, breathing incense, the birds hop about and twitter in the trees—all else is still. But in this cup of sweets there is one drop of bitterness—my pile of unanswered correspondence. Adieu! Adieu! Your affectionate

Lytton.

Part of another letter :—

What you say about Ouida's verses is quite true. The odd thing about them is that they don't rhyme except here and

¹ Rev. Whitwell Elwin, Editor of the *Quarterly*.

² This appeared in a memoir prefacing his father's collected speeches (two vols.).

there by chance, and yet they are not blank verse. She appears to suppose that rhyme and metre are neither of them indispensable to verse. Our visit to Raby was exceedingly pleasant. The Duchess is, I think, one of the most agreeable women in England, and a perfect hostess. The place moreover is full of interest. I was engaged to speak in Yorkshire this month, but have excused myself on account of health. I have promised to see Dufferin but have not yet written to fix a day for our meeting. And I shall be shortly going for a few days to Elwin. But if you don't come here I will go first to you. The Lochs seem from the accounts given of them in the Melbourne papers sent me by the Secretary of the Bank of Australasia to be already most popular, and to have won all the hearts of their new subjects. Lizzie's way of shaking hands is particularly extolled, and one enthusiastic gentleman states in the newspaper that it filled him with a pervading thrill of the most delicious sensation. I heard in the course of our travels that Barbara Lyall is likely ere long to enter the holy estate of matrimony. Your wish to see and talk to your friend is very courageous. For my part, there is nothing I would more shrink from. A great grief fills me with awe. I find it unapproachable, to console it is impossible, and to approach it with any other purpose is to insult it.

I think it cowardly not to see a friend in great sorrow. It is for the mourner to decide 'if the anguish of despair finds its best expression in silence,' or the contrary.

In 1882 the Lochs had left the Isle of Man, after being there for over nineteen years, he having been given an appointment in the Woods and Forests. They bought a house in London, but were not long allowed to live there, for in two years they were offered and accepted the Governorship of Australia. It was a considerable shock to my mother, who was getting old, that another daughter should go so far away, but Sir Henry Taylor writes to her, confident that she will look at it with all her old courage, and see the brightest side; he adds that even he can see

that if a Colonial Government was to be accepted, this is the very best of them, first-rate as to rank, unexceptionable as to climate, and exempt from any trying or difficult duties. What a Governor of such a colony *is*, is of the greatest importance, what

he does is very little. It is by personal influence and not by the exercise of authority that he is effective for good or evil.

The Lochs' time in Australia was the greatest success ; they both fulfilled their duties to the satisfaction of everybody at home and in Victoria, and their names, I am told, are still remembered with great admiration in both colonies they served, first Australia and then the Cape.

To my lasting regret, we never were able, though repeatedly asked, to visit the Lyttons in India, or the Lochs in Australia or at the Cape, but we both thought it wrong to leave England for pleasure with our boys at school. If anything goes wrong, school doctors and school nursing are not to be depended upon.

As my boys were growing up I made a great point of cultivating the society of young girls, and asking them to the house, both in London and in the country, hoping this would counteract in some measure what I thought a great disadvantage to our sons, namely, that they had no sisters. But I do not think the plan was a success ; children must make their own friends, parents can only welcome them. The young girls I liked were speedily called 'Mother's friends,' and my idea ended in being of little use to the sons. But it was of great interest to myself to try and understand this younger generation, drawing them out, and gaining their confidence. I give here a few specimens of their letters, just as I received them, only withholding the names of those who wrote them, with the exception of Laura Tennant, daughter of Sir Charles Tennant, and first wife of Alfred Lyttelton. She was, I think, the most brilliant and the most fascinating young woman I have ever known, and I am by no means the only one who was of this opinion. When she first asked to come to Woodlands she wrote,

You are in Surrey, and I am in Surrey, and why may I not come and see you, as I have long wished to know you, instead of waiting to be introduced to you on some crowded London staircase ?

She came for a few hours. She was only twenty, and she absolutely captivated my husband, my eldest son, and myself—three people very different from each other.

In a morbid book, called 'The Memorials of Arthur Hamilton,' 1886, by Christopher Carr, which truthfully pictures the kind of mental attitude of a portion of society twenty-five years ago, there is a description of a London dinner-party, and the effect which a young girl who was present had upon the writer. It struck me at the time that the young girl was a lifelike portrait of Laura Tennant. She was not very beautiful, but she produced a wonderful effect on any society she happened to be in, and those who met her rarely forgot the extreme charm of her personality. Here is the description of the young girl as it appears in the book:

To come upstairs after a hot London banquet, where you have been sitting, talking the poorest trash, between two empty, worldly women; and then perhaps listening to stories that are dull, or worse, and see dulness personified in every one of the twelve faces that stare at you with such sodden respectability through the cigarette smoke; and then I say to come upstairs, and see moving about among the knowing selfish people a child with hair like gold thread, and something of the regretful innocence of Heaven in her eyes and movements. If you can get her to talk to you, so much the better for you; but if you or she are shy, as generally happens, to watch her is something. God knows the insidious process by which she will be transformed, step by step, into one of those godless fine ladies; for it makes me inclined to pray that anything may happen to her first that may hinder that development.

The same idea is beautifully expressed in Jean Paul Richter's Flower, Fruit, and Thorn pieces.

It seemed almost as if Mr. Carr had met Laura; if so, his prayer was answered, for she married most happily, and died at twenty-three after her first baby was born, to the undying grief of all who had known her. After one of her visits to us in the country she wrote:—

The Glen, Innerleithen, N.B., August 2, 1884.

Thank you, dear, for your nice letter. I think you are very generous—which I love—because you had never received the book, which was sent off a long time ago, and which I hope you have by now. Let me know by a postcard, as I am rather nervous about it. Also will you tell me the name of the publisher? A friend of mine wants to know, as she thinks she might by slow seeking get it by writing to the publisher. Do you think there's any chance? I don't think, dear, that with the most virtuous trying and the keenest intention, I could come to look on you as a common-place old friend. First of all, you are one of the most original people I ever met; then you are not an old friend, you are as young as I am—and if you lived to a round old age of 150, you would die young. Eyes that can laugh like yours, and eyes that can cry like yours, never grow old. Oh! you don't know how I love people who are human—in my sense of the word—St. Peter, Maggie Tulliver, Charlotte Corday, St. Francis of Assisi were all human, and I love them more than the wonderful people who are never immoderate, who never contradict themselves, who never are inconsistent, who never throw away their love and their sacrifice and their selves, because no one is worth it and no one is grateful. Ye Gods! who wants gratitude! Well, I think you are human and I love it.

I arrived here on Tuesday morning after a rather crowded two days in London. I was fearfully disappointed about 'Twelfth Night.' You know Ellen Terry could not act because she had a vaccination arm (such a terribly un-Twelfth-Nighty disease!), so the theatre was closed and we had to content ourselves with 'Our Boys,' a play I had never seen and which has since its birth been the delight and delirious excitement of schoolboys.

I dined in the company of Madame Blavatsky, who rather amused me. Her philosophy is not altogether satisfying. When I asked her if it brought her that 'content surpassing wealth the sage in contemplation found and walked with inward glory crowned,' 'Ah,' she said, puffing away at a cigarette, 'I have found no content, no peace—*qu'est-ce que c'est que la vie! on entre et on crie et voilà la vie—on crie et on sort et voilà la mort!* In accepting Theosophy I put an end to my greatest hope—that of annihilation; I know now that that is impossible, but I wish it were true, I wish I had never lived and could become extinct.' It was not on the whole encouraging, and I thanked my stars that it was not my religion. I am quite

convinced that any one's philosophy or religion or ethics or whatever name you name it must be a failure if it is self-centred. Love and sacrifice must come into your life's creed or else it is simple epicureanism and can never bring happiness or rather blessedness. I would rather die for a thrush or a cat than live entirely in a head and self-religion.

Frances came here Thursday, but, alas! left yesterday for Loch Abst. I drove her seventeen miles over the moors here and it was like driving up the avenue of the isles of the blest. She was as inspiring as ever and seemed born of the winds that roared in the mountains. We talked a great deal about you, dear thing, and we said such nice things about you I am sure your ears must have burned—(this, however, is not part of my ear-theory).

I am going to embark on Gibbon; I hate more than two vols! eight is a purgatory. I wonder how and where you are. Your little drawing-room is such a sweet. Goodbye, bless you.

Your loving friend, Laura.

The next letter is a marvellous analysis of the attitude of mind in a girl who was young and reserved, and who had resolved to give up her life to the service of an older woman of whom she was very fond.

Here is a regular pamphlet for you, the copy of what I have for the last three days been scribbling in pencil on stray bits of paper at odd moments. Your first long letter had already aroused me to make a pretty lengthy reply when I received the second which has called forth the volume. Before beginning let me tell you that I wasn't in the very least hurt or offended by your first letter, and was only much touched and pleased by the interest and love for me which every line betrayed.

I think writing about oneself is the most depressing thing one could do. I am sick of this letter, and it has made me sulky for days, but I wished so to set your mind at ease about what you and most people call my unselfishness. It is largely to be accounted for by my tastes being different from most people's. I am often at my happiest when I am thought to be doing what is disagreeable. Whatever of actual unselfishness there is in my life is entirely of my own choice and not imposed upon me. I think you make a considerable mistake in thinking self-control and self-abnegation to be one and the same thing.

Self-abnegation is to my mind nearly always a very bad thing, for it means receding before things stronger than oneself, stepping back and giving way, and this even with respect to great and good things is a mistake, for whatever we are, good or bad, we are a living something, and incessant self-abnegation would make us a dead negative. Self-control I understand to be a very different thing; it seems to me it cannot weaken but must strengthen a character. It is not receding before some external power but giving greater power to what is best in us, allowing that to govern and make a fit use of what is strong in our natures, preventing it from wasting its force on a useless or wrong thing, and reserving it for the right and appropriate thing. This system may give a calm and even dormant aspect to the surface of things but it doesn't weaken the foundations. Self-control I admire, and therefore try to have it, but not self-abnegation. And now to go on to your second letter. The question which has called forth such a voluminous answer is—'The only really happy letter I ever got from you was when you went away with your friend. I wonder why that was. Do you know yourself, or was it chance?' My going away called forth a genuine happy letter because it was the contrast from the life I most disliked of any I had ever lived to the life which had been my ideal ever since I had got to know my friend. That first year abroad was a sad one for me—the autumn before had been a waking up too sudden for my slow nature. You may think it wholesome for me, but I assure you no sudden shock is good for me. During our childhood my eldest sister had been the one great centre of my life round which everything else revolved—I looked at everything in reference to her. When first she got to know father as a friend it naturally made a change in our relations to each other, not because I realised then that her nature and her mind more especially were superior to mine, for this I had always known, but I realised that our interests were no longer the same. Her interests were for people with whom I had then nothing in common, and for literary pursuits which were dulness itself to me; and a mock life interest I have never been able to get up, not even for the sake of people I most loved. The result of this was that I tried to make new friends. To make a friend! the thought had never entered my head before, all my friends up to that time had been my sister's friends and only mine because they were her's. I loved them because she did, and they befriended me because I stuck so close to her that they had to take me along with her whether they liked it or not.

The natural result of this was that they liked her first and best, and if they liked me at all, it was secondarily; this I knew but did not object to—on the contrary it would have been quite unpleasant to me had it been otherwise. But now that I wished to make a friend of my own for myself it was different, and it awakened a pride in me that I had never felt before. Probably because I did not know the way, every attempt to make a friend failed, the rebuffs I received, though I dare say they were more than half of them imaginary, instead of wounding me, seemed to turn one part of me to stone, and soon I felt not the smallest wish to ask the friendship of those who, I thought, scorned and despised me. Just about this time F— used to come and stay with us. At this time everything seemed to be unkind and hard and unsympathetic. I was too offended at the cause of my grievances to be even unhappy; I was only hardened by them, and was for the time about as sour and bitter a creature as one of my age could be. You may wonder why this did not show in me, why I had those submissive manners. My only joy in those days was to conceal my feelings from every one, to dig down in myself and hide their existence in myself. Well, at this moment F— brought into my life that marvellous unearthly thing the love of Art, with the joy that it brings apart from and above all human interest, that soars so high, nothing of this world, good or bad, can touch it, so sublime, so miraculous it is. And this given to me, that I of all people in the world should be allowed to taste of such a joy! I was dazzled by my happiness and longed to drink deep till I was intoxicated by this new wonderful thing. It was most natural that together with this divine gift came the power of making friends with the human being who had brought it me. As the bringer of such a blessing she appeared to me an angel of light whom I could almost worship, and yet I had the courage to love her in the near capacity of friend, because she did not despise me and understood at least that part of me which referred to what she had brought or rather found in me—the love of music. These two great joys coming at once seemed almost too much. The intense freshness, amusement, fun, interest, strength which they infused into my life, I could hardly myself believe, and yet they didn't in the least alter my stony feelings at first. I had found a friend, a friend of my very own, I could laugh in the face of every one but didn't feel one bit more kindly towards them. When my friend was there the sun shone, but when she left it was a grief that made me irritable with every one else.

When I was alone and playing I felt as if my body couldn't and didn't contain the spirit that was in me, but it seemed to get out and be everywhere, so happy was I in the dream of the artist I would one day be, or better still in the actual joy of music itself. But then, if anybody came into the room, the whole thing vanished, and I was locked up again deep down in myself; it gave a sort of spiteful glee to my happiness to think that no one knew of it and no one could share it. For a long while I remained like this. I grew older and came out, but still every one was distasteful, almost repulsive to me, only they didn't interest me even enough for that, every one was a blank to me, and I seemed to have no connection or means of communication with them. Then there came a change. My sister was to be married and go away, and the family would have to live on without her. This gave me another shake and woke me up. She was everybody's friend in the house, she knew and understood and was sympathetic to every one. What could we do without her? There would be a great gap left which no one could fill. If it was any one's business to try and fill it, it was mine, and yet I of all people was the most incapable. I groaned under the burden of having to do what I knew I couldn't. Then came the news that we were to go abroad, and I thought besides the struggle at home my entire life would be a series of failures as the London seasons had been, trying to talk when I had nothing to say, trying to please without wishing to be pleased, in fact an endless effort never crowned with success. This was a dreary outlook for me, whose idea of happiness was still to be alone and able lazily, selfishly to live in my own thoughts. As I gaped into the future with a kind of stupid hopelessness, a thing happened which seemed cruel and hard to bear. Up to this point in my life I had had a companion. He had been with me a very long time, I thought, and seemed to link together several eras of my childhood. He from the first had loved me as no one else had, not out of pity, not for the sake of those I belonged to, but he loved me my very self. When I was unhappy I had several consolations, music, F—, and the consolation of thinking out my thoughts before God, to let Him know them and trusting in His goodness and His power. But when I prayed, however much I believed my prayers were heard, there came no answer then and there, at the moment that I craved for it. And F— was but seldom with me, nor Music either, for that kind of exaltation in Art which was my joy does not come when it is sent for, only when it chooses. But this little com-

panion, my tender, warm-hearted, soft wee dog, was always there to see and feel and touch, and he really, really loved me. I didn't tire of him from the first day I had seen him to the day he died; it was always a fresh new pleasure to be with him and feel his loving little paws about me. I could talk to him, tell him all I felt, in audible sounding words, knowing that all my secrets were safe, and he seemed always sympathetic. I am glad now that he died when he did. I might have grown not to love him so much, for here he would have been a great trouble, and then he would have loved me less; even at the time I half realised this, and yet it seemed such a desertion. I wanted something to be the same in all the changes—something to come with me into the new life that would remind me of all I had most loved in the old. My sister was gone and we were to go abroad, and I should never see F—, I thought, and the fairy spirit of music would never come to visit me in the new places, and Punch, too, was dead. I am sure no one was ever more full of their own woes than I was at this time. Just before this my brother-in-law was taken ill. This gave me yet another awakening. My sister's prolonged agony of suspense, the possibility that he would die, how all my small sorrows and vexations vanished before this fear! In those ghastly long hours of doubt, when yet everything seemed to go its usual course with such wonderful sameness, and even some of one's sensations were more ordinary than I should have thought possible, in these long moments I gathered up in my mind all I had ever suffered or thought I could suffer of affliction or loss of what I loved, of shame and being despised, misunderstood, misinterpreted, of want and privation, of physical suffering, of boredom and dullness—all these I thought of with keen vivid thoughts of fear and laid down my stake before God and said, All this I will bear and much more if only this man may live and get well. Oh, the choking sense of not being able to purchase what one longed for, that he was not yet dead, that if only one did enough, worked hard enough, he might live. If only this could be, how gladly I would have sacrificed all I should ever have to give—as if (the idea seems so extraordinary now, yet it was the natural outcome of extreme desire) I could so bribe and satisfy death itself. My brother-in-law did not die, and showed every prospect of regaining his health.

After this, to leave our home and take up a most uncongenial life, instead of being the burden it had once seemed to me, was nothing—it only was beginning to pay up my debt, and I was

happy to do it. Whenever things seemed to jar or weigh heavily my sister's face rose before me and the remembrance of what I had felt at the time of suspense, and then everything present seemed again small and insignificant. But still the life here at first was difficult and dreary—drudging in the extreme, and after the first stretch of it from December to July, I felt as if my last thread of endurance had snapped, especially the physical part of it. Then straight bang out of it I go away from it with my friend. It seemed a bit of my old self and life returning. Though in reality it was not long, it seemed to me an age ago since we came away, and all before that had become a vision rather than the remembrance of reality. Well, to step back into my old life or rather into what had before been my ideal, for never till then had I been alone with F—, free from every little restriction of duty, other people's convenience, &c., and this after leading a life more actively disagreeable to me than any I had ever known, do you wonder that it enabled me to write a letter 'full of the enjoyment of life'? It is simply impossible for me to go on writing at this length, for I must long ago have tired out even your patience, mine is quite used up. But to come to an end,—from this time onwards I have become a far calmer and infinitely happier creature, my object in life has become more and more fixed, I feel as if it were now quite immovable; it is this—To cultivate selflessness in so far as it enables me to look at Truth with unbiassed eyes but not with any other object; to weigh everything in life as it comes to me and discover what is the best way of dealing with it with regard to present and future, and this done, to use everything I have in me and every influence I have over external things to the carrying out of my decision. This sounds too primitive, too simple, too shortsighted and aimless to be an object for life, and yet I find that it makes everything interesting, every event, every person that I meet is a problem to be solved, it creates endless questions to be answered and endless things to be done. This may be a mistaken resolution. I don't, however, think it is, nor that I have chosen it from love of peace and ease and the fear of strife. I am speaking as if I were a saint, but understand that I have referred to my *ideal*, not my carrying out of it. My actions, of course, fall mountains short of my intentions, but if I were to die to-morrow I think I should not regret that I have made this the object of my life—only the many times I have failed to live up to it. I think the secret of happiness is not to have an imaginary ideal, and knock down

blindly every obstacle in the pursuit of it, but to use what we have before us, around us, every day to take as we find them the characters of those about us and the circumstances of our own life and to turn all these to as good a use as we can. There was a time when this would have appeared to me a very dull and bounded thing to aim at if any one had recommended it to me. I should have felt as if they were telling me to walk when I had wings to fly. I should have thought it required no boldness or courage, no resistance, no perseverance, no suffering for the aim, nothing but a dull patience with small rewards, and no great final sense of having overcome. But now I know that it requires as much courage, as much strength, as much endurance, as much enterprise as any of my past grander ambitions, and I burn with as much enthusiasm for it as I have ever done for any of my ideals. I often say things, and still more often look as if I were tired and bored with everything, but this is only because sometimes my body seems a heavy weight to lug along, and I can't get the better of it. However, when I say I wish for rest, the rest of nothingness, it is a purely physical wish, and like the people in fairy tales I should be sorry if my wish were granted. I assure you I am really tremendously happy now, happier than I have ever been. It is a safe long-lived happiness, not what I used to have, a sort of pure joy which was intoxicating while it lasted, but used to come and go quick, like bubbles, and leave no good behind when it was gone. I like almost every one a little, and a great many people very much. And a quite new kind of pleasure has come into my life lately. The pleasure of, as it were, sitting and watching people pass and being especially delighted with those who, like children and very young people, seem unconscious of what is going on around them, and of the causes and working of things.

I had shown one of my niece's letters to a girl friend, and she thus discusses it.

My dear Mrs. Earle,—I think your niece's letter shows great pluck, but she seems to me to start from an entirely wrong standpoint. Pain is, I believe, an entire evil, and to be stamped out as an evil—and as an enemy. Therein lies the great stumbling-block of the Christian religion, and the reason why it has incalculably retarded the growth of the world. I hate the morbid doctrine that we are better for pain. We are not. It's so much to the bad, so much of loss of nerve power and vitality. I don't mean that if pain is absolutely inevitable

we can't fight it down so as not to disgrace our humanity by complaining over-much, but that energy which is used to combat pain is taken away from its proper sphere of action, i.e., the improvement of the world on the wholesome happy human lines. And in this great subject of pain seems to be the key of the universe. God tolerates pain because by our inanity and stupidity we have brought it into the world, but I do not believe that it was originally in His scheme of things, and I am sure that everything we do towards the lessening of it and towards increasing the horror of it is helping Him. It sounds silly, I always think, to talk of God as a person—but He is a very great reality to me—though I dislike Christianity and most other religions as much as any one can. Beautiful as Christ's life undoubtedly was—He made that great mistake, He deified pain, and that's where your niece errs. She thinks pain strengthens the character and improves the human being. It does not. It is like setting a man to walk up a mountain with a sprained ankle, when he might have gone sound. He gets there all the same—but he takes twice as long. I wish we had the old Pagan idea that pain and illness are things to be ashamed of and fought with, though if the pain is quite undeserved we ought to be gentle with it in others. I'm not sure that the system of entirely condoning the sufferer when it's his own fault is ever wise. If I had a child and it eat too much jam and had a pain in consequence, I should explain that that pain would inevitably follow too much jam, and not say, Poor little angel, how dreadfully sad. You see my pen has run away with me.

The clever girl who wrote this next letter offered to paint my youngest son Max, who was a very pretty little boy; but he had had his picture painted once already, and his opinion was 'never again,' so it did not come off. She like myself married, and then the love of art, at any rate for a time, goes to the wall.

1879.

It would be too good to be true having your ideal Max to sit to me; only I feel so sure he would hate me like the little girl I am painting, who said to me the other day, 'I want to go home, you try me so.' To be believed in by those whose opinions one really values is a great stimulus to work. The other day your cheering interest came like a tonic, one is so afraid either of believing too much in oneself or not sufficiently. Well-

intentioned friends who stare at your attempts and talk of them as 'exquisite perfection' make me feel hot with shame at myself. Condescending friends who say 'Very pretty, but lacking neatness; dear me, what impossible attitudes,' &c., they make me feel sorry to be so little understood. But when a few exceptional kind nice friends like you say, 'Work, there is stuff in you, only work all the harder on that account,' then I feel like the war-horse laughing at the trumpet sound. Fortunately my one thought, love and ambition is painting, and if I do anything it will not be exactly for the sake of shining or earning, but more to get rid of something which weighs upon me and is only to be shaken off by the incessant working off of my ideas. I do not feel that I should like to be what is called an artistic, an æsthetic atmosphere would be too hot and rich for me. I shall live, I hope, in a cool, equable, every-day temperature, where art is at a discount and only occasionally talked of. My cousin, Hamilton Aidé, asked me to send him my portfolio on Friday next. He is so kind that I cannot refuse him, but I do not enjoy that kind of thing. I feel as though it were disloyal to myself, allowing people to see such grotesque, ill-drawn, and to many utterly meaningless sketches. It is something like tearing pages out of one's journal to scatter them in Charing Cross. I have done nothing for any one to see; when I have I shall be joyfully proud to show to all who come to look. That poem you have been so good as to copy out for me is very remarkable, very paintable, and even for so short a thing full of meaning and story, rather rare in this age of wordy pettiness and little substance; what a beautiful song it would make! I wonder whether it is written by a Miss Taylor called Una. I remember meeting years ago a little girl at Bournemouth of that name and wondering whether she was called after Spenser's Una; she was a daughter of Sir Henry Taylor.

I give the poem referred to. It was by Una Van Artevelde Taylor, daughter of Sir Henry.

LOVE'S PROMISE

'I will come back,' Love cried, 'I will come back';
 And there where he had passed lay one bright track
 Dream-like and golden as the moonlit sea
 Between the June wood's shadows tall and black.

'I will come back,' Love cried. Ah me!

Love will come back.

He will come back,—yet Love I wait, I wait,
 Though it is evening now and cold and late
 And I am weary watching here so long.
 A pale sad watcher at a silent gate,
 For Love who is so fair and swift and strong
 I wait, I wait.

He will come back, come back though he delays.
 He will come back, for in old years and days
 He was my playmate. He will not forget ;
 Tho' he may linger long amid new ways
 He will bring back with barren sweet regret
 Old years and days.

Hush on the lonely hills, Love comes again,
 But his young feet are marked with many a stain,
 The golden haze has passed from his fair brow
 And round him clings the blood-red robe of pain
 And it is night, O Love, Love, enter now,
 Remain, remain.

I had got dreadfully tired of dining out and our small social life in Cambridge Terrace, and longed to have ever so small a cottage in the country ; but living in Bryanston Square in a large house and entertaining was a different thing and gave me much more to do, though I wrote to my mother in 1887,

I am getting old and find society more and more of an effort, and yet I suppose it is much worse for those who have daughters. Edith looked a ghost and so tired, and was going to two balls ; and her girls do not enjoy it a bit, which makes it worse. What a mistake it is to take girls out who don't like it ! Do you remember, dear, how I used to like it when I first came out, and what fun we had together in Paris ? How long ago those Paris days seem.

I had one very successful evening in my worldly days in Bryanston Square, immensely helped by a most kind young man friend ; indeed it never could have come off without him. My poor husband was turned out of his comfortable front sitting-room, and the back room, which was the dining-room, made an excellent stage, and we had a little French



C. W. Carter.



Late 60th. Rifle and Pike Brigade, aged 34

play called *Risette, ou les millions de la Mansarde*, comédie par Edmond About. It was brilliantly acted by Margot Tennant, then quite young, Annie Schletter and my cousin, Captain Fred Liddell. It was so successful I never dared repeat it, and my usual parties went on with amateur music and talking, not I hope together, but apart.

We gave up that nice house in Bryanston Square after a few years, and so ended my entertaining, except in a very quiet way in London and here. Bryanston Square was most inconveniently far for my young Guardsmen. It was a great joy that my husband always wished as much as possible to adapt our lives to the sons' lives.

Our increased fortune being secured, my husband kindly gave up the long-cherished wish of having a yacht of his own, though he yachted whenever he had a chance with his friends. I was very sorry it was the one thing I could not do with him, and I must confess too I took no interest in his other pleasure, which was fishing. So he decided to get some small country place where we were to live half the year, the other half in London, and he wished the country house to be mine after his death; he always believed I should out-live him. People with fixed ideas of what they want know the almost impossibility of finding it. We were no exception to this rule, and in despair we fixed at last on a house and garden far below our ideals, but my husband would not build, preferring, as he said, the faults of others to those of his own making. Improving the place we had chosen was an amusement to both of us, and he delighted in having horses in the stables he had built, which were a cross between a Burne-Jones studio and a Dutch house. The sons always declared that two Scotch firs at the end of the garden really, as far as my opinion went, decided the purchase. I think we did improve the place very much, and I found the difficulty of conquering the Bagshot sand a most useful exercise for a gardener. During the first two years, from my ignorance and inexperience of anything but the heavy soil of Hertfordshire, everything I planted died. When we first came here the place, the village and the

surroundings, were quite extraordinarily countrified and rural and quiet, considering how near to London it was. We were three and a half miles from a station before the new Guildford line was opened. All that is, of course, greatly changed now. The slender telegraph poles have grown to the size I first saw with astonishment in America, and the main road is full of motors day and night, flashing past the old-fashioned milestones still marked with the broad arrow. It was only the other day that I learned the origin of the sign. The ancient Cymric symbol called the three rods or rays of light signified the eye of light or the radiating light of intelligence shed upon the Druidic circle. This symbol was appropriated by King Edward the Third, and adopted as one of his badges. It was also borne by his son the Black Prince, and by other Princes of Wales. The broad arrow occurs as a mark of the Royal household as early as 1386, and after 1693 was used as a mark for Government stores.

I always feel, as I walk about, that my end will be a motor car or bicycle in the small of my back, and agree with the little boy who, when asked 'What is the difference between the quick and the dead?' replied, 'The quick are those who get out of the way of motor cars and the dead are those who don't.' During the seventeen years that we lived here only in the summer, I went away very rarely for any length of time—once to Canada and once to Norway. The scenery in Norway, such as I saw, was a disappointment to me, a colder Switzerland without its grandeur.

In the early years of our living at Woodlands I used to take pains and ask people a long time beforehand. I remember one party well, in 1884, because it was the only time that one of the dearest personalities I ever knew, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, came to stay with us. He was so kind and nice, and the weather was fine and hot, and he praised everything I had done, and he said my little red silk curtains were like flames, and he liked them, and I was so gratified. The other guests were Sir Charles Dilke, Henry James, the novelist, Thomas Croft, a fishing friend of my husband's,

and Mrs. Mark Pattison, afterwards Lady Dilke,—a friend of mine from my girlhood, for we had drawn side by side at the schools at South Kensington. Here are three charming characteristic notes written by Burne-Jones to me about this time.

1884.

My dear Mrs. Earle,—I did not even try for one five minutes that prescription for sleep given to me by Mrs. Mark Pattison, foreseeing certain apoplexy, but it was prettily illustrated I must say. No, I shall lie on my back and be a victim to nightmare all my nights, and it can't be helped, besides I like to face these hags of darkness, and don't know what undreamt of terror might come of turning my back on them. We had a delightful day, and Henry James is lovable, isn't he? Shall I ever beguile him into confession, I wonder, or lead him astray into one paradox or one least bit of tomfoolery to make our friendship more equal? It isn't quite fair, is it? I feel as wicked, naked as Sebastian, and he is as armed as Hamlet's father, which brings me to Horatio,¹ whose book I send with this. Georgey says it will go safely, but I dread trusting it to Fawcett's management (though I believe he sees as well as any man in the cabinet); however it is very carefully packed, and I hope you will just send me a line to say it has reached you safely. And I can't criticise.² I am not sure that I can spell the hideous word. I have read it through, at first with a little bewilderment, then with increasing wonder, surprise, and finally with absorbed sympathy, but that weary balance sheet that the critics make is not for me. I am sure I have said to you, till the phrase must have tired with repetition—when I like a work of art its faults are nothing to me, and when I dislike, its virtues are nothing, and this book I like, it is on my side, loves the same gods and the same loves, proves all things to an extreme in the way I want. While I read it I believed in my own work more; what a confession of egotism, but you needn't tell. My own sleepy palace of roses seemed to have some new justification, and I take it as a good omen that just in these days when I am beginning again that drowsy work, this unlooked-for hand should be reached out to me. You don't want more criticism than that, do you? At a first reading it is all that is worth saying, or right to say; if sometimes I felt a page overcharged with imagery or a dream within a dream make too much intricacy

¹ A book of his drawings.

² Lord Lytton's 'King Poppy.'

I also felt that at a second reading I should see its purpose, and I believe in artists so much that I think they know best—in brief, it says fervently all my creed that the dream is reality if one dreams bravely. But I do want the book accessible. How could it offend if it were published? and if it did, what fun! say I; but Lord, our clock-work little people up there wouldn't understand one line. Haven't they seen pantomime kings and courts for fifty years and seen no offence and taken no warning? Now must I get to work. Tell me about Miss Tennant¹ when she stays with you, and expose that mystery to me a little. Good-bye, it is a lovely home you have made, and I did enjoy my day. Three immense beasts burrowed into me in the hand, and one now living in me makes feverish blood all over my hands, in vain I try to think it is right. I shall see the reason more clearly when I cease to tickle.

1884.

Dear Mrs. Earle,—I send back Lord Lytton's letter at once, for fear that in the muddle of my studio it might get mislaid. Yes, I wish from my heart we could see more of each other, and who knows what may happen? between the night and the morning all one's plans are destroyed and a new life begins, and by-and-bye chance may help. It is a great delight to spend hours with a friend and a pleasure that we get little enough of, but I never much expect it, and have learnt to think of it not as a necessity. We will talk later on of the Knebworth plan. I have a busy year meted out to me, and cannot as yet make plans, but if I can go I will. I am meantime very glad that my sympathy which was heartfelt was acceptable. Miss Laura Tennant I saw yesterday, for she came to have tea, and I was all to bits with rheumatism (indeed I cannot endure these swift changes from heat to cold, and am being killed). She was very bright and cheered me mightily.

This morning, waking very early, I tried that way of sleeping proposed by that fair friend, and it had more impossibilities and inconveniences than I could have imagined, a fiendish way of rest, for there was not an evil in all nature that did not come and sport at me instantly. Suffocating nightmare and I know not what besides; an evil plan, decidedly men and women have essential differences!

My dear Mrs. Earle,—Here is an angry letter written in hot haste, but if I reflect, I shan't write, and I want to write and not

¹ Laura Tennant.

to reflect. And it is about that infamous, scurrilous, shameful parody of Rossetti in last night's *Pall Mall*. Now if it was about myself, and when it is about myself that these ungracious things are done, I bear them, but I won't bear my master insulted, and now please I will never meet the editor of that paper—never. Whoever wrote the contemptible stuff, he is responsible, and I decline to meet him or shake hands with him. The time for such ungenerous, unfair attacks on men who are helping the world, as Rossetti does, is over, and that the *Pall Mall* should help to keep alive this kind of thing is utterly disappointing. Here is a case where I won't forgive. So you will ask me to dinner, won't you, but you will never let me meet him, as I should insult him.

Burne-Jones had another interest in coming here, for the house next door, called Sandroyd, had been built by his friend Webb, the architect, for Stanhope, the painter, and he had been in the lovely fir woods here in his youth, and they made the background of some of his pictures, especially 'Green Summer.' Burne-Jones afterwards designed the cover for the posthumous publication of Lord Lytton's 'King Poppy.'

One of my rather childish amusements at Woodlands, in the eighties, was to read to my guests some poem involving a moral question, especially Sir Alfred Lyall's 'Retrospection,' in his very clever volume of 'Verses written in India.' It was most interesting to see the different views taken in a party of eight or nine, as to which moral action was right and which was wrong. Another moral question I remember was asked. What was the right thing for a girl with a past to do, if a man entirely ignorant of that past asked her in marriage? Ought she to make a clean breast of it? Ought he then to say, Well, then, I can't marry you? The position has many sides, and is full of difficulties. I think the truth ought to be told, and the risk of his strong objection taken.

Another game was to ask people on a wet Sunday—not so common then as they have been of late years, when Mr. Maurice Baring wrote, 'the climate of Manchuria is very like that of England, except that it does not rain *every* Saturday and Sunday—to write out what they thought would be

a good list of eight books for a badly read girl of eighteen, who was worthy of intellectual development. Turning out some old drawers the other day—quite as untidy and unsorted as my dear mother's used to be—I found some of these old lists written by different people in 1895 or 1896. Some years hence they may be indicative of the taste and culture of the day.

FIRST LIST

1. Ruskin's 'Sesame and Lilies.' Because it makes girls feel the influence of their purity and goodness.
2. Kinglake's 'Eothen.' Because it may refine her sense of literary style and cultivate her sense of humour.
3. Bagehot's 'Literary Essays.' Because he brings high spirits into hard thinking and tells every one something new about old subjects.
4. Marbot's 'Memoires.' To give her a taste for heroism and war and a general notion of Napoleon.
5. Wordsworth's 'Tintern Abbey,' and 'Ode to Duty.' To stimulate her imagination.
6. Mrs. Gatty's 'Parables from Nature.' Combining reverence and fancy and useful if she has a fancy for Sunday-school teaching.
7. Mrs. Ewing's 'Jackanapes.' A study of style, pathos, humour and human nature.
8. 'Don Quixote.' To stir up unknown depths of romance, satire, pathos, humour, &c.

All these first-rate novels :—

1. 'Esmond.' Exquisite style.
2. 'Through one Administration.' Very human heroine.
3. 'Sylvia's Lovers.' Very perfect novel.
4. 'Anna Karénina.' Shows how with everything in her favour a good woman cannot play a bad part.
5. 'Middlemarch.' A block cut out of the world.
6. 'The Interpreter.' Charming.

SECOND LIST

These books are chosen as being each typical of the kind and not above the comprehension (at least in a great part) of an intelligent girl.

Ruskin's 'Modern Painters.'
 Boswell's 'Life of Johnson.'
 Bagehot's 'Lombard Street.'
 Lyall's 'Asiatic Studies.'
 Bates' 'Naturalist on the Amazon.'
 Lamb's 'Life and Letters.'
 Trevelyan's 'Early Life of C. J. Fox.'
 Newman's 'Idea of a University.'

If I might add a supplementary list giving light novels, they would be:—'Guy Mannering,' 'Emma,' 'Esmond,' 'David Copperfield,' 'Evan Harrington,' 'The Return of the Native,' 'The Mill on the Floss,' 'Lavengro.'

THIRD LIST

1. Birrell's 'Essays.' To create a thirst to know more.
2. Boswell's 'Life of Johnson.' As a study of the eighteenth century.
3. Froude's 'Short Studies on Great Subjects.' As an index of what to study.
4. Carlyle's 'Heroes and Hero Worship.' The least difficult of his characteristic books.
5. Ruskin's 'Sesame and Lilies.'
6. Macaulay's 'Essays.' Because for one not accustomed to reading the style is so easy and arresting.
7. Madame Campan's 'Memoirs of Marie Antoinette.' Being the most fascinating account of the court, and the least repulsive history of the Terror.
8. Addison's *Spectator* articles, for the beauty of their style.

FOURTH LIST

'Natural Law in the Spiritual World.' Because though scientifically light it will familiarise her with the times both of metaphysics and natural science and without wounding probable orthodox susceptibilities will teach her that a dogma is not the worse for being reasonable—that will be quite enough for her to know for the present.

Green's 'Short History of the English People.' Provided she be well grounded in the principal events of each reign, this book will be of the greatest service, minimising the importance of the kings and queens who are convenient pegs for memory but often left little or no mark on their times.

'The Book of Sibyls.' Delightful, affectionate sketches of women writers.

'Obiter Dicta.' These essays will rather suggest than inform, but this easy handling of hard subjects should be a revelation to one accustomed to the ponderous genii of the schoolroom.

Mrs. Oliphant's 'Literary History of England.' Not perhaps critically a very sure guide, but admirably written and introducing one most charmingly to the great men of one hundred years.

'The Nature of Gothic.' This is but a chapter of 'Stones of Venice,' but every word should be laid to heart or rather both the principles of the one fine art in which Englishmen have done excellently.

Dean Stanley's 'Seven Memorials of Canterbury.' No local sketches more attractive than these, and no perusal more profitable than the reading of history as writ on buildings, no country village in England in which one may not find something of interest. To this fact this book may open the reader's eyes, will indeed if they are worthy of it.

Carlyle's 'French Revolution.' This book will be unintelligible if read without previous study of the great year of liberty. How the French people, imperfectly prepared, shook off monarchy only to submit to Napoleon's despotism.

FIFTH LIST

Froude's 'Short Studies on Great Subjects.'

Shakespeare's 'Hamlet,' 'As you like it,' and 'Henry VIII.'

'Ingoldsby Legends.'

Green's 'Short History.'

Lewes' 'Life of Goethe.'

Stevenson's 'Familiar Portraits of Men and Books.'

Oliphant's 'Makers of Venice and Florence.'

George Eliot's 'Mill on the Floss' and 'Romola.'

SIXTH LIST

Green's 'History of England.' Reasons not necessary as obvious.

Milton's 'Paradise Lost' and 'Sonnets.' Typical of the highest English poetry.

Kinglake's 'Eothen.' Beautiful writing and recommended in consequence of its graphic picture of Eastern life.

Hans Andersen's 'Tales.' Wonderful moral lessons taught in the most fanciful, picturesque and poetical way.

Ruskin's 'Stones of Venice.' An epoch-making book; to read for the first time it opens the mind and the heart.

'Idylls of the King.' A masterpiece of a great modern poet.

Some of Scott's. Certainly 'Quentin Durward' and 'Talisman,' 'Jeanie Deans,' or 'The Heart of Midlothian.' The two historical chosen as being of such different periods.

'Esmond.' A famous novel which had a very great influence in its day.

SEVENTH LIST

Macaulay's 'Essays.' Because they would teach any fairly educated girl how little she knows.

Mrs. Gaskell's 'Life of Charlotte Brontë.' Because it teaches what women can do with perseverance under the most adverse circumstances.

John Ruskin's 'Sesame and Lilies.' Because particularly written for girls by an intelligent girl-lover.

Moore's 'Life of Byron.' Because as amusing as any novel, and a good way of teaching a girl some knowledge much to be desired of a man's nature.

Hamerton's 'Intellectual Life.' An easy book and yet one that would make a girl think.

Shakespeare's 'Plays.' As containing all knowledge of human nature.

Green's 'History of the English People.' A good corrective to the teaching of schoolroom history.

Thackeray's 'Newcomes.' Because it teaches life with great tenderness.

This is the last long letter of my dear mother's that I have found—quite in her old style and full of family allusions. It is addressed to one of her sisters, the Dowager Viscountess Barrington, who shortly afterwards died from falling downstairs backwards as she was going up to bed, carrying something heavy in her arms—books, I think. It happened at 20 Cavendish Square, her London house, which she had lived in all her life.

Ryde, September, 1882.

My darling Janey,—I have your last kind letter before me. One cannot choose or doubt for a moment that God must see all, where we are so very short-sighted God must know and act for

the best in all things. My mind has never felt any difficulty in realising the Truth. But if it pleased Him I would so much rather be taken before my faculties fail. I feel a very great difference this year. There has been no real summer and so very much here of howling high winds. Blowing a hurricane now, and from the East, due East to-day, and I fear it is a terrible night for poor ships coming home.

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There have been sad casualties this year and I do not think, as permanent residence, Ryde is good for the heart. Poor Harry Lockwood died at Bournemouth, not here. They had let their nice house and grounds to the Duc de Choiseul, né Praslin. But after that horrible murder and father's death in prison, you know, to escape public execution, the son calls himself Choiseul. I do not know them. Well—Lockwood was at Bournemouth. His mother, Lady Julia, I believe, lives near. The wife was talking and laughing with her husband just gone to bed, she was mixing some little remedy for him. He just said, 'Now I must go to sleep,' and dropt on his pillow stone dead; the sister, Miss Bonar, was away with her great friend Lady Howard de Walden; was not that a shock to the poor wife? She can't grow calm, half crushed, poor thing; but they have left to-day, and I am sure it was the only thing; she went up to the grave every morning, shut up in a carriage, and there flung herself on his grave in all weathers and saw no one. So I think movement and taking her away the only thing to save her from monomania. I think much of Theresa's advice. When my spirits fail the dead solitude is a strain on the brain. I feel it so,—and yet the idea of the turnout terrifies me, and I feel as if I ought to do so much, and clear and burn by wholesale. I have hoarded letters so, living so much alone, and bills and receipts, for they are great cheats here and necessary to keep all, but I have no debts and not a bit pinched for money. This house is mine at the cheap rate of 105 rent per annum, then taxes of course, but it is crammed and no one to help me, and it feels like a nightmare. Theresa comes home from the Continent to-morrow night. I mean to go to her and look out for a suitable tenement. I am kindly pressed to go to Knebworth, but hardly feel up to it, and no doctor there I should care to see.

You see, dear, I was never strong, and struck seventy-five 17th August, so at last I feel quite an old woman. My hair still lasts, only grey underneath on the temples. But I do feel much

aged this year, and don't relish food a bit, though I can swallow what is needed. I take no wine at all and very little meat. I hate whisky. George¹ is no help, he is so accustomed to have me nurse him, and he wrangles so with me on politics, as a Liberal and Gladstonian, but he is the last remaining, most bigoted old Tory of George III day, quite out of date, and talks such rubbish, no politician whatever. I should never dispute with you and your George,² and see how dear mother hectored Edward and how he loved and admired your dear beloved William. There is no liberality in not allowing others their opinions, but George wags on and no reading or knowledge, so of course he does not influence me at all. If both were members of the House of Commons, we should be as far apart as possible. Dear Lord Shaftesbury has strong opinions, but such a good man I admire and look up to him, though the Conservative side, but there must be two sides or we should all go to sleep. I could see Disraeli's merits well enough, and old Lord Lytton's too, both very clever men. Then you know in my youth and yours they were both red-hot Radicals, with Lord Durham, Ben Stanley, Brougham and all the out and outer Radicals. Never invited to Percy's Cross at all. I never was introduced to either, never shook hands with Dizzy in my life, so odd. But then you know I gave up society very much when I married. The intimates were John Russell, George Lewis, Lord Lansdowne, Sir Edmund Head, Lord Lyons, then Sir Edmund and Lady Edward's bosom friends; he gave away the Dowager Duchess of Norfolk in marriage. Lyons would not leave his post at Athens where Fitzalan wooed and won his daughter. Dear Clarendon was charming, such a nobleman, and never quarrelled with any one. Edward would have risen to the top had he lived. Only married eight years, hélas! but nice children and all four so well cared for; it is wonderful, but God protects the widow and the orphan, dear, and surely he has prospered us, so I am very thankful, and blamable to be low and unhappy, but I can't help it.

In the spring of 1890 my husband and second son went to Spain. I gave up going partly because I was anxious about my mother's state of health, and both my sisters were out of England, one in Paris and the other at the Cape, and partly because of our youngest son's Easter holidays.

¹ Her brother.

² Her son, Lord Barrington.

The last time my dear mother ever came to visit us at Woodlands was in the autumn of 1887. I made a short note of the fact in my gardening book, and there could have been no fitter place, for she loved my garden and appreciated my working about in it, saying it reminded her of her dear sister 'Minnie.'¹ The last evening she was here she said she would never come again; she was too old to move; perhaps she was right. There was nothing the matter with her beyond an increasing weakness, not unnatural at eighty. She ate her dinner and then sat down to the piano and played the little tunes we had so often heard, feeling herself the solemn sadness of the situation. When she had done I kissed her, and she said, 'There dear, you will never hear me play again.' She had given away her piano out of her own house. Dear mother, how we loved her; and with all her small faults what a remarkable woman she was, and how good to us all! Old age seems to me sad and painful. She lived for two years more. When on the 14th of April 1890 I was in bed in London with a cold, a telegram came saying I had better go to Ryde at once. I got up and dressed and reached Waterloo station in three-quarters of an hour, and caught an earlier train than they thought possible. I found her more comfortable than when I had been with her two months before. After a little she knew me, and asked why I had come, and patted my cheek with her dear cold hand, and said 'Dear Teasy,' but she never smiled. About nine at night the doctor came and asked if he should stay with me. I said 'No, thank you, it can do no good,' and so her faithful maid and I watched to the end, which came quite quietly at 12.30. I felt my heart almost bursting with loving memories, and this was my first meeting of death by the bedside, or rather the act of dying, and it was so gentle, so entirely without pain or struggle, as a light flickers for a few minutes and then goes out. It was strange to live to my age of fifty-four, and never to have seen any one breathe their last breath. No one could in this case doubt for a moment when the end came. My eldest son arrived the next day. My husband

¹ Lady Normanby.

and the second son were in France, and when I took him in to see her, he said almost in surprise, 'Quite beautiful,' and so she was. The lovely Byron lines came back to me, as I suppose they do to many, in that mysterious hour.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
 Ere the first day of death is fled,
 The first dark day of nothingness,
 The last of danger and distress,
 (Before Decay's effacing fingers
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,
 And marked the mild angelic air,
 The rapture of repose that's there,
 The fixed yet tender traits that streak
 The languor of the placid cheek,
 And but for that sad shrouded eye,
 That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
 And but for that chill, changeless brow
 Where cold abstraction's apathy
 Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
 As if to him it could impart
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon.
 Yes, but for these and these alone,
 Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour
 He still might doubt the tyrant's power.
 So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
 The first, last look by death reveal'd!

We, her children, the Lyttons coming from Paris, according to her wish, buried her by the door of the little church in the Park at Knebworth, where the happiest of her old age days had been spent. I only wish my end could be like hers. For I feel most strongly the truth of these words, to be found in Jowett's translation of Plato.

That the fear of death is indeed the pretence of Wisdom, and not real wisdom, being a pretended knowledge of the unknown; no one knows whether death, which men in their fear apprehend to be the greatest evil, may not be the greatest good. Is there not here conceit of knowledge, which is a disgraceful sort of ignorance?

It is truly said,—‘ To a father when his child dies, the future dies ; to a child when his parents die, the past dies.’

I think it was some time in the eighties, at any rate long ago, before we knew so much about Japan, that a man friend kindly wrote me this letter concerning many things that were then quite new to me. We have heard such praise of late of the Japanese, so beautifully described in the books of Lafcadio Hearn, the best of which is, I think, ‘ Kokoro,’ that my poor friend’s difficulties with his workmen, his house and garden, form a strong contrast to what one expects in that land of flowers and exquisite art. We are always being brought back to La Rochefoucauld’s cynical saying that there is something in the misfortune of our friends that is not altogether distasteful to us.

My dear Mrs. Earle,—I have survived the journey and also three very weary months spent struggling to impel the Japanese workman along the path of duty. Although it is but small, seldom rising above one and ninepence a day, the labourer in this country is most unworthy of his hire and very soon exhausts the very small stock of patience which an Englishman possesses. The Government have given their legal adviser a very fine and large and badly (red brick) built house in which even now is to be heard the sound of the hammer, Sundays not excepted. There is a small amount of pleasant space in the garden in which I am putting things gradually, including, of course, many lilies. My English seeds have for the most part been eaten of ants, blown away by the terrific winds which blow from all quarters of the heavens, or washed away by the deluge of rain which follows the wind. Some few have survived, among which I am glad to reckon four nasturtiums, six lupins, and a few other things which have just begun to show above the ground ; these promise well ; of those which remain, some will be destroyed by the dogs, who hold high romps in the garden soon after dawn, and some again will go to form part of the nests of the crows which are now in building. These crows are gigantic warriors in their way, and as shooting within the capital is visitable with death to the shooter and not necessarily to the shot at, are strong and lusty as young eagles. During one week I found twenty or thirty of the new sods pulled up every morning ; they do this both with beak and claw ; on the whole you may gather there-

fore that they are very annoying. But to compensate for the difficulty of gardening, the flowers of the country are simply lovely ; so far I have only seen the trees, and things don't begin to grow freely in the country till the middle of May ; but up to the present we have had plum, cherry, single white and double pink, these last flowers bigger than half-a-crown, camellias white and red, magnolia, pyrus, Judas trees, almond, and many more ; now the wistaria trees, white and lilac, are coming into perfection of blossom, the trees are simply enormous and form huge arbours all over the place, and in another week the azaleas will be in full bloom, simply masses of colour ; after which will come the Paulownia, the natural trees of Japan, which I hear are very handsome, with great spikes of lavender-coloured flowers like the pentstemon. All the trees, except the camellias, having the flowers before the leaves has a curious effect upon the landscape ; the general aspect of affairs is a uniform dull brown, then suddenly patched with white, then the magnolia shoots out like a huge candle, then whole distances grow pink with the cherries, and all this time not a bit of green to be seen anywhere, and the grass is quite lifeless all the winter, and is only just beginning to sprout. For house decoration they have the most delightful dwarf trees about eighteen inches high, trained into a pretty shape and covered with flowers ; just now our house is full of white wistaria. These trees require some knowledge to bring them to perfection, which, however, I mean to acquire. You buy these trees in the street at night ; all the big streets have one night a month in which they turn into a flower fair, and all the gardeners round about bring everything that has the slightest floral capacity for sale. To vary the subject I must tell you that while writing the above we had a most brutal shock, *i.e.*, an earthquake. Our house is supposed to be solidly built, but in was just as if one lived in a cardboard box and somebody had taken it up and given it a good shaking bump, heave, shake and worry, worry, worry. I don't know if this will give you any idea of my feelings on the subject ; they are somewhat difficult to describe. We get a nasty one about once in six weeks.

I find I have forgotten to mention the Rev. William Harness, the friend of Byron, whom I knew fairly well before I married. It was then, as it is still, an interesting link with what is now a far-away past. He had the church at the back of Rutland Gate, and used to preach cultivated

and literary sermons, before Broad Church doctrines were fashionable. He was a great defender of Byron's, and very severe on my hero Ruskin, which I did not at all understand at that time. Perhaps I know better now what his point was, apparent to any one who knows Ruskin's story. He sent me in May 1861 a dainty little book, with the following note:—

My dear Miss Villiers,—I the other day picked up in a second-hand shop the accompanying copy of a poem which I printed *privately* years and years ago. Will you do me the favour of accepting it as an humble and expiatory offering for my abuse of John Ruskin?

Believe me to be ever yours faithfully,
W. Harness.

He christened both my elder sons, and I was pleased to see them in his kind old arms. He also gave me a book he had had privately printed, Memorials of his friend, Miss Catherine Maria Fanshawe, containing photographs from some of her drawings and fragments of her writings; amongst others, the famous 'Riddle' which in my youth was generally attributed to Byron, and which I still think is exceedingly clever.

'Twas in heaven pronounced, and 'twas muttered in hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell;
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confest.
'Twill be found in the sphere when 'tis riven asunder,
Be seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder.
'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath,
Attends at his birth, and awaits him in death,
Presides o'er his happiness, honour and health,
Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth.
In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost on his prodigal heir.
It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
With the husbandman toils, and with monarchs is crown'd.
Without it the soldier, the seaman may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home.

In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
 Nor e'en in the whirlpool of passion be drown'd.
 'Twill not soften the heart ; but though deaf be the ear,
 It will make it acutely and instantly hear.
 Yet in shade let it rest like a delicate flower,
 Ah ! breathe on it softly—it dies in an hour.¹

The other most interesting thing in the book is a fragment of a letter written by Miss Fanshawe in the spring of 1817, and giving the account of a dinner at Sir Humphry Davy's with Madame de Stael and Lord Byron.

I have just stayed in London long enough to get a sight of the last imported lion, Mde. de Stael ; but it was a sight worth twenty peeps through ordinary show-boxes, being the longest and the most entertaining dinner at which I ever in my life was present. The party being very small, her conversation was for the benefit of all who had ears to hear, and even my imperfect organ lost but little of the discourse : happy if memory had served me with as much fidelity ; for, had the whole discourse been written without one syllable of correction it would be difficult to name a dialogue so full of eloquence and wit. Eloquence is a great word, but not too big for her. She speaks as she writes ; and upon this occasion she was inspired by indignation, finding herself between two opposition spirits, who gave full play to all her energies. She was astonished to hear that this pure and perfect constitution was in need of radical reform ; that the only safety for Ireland was to open wide the doors which had been locked and barred by the glorious revolution ; and that Great Britain, the bulwark of the world, the Rock which alone had withstood the sweeping flood, the ebbs and flows of Democracy and Tyranny, was herself feeble, disjointed, and almost on the eve of ruin. So, at least, was it represented by her antagonist in argument, ' Childe Harold,' whose sentiments, partly perhaps for the sake of argument, grew deeper and darker in proportion to her enthusiasm. The wit was his. He is a mixture of gloom and sarcasm, chastened, however, by good breeding, and with a vein of original genius that makes some atonement for the unheroic and ungenial cast of his whole mind. It is a mind that never conveys the idea of sunshine. It is a dark night upon which the lightning flashes. The conversation between these two and Sir Humphry Davy, at whose house they met, was so animated, that Lady Davy

¹ The letter 'H.'

proposed the coffee being served in the eating-room ; so we did not separate till eleven. Of course, we had assembled rather late. I should not say 'assembled,' for the party included no guests but Lord Byron and myself in addition to the Stael quartette. She has a son, who, as well as herself, speaks English with facility (when animated, however, she had generally recourse to her own tongue), and a daughter of fifteen, who listened in perfect silence, and an accompanying baron, who, being my neighbour, was almost the only interrupter of my own ; and as he could not speak English he did not say much. The extraordinary beauty of his features, for he might serve as a model for a sculptor, was more interesting than his conversation. As foreigners have no idea that any opposition to Government is compatible with general obedience and loyalty, their astonishment was unbounded ; for the Baron de Rocca's whispers were but the echo of her thunder. I, and perhaps I only, completely relished all her reasonings, and I thought them perfectly justified in replying to the pathetic mournings over departed liberty, 'Et vous comptez pour rien la liberté de dire tout cela, et même devant les domestiques !' She concluded with heartily wishing us a little taste of real adversity to cure us of our plethora of political health.

Mr. Harness adds in a note,

I had some doubt about printing the above extract ; but it was so interesting to myself, that I could not help thinking it might interest others. Byron was evidently playing his company character of 'Childe Harold' and not appearing as his own simple self.

This interesting fragment I have never seen quoted before except in this little book of Mr. Harness' unpublished 'Memorials of Miss Fanshawe.'

The description of Jean de Rocca's extreme good looks is a fact which accounts for much. Lady Blennerhassett in her very interesting, though badly translated (from the German), 'Life of Madame de Stael,' does not, I think, mention this, she merely speaks of his delicate health and heroic courage. One often hears of people wishing it to be supposed that they are married when they are not, but to be married and ashamed of it is rare. Madame de Stael became the lawful wife of Rocca in 1811. She was 40, and he was 24,

but it was not till her death that the world knew he was her husband. At this dinner they had been married six years ; she preferred the world's accusation of immorality to its ridicule. No wonder he was shy, the position must have been an exceedingly awkward one for any man. Byron wrote of him later, ' I liked Rocca, he was a gentleman and a clever man. No one said better things or with a better grace.'

In the summer of 1891 the Lyttons spent their holiday in England, and before his return to Paris Lord Lytton wrote this account of his meeting Professor Crookes at Lord Rayleigh's. It was the last of his long letters to me, and on a subject which always deeply interested him.

September 27, 1891.

My dearest T.,—I had a good deal of talk after dinner last night with Dr. Crookes about his experiences in the investigation of spirit phenomena, and I hope to have much more talk with him on the same subject before he leaves Terling, as I have by no means exhausted my questions, which he answered very willingly and clearly. He seemed to me a very intelligent and singularly accurate minded man, most cautious and conscientious in his statements of fact, and not at all the sort of man to make hasty generalisations as to theories on insufficient data. Lord Rayleigh tells me that the result of Crookes' scientific labours subsequent to the period when he began the investigation of these spirit phenomena is of the highest scientific value, and that the nature of these labours is such as to require from the scientist exceptionally minute observation with the most patient and laborious verification of each observation at every stage of inquiry. Crookes himself says that he took up the examination of the so-called spirit phenomena under the strongest conviction that they were all an impudent imposture. He addressed himself to Hume in this sense, quite frankly, without disguising his opinion or his object, and Hume willingly, eagerly, accepted the inquiry, offering to submit to any tests devised by Crookes and place himself at his disposal for that purpose, on the condition only (a perfectly right one) that the investigation should be honestly and fairly conducted. The result, however, left Crookes (whose tests and test instruments I cannot here attempt to describe) no alternative but to recognise in the phenomena produced by

Hume the action of a material force of some kind as yet unknown to science, and for which he has provisionally adopted the term 'psychic force.' Crookes is very averse to theorise on the subject. He does not adopt the theory of the mediums themselves, though neither does he regard it as disproved. But all his observations have satisfied him (the possibility of cheating being excluded by the tests applied) that in every case the phenomena have a human base or source of some sort. Beyond this observation he expresses no opinion, but he rather inclines, I think, to the hypothesis that the phenomena, especially in the case of the so-called materialised spirit, are the result of certain quantities, extracted from (or unconsciously contributed by) each of the persons present when they occur, of this psychic force, probably latent in all human beings, combined or individualised by the medium and through some faculty special to the medium, then by an equally unconscious exercise of that faculty projected into sensible form or action. In this way the phenomena of the so-called material spirit would be the result of a very rare combination of the psychic force present in the environment of the medium *plus* that of the medium herself—forces which could only become visible or audible in that particular combination. Just as when the chemist combines two or three invisible or inaudible gases, their combination at once produces, say in the one case a solid, in the other an explosion. Only the phenomena of chemical combinations are sure and invariable because all the conditions of them are well known and can therefore be reproduced with absolute certainty, whereas in the case supposed the conditions of the combination are utterly unknown and cannot be reproduced at will. As pointing to some such hypothesis he mentions that the materialised spirits seen and examined by him would generally speak English, those present being English, but occasionally German only when a German was present, and Greek only when a Greek was present, and so on—with other similar observations indicating a relation of origin between the phenomena of the spirit, so-called, and the personality of the spectators, *plus* that of the medium. But some of Crookes' experiences seem to me very difficult to fit into his hypothesis. I will mention only two. The spirit of Katie King, before she finally disappeared, gave the Doctor a lock of her hair to keep; she allowed him to cut it off himself. I asked him if he has it still; he says he believes so, has not looked at it for more than a year, but that it certainly has been in his possession and frequently handled and examined by him for more than three

years since the departure of the spirit. Again, during the period of the spirit's visitations, which lasted about three years and were then of daily occurrence, he frequently cut large pieces, with her permission, out of her dress, and no sooner were they cut out than the holes thus made in the dress closed up under his eyes, and the cut pieces were replaced apparently by a spontaneous formation of exactly the same stuff without any seam or discoverable joining. I asked him if he still had the cut out pieces; he said yes, numbers of them, and that they were all of a very poor kind of cotton greatly adulterated in the manufacture. Now as regards these two cases. If the spirit were a phenomenon produced by the temporary combination of certain forces or molecules, it appears to me that no separate feature of it could permanently survive its otherwise total cessation. Would it not be like that rather common combination the flame of a candle, which when blown out is resolved into its constituent elements? But here the lock of hair and the pieces of the dress, years after the spirit has totally and finally disappeared, remain unchanged and apparently subject to all the ordinary laws and conditions of ordinary matter, they being, nevertheless, integral parts of the apparition, and the apparition itself fleeting phenomena. Not to weary you, however, with theories, I will only mention here one or two of the most curious facts of Crookes' experiences.

1. He and his family were seated round the dining-room table, not in a dark room but in full and strong gaslight. The table was one of those made with leaves to lengthen it out if required, and across the middle of it, where the two leaves join, there was of course a crack, a very thin one, the breadth of which was afterwards measured by Dr. Crookes within a millimetre. There was also a vase containing bunches of feather grass on the table. The spirits present were asked, 'Can matter pass through matter?' They replied, 'No, matter cannot pass this matter, but we will endeavour to show you what else we can do with it.' Almost immediately afterwards a hand appeared above the table (in the full gaslight remember), went to the vase, pulled out of it a bunch of feather grass, then floated with it to the crevice where the leaves of the table joined, and where the hand first disappeared down the crevice, and then the bunch; after which the hand reappeared from under the table holding the bunch, which it replaced in the hand of Dr. Crookes. The bunch was not in the least crushed or flattened, and Crookes afterwards found it impossible to pass any of the sheaves or any section of them

through the crevice in the table, as the diameter of the smallest greatly exceeded the breadth of it.

2. Crookes was in his library reading one evening with his two boys when the arrival of Mrs. F., the medium, was announced. He left the library, leaving in it his two sons and also a small hand-bell, which he always kept there, and on leaving the room he shut the door but did not of course lock it, as the boys were there. On entering the dining-room on the opposite side of the passage, where the medium was awaiting for him and where the *séances* usually took place, he, according to his invariable wont, locked the door of that room (the dining-room) and put the key in his pocket. The gas was then put out and the room completely darkened. Crookes declares that if at any time during the *séance* the door of the library had been opened the light from the lighted library must have been distinctly visible to all present in the dark dining-room through the space between the floor and the bottom of the locked door. No such light, however, was at any time visible. Shortly after he, his wife, the medium, and one or two others of the party were sat down in the dining-room a bell was heard by all ringing all about the room in the darkness, and presently the little handbell he had left, or thought he had left, in the library was dropped into his lap. He then left the dining-room, locking the door again behind him, went to the library, the door of which was still shut, and found his sons still there. He said to them, 'Where is my hand-bell?' They at once replied 'There,' pointing to the place where it always stood, and were much surprised to find that it was not there. He asked them why they said the bell was there when it turned out not to be there, and they said, 'Because after you left us we were playing with it, and then put it back in its usual place.' One last case, witnessed by the Rayleighs themselves. The room was a long one partitioned into two by curtains. One portion was a library, the other a drawing-room. In the middle of the library, well out of reach of the book-cases or any piece of furniture in the room, the medium was placed in a chair with her two hands on the handle of a galvanometer, and the room then darkened. In the other room, kept lighted, was the galvanometer itself (the connecting wires being passed from room to room under the curtains) and the rest of the party, the Rayleighs and Dr. Crookes, seated round it and carefully watching it. They aver that if for a single instant the medium had removed either of her hands from the handle, its removal must instantly have been indicated by the movements of the galvanometer

(a very delicate instrument) in the next room, yet while the galvanometer remained perfectly motionless, books were thrown out of the book case and all the furniture upset in the dark room. I think that Dr. Crookes' mental attitude in reference to these phenomena is much the same as was my father's and as my own has always been in regard to the phenomena I saw produced by Hume. I am quite convinced that they were not produced by cheating or conjuring, but beyond that conviction am unable to form any definite opinion about them.

Lord Lytton was a day or two in London before his return to Paris, where he went in the early part of October, already seriously ill from the effects of a chill contracted on a very wet day spent at Knebworth. When I saw him again in Paris he told me that during his stay in London he went to call on a friend, and entering her drawing-room in the gloaming, he saw a lady sitting there, who rose and said, 'You do not know me, Lord Lytton?' This was the object of his youthful adoration and the heroine of his early poems. They had not met for years. They chatted pleasantly, he complaining of old age, &c., she trying to console him by saying it was not so bad when you were actually there,—she being a few years older than he. He returned to Paris, but was never well again, and so when the fatal telegram came on a dark November day in London, it could not be said that his death was unexpected, and yet the end (from an arterial clot to the brain) was frightfully sudden. I went the next morning, full of sorrow, to bid good-bye to the dear children at the station, and they insisted on my going to Paris with them. I went just as I was, sending home to order that some clothes should follow me. I was very glad I went; such times are great tighteners of the heart-strings. My sister throughout behaved with the great dignity and courage which has characterised all her life, public and private, and my one feeling was how he would have admired her could he have known; from first to last his admiration of her was unbounded, and the thought of not having her at his side during any part of his official life was unbearable to him.

The two funerals were strangely illustrative of his dual nature. The official public one in Paris, and the very quiet one at his loved home at Knebworth. I shall never forget any of it; but the passionate grief of the little sons at Knebworth, just old enough faintly to grasp life's responsibilities, was one of the most touching sights I have ever seen. Thus began what to me has been the real sadness of old age, the parting from those who go before. Much was left to us all, and my determination grew to work more in different ways for others.

I have often been asked how I, who had never written, came to write the first 'Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden' in my old age. It came about in this way. My foreign friend came to stay with us in our new London house in Cadogan Gardens, and as she was furnishing a country house near Frankfort, I began telling her all I knew both as regards furnishing and gardening. She naturally got rather bewildered and said, 'Oh, I shall never remember all you tell me, if you would write it down, I should be grateful to you.' I began to write, and as I found it a good deal of trouble, and I was nursing my dear niece Constance Lytton at the top of the house through an attack of measles, we both thought if all this is to be so useful to Madame de Grunelius, French by birth, German by marriage, why not to others, and in this way the book took shape. But for my niece and her help it would never have been finished, and but for her it would probably have been consigned to the flames, as I feared my husband did not like my publishing it. I was anxious it should come out at a very low price, but I was over-ruled. So I was very delighted at Nelson bringing it out last year in his shilling editions. I think that is all I have to say about the first 'Pot-Pourri.' I always remember how the bookseller at Hatchards said, 'I don't call it a literary success, but a social success'; and no doubt all my friends were most kind in pushing it as much as they could, and making it known. Certainly no one could have been more surprised than I was at its success.

Time runs quickly on, and for more than six years we

continued to lead much the same life—London in the winter, Woodlands in the summer. As I got to know more, my keenness about gardening increased, and I used to come down three times every winter to look after the garden, and the gardener and his wife looked after me. The dear sons grew into men, always coming and going, my four men were always about me, and I had the ever living interest in all their lives.

It was Whitsuntide in 1897, early in June. Spring had lingered long in the lap of summer, the weather had been most inclement. Our house was as full as it could be with relations and friends; the eldest son at home, the other two away. I had been daily expecting the advance copy of my first book. On Sunday morning I got a letter from Smith Elder, to say they were sending it. I said to Sydney, 'My book is at the Cobham post-office, but they won't deliver it; to-day is Sunday, to-morrow is bank holiday; will you fetch it?' He answered, 'Of course, mother.' My husband, who had been very nervous about this, my first attempt, was much chaffed by the friends that Sunday, as he spent most of the day reading it, and smiled and was pleased—an immense joy to me, for I never was happy under his disapproval. The next day, my son Sydney was going on his bicycle to ride into the Surrey hills on a military survey. A young girl friend wished to go with him, and they asked my husband to go too, saying they would lunch with our friend Admiral Maxse at Dunley Hill. My husband came to my sitting-room door and said to me, 'Shall I go—shall I not spoil their ride?' I said, 'Yes, do go. I know they wish it, and Sydney says that you shall make the pace,' and so they started, that June day. About five miles from here, going down a steep pitch in the road with deep cart ruts at the side into which my husband rode, he lost his pedal and was thrown violently off his bicycle on to his head, as a man fall out hunting; he breathed for over an hour, but never again opened his eyes or regained consciousness.

That is the end. Everything was afterwards different, and I only had to learn that most difficult lesson, how to live alone and yet be brave and cheerful. It was some

consolation to me to know even from the first that his end was as he would have wished. He had had illness and suffering enough in his younger days ; he was as strong and well as a man of his age could be, and yet dreaded living into old age. In our youth we had been amongst the earliest subscribers to Sir Henry Thompson's Cremation Society, and carrying out what was his and my wish, we took him, the best and kindest of husbands and fathers, to Woking, and the hot flames wrapped him round : to my mind, infinitely the best form of disposal of our much-loved dead that exists. I refused to allow any one to be asked, but I was touched by the number of kind friends and relatives who came to Woking, though I dare say many of them objected to cremation.

NIGHT

Come to me, not as once thou camest, Night !
 With light and splendour up the gorgeous west ;
 Easing the heart's rich sense of thee with sighs
 Sobb'd out of all emotion on Love's breast ;
 While the dark world waned wavering into rest,
 Half seen athwart the dim delicious light
 Of languid eyes.

But softly, soberly ; and dark—more dark !
 Till my life's shadow lose itself in thine.
 Athwart the light of slowly gathering tears,
 That come between me and the starlight, shine
 From distant melancholy deeps divine,
 While day slips downward through a rosy arc
 To other spheres.

OWEN MEREDITH.

THE END

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